

# *Liberty*

AUGUST 21, 1943 10c

**Book Condensation:**  
**MR. LINCOLN'S WIFE**  
By Anne Colver

**Must We Fear Russia?**  
By Dr. Eduard Benes





**NORTH AMERICAN SETS THE PACE**  
*...on the Training Fronts of the World*



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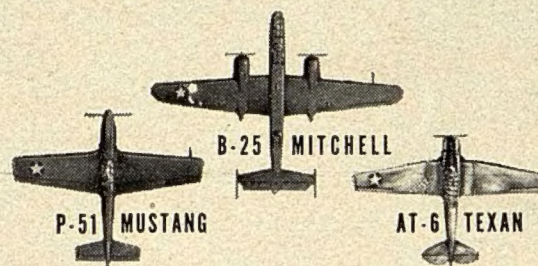
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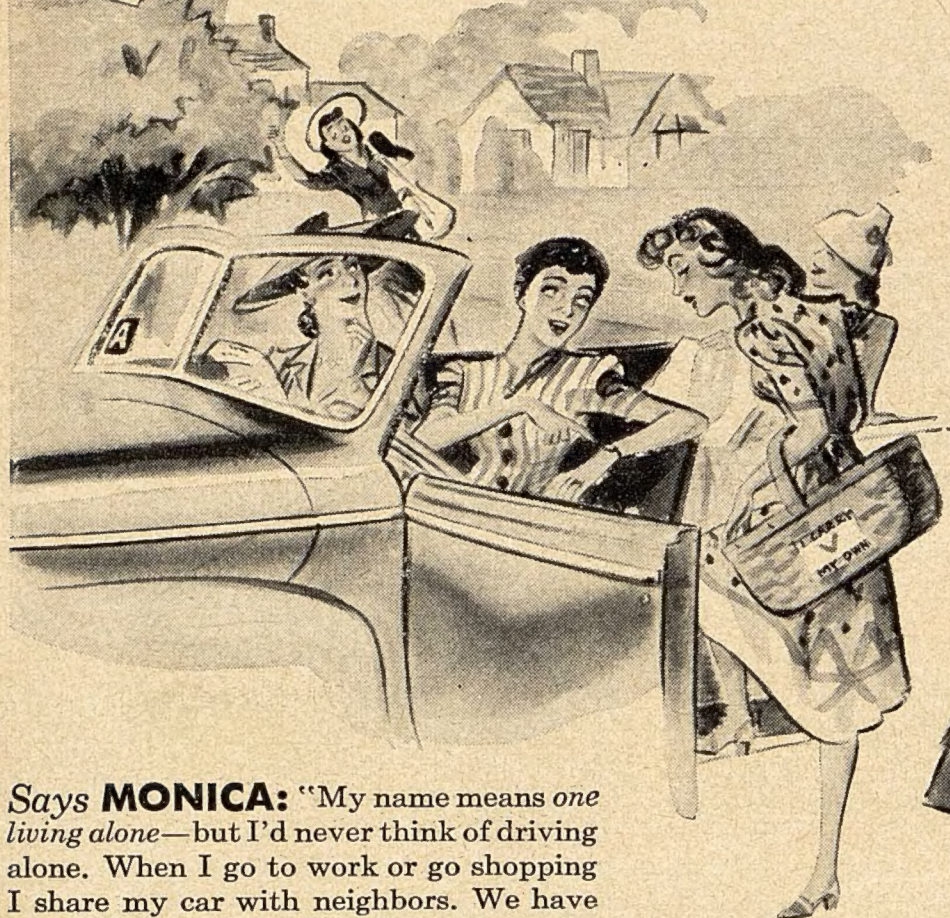


**NORTH AMERICAN**  
*Sets the Pace!*





# What's in a name?



Says **MONICA**: "My name means *one living alone*—but I'd never think of driving alone. When I go to work or go shopping I share my car with neighbors. We have a schedule all worked out."

Says **WENDELL**: "My name means *a walker*. It fits me these days, as I am walking all I can to save rubber. Not only do I drive my car less, but I keep off buses and street cars when I can to help avoid overcrowding."



Says **AMOS**: "My name means *burden bearer*. My wife and I carry packages home to save rubber. It doesn't seem right to have a truck deliver something I can tuck under my arm or put in a basket."



Says **EGBERT**: "My name means *eminent for wisdom* . . . but I'm no 'wise guy.' You won't find me looking for ways to get more gas than my A card allows. We all have to give up things in order to win the war—and pleasure driving is little enough to give up."



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## ★ ARTICLES

|                                                             |    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Youthpower, Ltd., <i>Crenia Sandler</i> .....               | 8  |
| Russia and the Postwar World, <i>Dr. Eduard Benes</i> ..... | 13 |
| Combat Currency, <i>Sylvia F. Porter</i> .....              | 18 |
| My Lovin' Dove, <i>Jack Mahon</i> .....                     | 20 |
| Boswell of Brawn, <i>Herb Graffis</i> .....                 | 24 |
| Farm Furlough .....                                         | 34 |

## ★ FICTION

|                                                                |    |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| No Word for "Thank You," <i>Margaret Carson Hubbard</i> .....  | 16 |
| Hooray for the Yanks—Short Short, <i>Joe Alex Morris</i> ..... | 22 |
| Please Say It, Harry, <i>Charles Bonner</i> .....              | 36 |
| Wheel of Fortune—Part V, <i>John Jennings</i> .....            | 40 |

## ★ BOOK

|                                                                                                                  |    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Mr. Lincoln's Wife— <i>The fascinating book by Anne Colver</i><br>abridged to a reading time of one evening..... | 25 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|

## ★ FEATURES

|                                                            |    |
|------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Vox Pop .....                                              | 6  |
| On the Beam, <i>Wayne Parrish</i> .....                    | 10 |
| Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary ( <i>Unabashed</i> ) ..... | 43 |
| Books in Review, <i>E. A. Piller</i> .....                 | 52 |
| This Man's War, <i>Old Sarge</i> .....                     | 64 |
| Liberty Goes to the Movies, <i>Harriet Gould</i> .....     | 68 |
| Woman-Talk, <i>Margaret Fishback</i> .....                 | 71 |
| Crossword Puzzle .....                                     | 73 |

## ★ EDITORIAL

|                                            |    |
|--------------------------------------------|----|
| Personal Effects, <i>Paul Hunter</i> ..... | 74 |
|--------------------------------------------|----|

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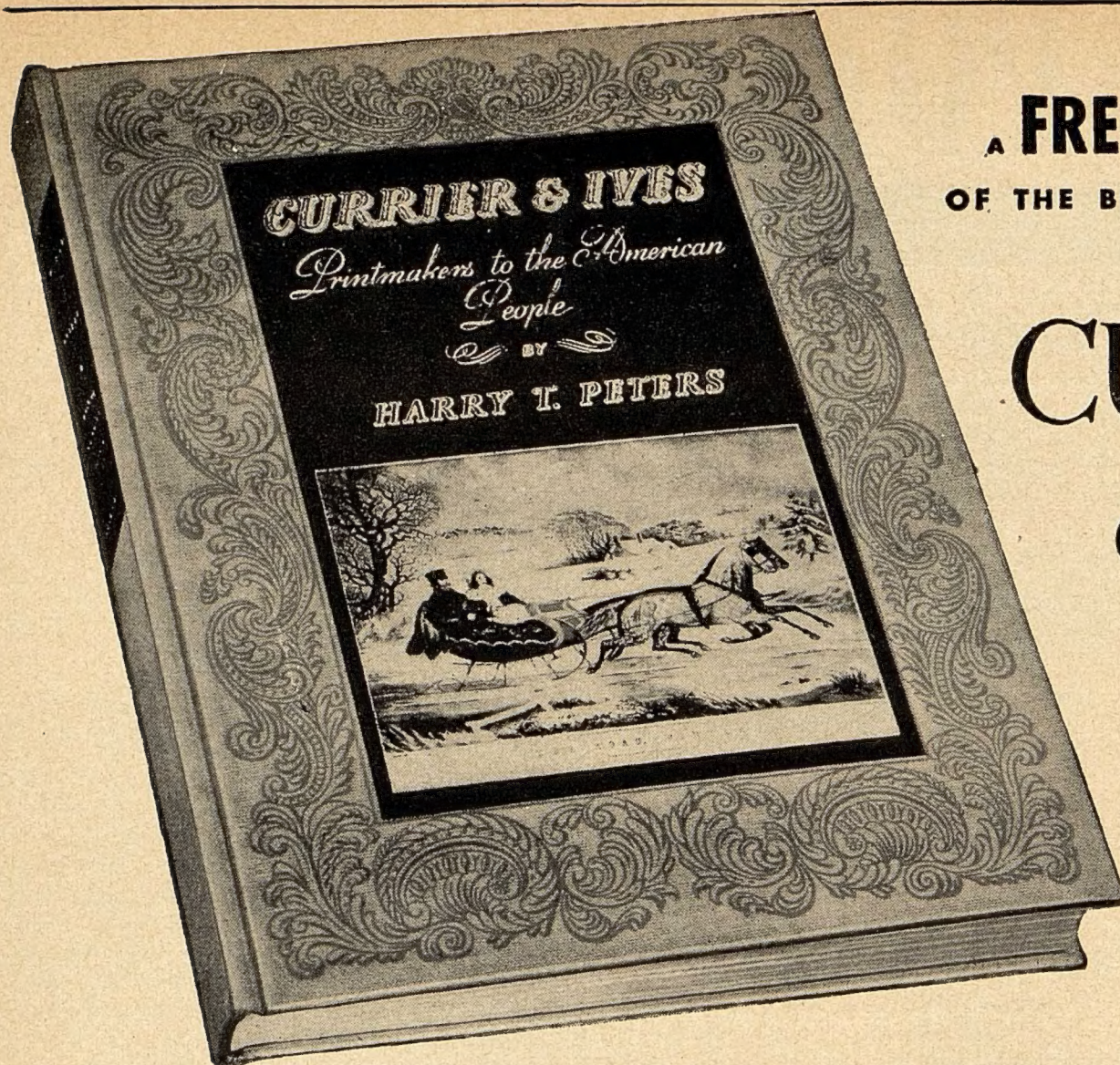
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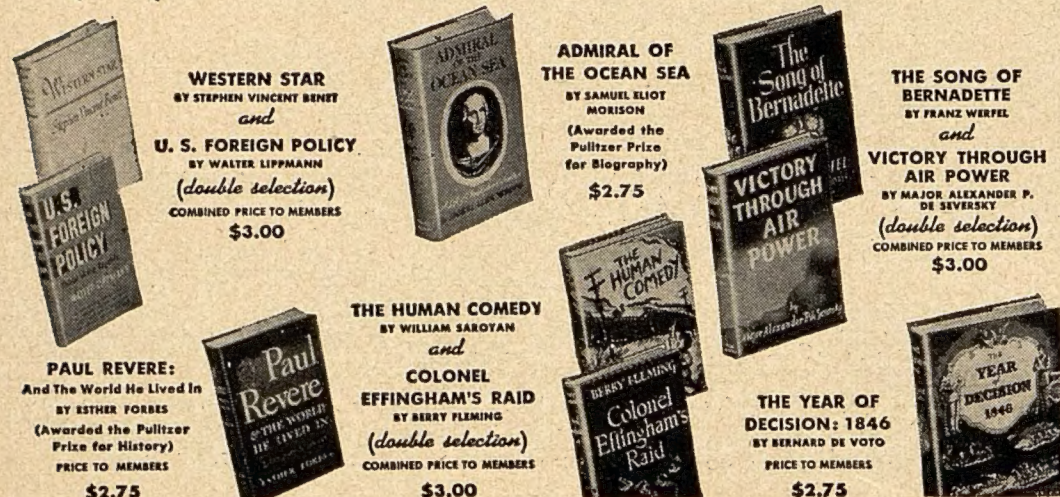
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# VOX POP

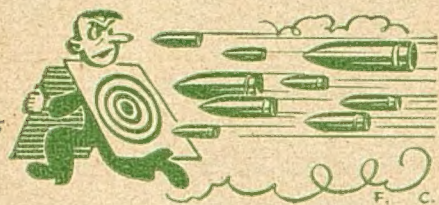


*"The Voice of the People"*

## THE ANTI-WINSTON CLUB

SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AFRICA—In answer to R. C. Winston's letter in May 8 Vox Pop. If I could but stand within reaching distance of you now, I would soon change your opinion of soldiers and sailors. What species of man are you—if you are a man? You nor any one else on that side fully realizes the hell we soldiers and sailors go through.

A fighting man must have recreation and fun too, just as he must have in-



tense training. And another thing: Sure, Uncle Sam is paying us, but let me tell you something that you are too thick-headed to realize. We are not fighting just for the small sum of money that we get. We are fighting for our own country and a right to run it ourselves.—S/Sgt. William P. McDade.

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—Send the jerk out here—we'll use him for target practice.—Pfc. Jerry Fogerty, U. S. M. C.

## WE HEAR YA TALKIN'

BORGER, TEX.—Evidently Mrs. E. M. Steele is not "hep to the jive" when she calls Once I Was a Hep Cat (May 8 Liberty) "trash." I presume she means the double talk. It really is hep



talk, heard in any hep joint by any hep cat, understood only by true jivesters. Ain't it the beautiful truth, Ruth? Get hep and really feel, Steele! It's the only way to live.—"Jinx" Porter.

## LIKES WAR STORIES

CHITTENANGO, N. Y.—Why can't people get it through their heads that the war dominates our lives today to the fullest and that stories without it are not in keeping? Maybe the boys in Africa are tired of hearing it, too, but I don't hear them griping.

As for dopey women and triangles like It's Time to Say Good-by—Ugh! —Realist.

## LIBERTY'S LOVE REAL

NEWARK, N. J.—Never before was I so impressed by a story as I was by Wherever You Are, by Ware Torrey Budlong. (July 17 Liberty.)

The feeling and thought put into it made it so realistic, and showed exactly what many young girls in love with soldiers are going through today.

Being the sweetheart of a soldier, I knew just what Bess was being torn between, listening to her heart or listening to her head.—Laurine M. Baumann.

## FOURTEEN-CARAT CITIZEN

APPLE RIVER, ILL.—Thanks for your fine true story, Fire and Blood in the Jungle, by George Moorad (July 3 Liberty). What a man, this Captain Bottcher! German born, with high courage, yet lacking that old German ego. I would say that if Germany had



any Superman, here is one—and, glory be, he is on our side!

His citizenship papers should be tendered him on a gold plate with proper ceremonies, and our country would be the richer.

Here is a man with a true sense of values and the highest type of courage, the intelligence to judge for himself, and the fortitude to stick by it. No wonder he was "so alone" in Germany.—Irene Gillette.

## VOX MOMULI?

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO—May I offer a suggestion? Why don't you have a Vox Mom? Mom is the one we all go to with our troubles and complaints. I've followed Pop all through the pages since Hardtack was knee-high. Incidentally, how old is Hardtack now? Seems I've been reading him so long that he has become a truly live character to me.—Donald Dulin.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I get a kick out of those humorous paragraphs inserted here and there in Liberty. And Hardtack examining his report card and calling for a second rear was a wow! Keep it up. I can use a lot of laughs.—A. P. Stiles.

## PAGING OPA

SNOHOMISH, WASH.—On Liberty's June 12 cover is the picture of a soldier and his new bride. He has his hand fixed in the usual manner of hitch-



hiking. But men in uniform are not allowed to signal for hitchhiking.

How's about it?—J. Harris.

## POME

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—

How nice to bomb

Der Führer in his Ruhr.

—Sidi Mohamed Ali Barada.

## PLUG

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Liberty's artist who illustrated Sidi Mohamed Ali Barada's letter in July 3 Vox Pop must be psychic, because his cartoon of the gentleman from Morocco certainly closely resembles Sidi Mohamed when he wore a beard.

Those of Hollywood who were fortunate enough to be invited to his famous Arabian banquets will remember Sidi Mohamed Ali Barada as a most gracious host and a real Arabian connoisseur of the finer things of life.

Long live Sidi Mohamed Ali Barada! May the good Allah shower upon you His choicest favors, grant you true faith, and open for you a vista of boundless progress.—Kaye Hyde.

Don't look now, Kaye, but Sidi's in again this week.

## TAKE A BOW, MISS G.

POSTMASTER, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—As a constant reader of Liberty, may I pause briefly, out here on this sun-baked desert, to voice my approval of



Harriet Gould's Liberty Goes to the Movies. She knows how to criticize a movie.—Pvt. Jack Barr.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—You'd better set Liberty readers straight. Miss Gould reviewed (July 3) the picture Coney Island and called it "New York's seaside paradise." Golly! New York? Coney Island belongs to Brooklyn!—Bessie Kounellis.

As this issue of Liberty went to press there had been no official announcement of Brooklyn's secession from New York. Not cooking up a little civil war, are you, Bessie?





**NEXT  
WEEK**

### SWEDEN FOILS THE NAZIS

Why has Sweden escaped the fate of Norway and Denmark? Why is she the last stronghold of independence in Scandinavia? Germany is doing her damndest to get control of Sweden's great natural wealth and industrial capacity—but it so happens that the Swedes want Sweden for themselves. For an absorbing account of how they're keeping it for themselves, read Sweden Foils the Nazis, wirelessly from Stockholm by correspondent Blair Bolles.

### WALLS ARE MADE TO FLY OVER

The story of the air-borne troops that were the spearhead of the Allied invasion of Sicily. Equipped with the heaviest fire power in the history of warfare, these troops dropped out of the sky in gliders and smashed their way through enemy defenses. Keith Ayling tells you what's going to happen to Hitler's Fortress Europe when these boys take a crack at it.

### THE ARMY REACHES FOR THE ILLITERATES

Do you know that the U. S. Army has found more than 750,000 physically competent men who could not be turned into fighters because they couldn't read or write? That's enough men to make up fifty divisions—almost enough to open a second front. At first the Army rejected these men flatly. But now they're being salvaged. The Army has turned schoolmaster. Read the lively and amusing story about how the Army makes fighting men out of these boys by teaching them reading and writing.

### AND DON'T MISS

The Men Behind the Men Behind the Gun—the story of America's victory in the battle of production. . . . The Sea Loses Its Terror—about amazing new safety devices that are saving the lives of our merchant seamen. . . . And Race Suicide Strikes America—a fascinating analysis of an alarming problem.

**BOOK CONDENSATION:** Dragon's Teeth, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for 1943, by Upton Sinclair. A fast-moving story that combines current history, romance, and international intrigue.

AUGUST 21, 1943

AN **E**cho from the  
**GOOD OLD DAYS...**  
*that makes life a bit pleasanter today.*

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*A Truly Great Name*  
**AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES**

*Generation after generation of men  
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Our distilleries are engaged in the production of alcohol for war purposes. This whiskey was made years before America entered the war.

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## PATRIOTS WITHOUT UNIFORM

# YOUTHPOWER, LTD.

BY CRENIA SANDLER

THE receptionist looked up at the two youngsters and asked again, "Now, what did you say you want to see the president of the company about?"

One of the boys politely repeated, "About getting a subcontract for some war work."

"That's what I thought you said. Now, look here, kids—this is a war plant and there's a war on. We have no time for gags."

"This isn't a gag," the boy said. "We represent the Col-Craft Company. It's a Junior Achievement company. And I'm sure the president will want to see us."

The president did. He knew about Junior Achievement and was intensely interested in its program. He listened sympathetically to Tony Pinelli, fifteen, and Michael Sina, sixteen. They had heard, they told him, that his company was in need of thousands of shipping blocks to fill an Army contract for airplane hydraulic pumps.

Most of the eleven members of their Col-Craft Company, they continued, had brothers and relatives in the armed services. They wanted to use their spare time to aid the war effort, and they could produce the blocks satisfactorily and on schedule.

The president called in the production manager. Several days later Tony and Mike came back with cost estimates and a sample block. They got the order.

The plant of the Col-Craft Company (a room in the Colgate Branch of the Orange, New Jersey, Y. M. C. A.) is now in full production several nights a week. Bent over a workbench stacked with lumber, some of the boys make measurements with a corner square and plug gauge. Others operate the drill press, table saw, and sander machine. A youthful production manager plans future work schedules, while the secretary, a high-school junior, keeps down expenses and overhead.

Before signing the contract, the president of the war plant said, "Remember, boys, that the block you will manufacture is as essential to the building of an airplane as an engine or a propeller. If you don't deliver the blocks on time I won't be able to ship the pumps, and that will cause a delay in assembling hundreds of Army planes. You know what that may mean to our boys at the fronts."

The Col-Craft Company has no



Girl members of a Junior Achievement company in Cleveland, Ohio, manufacturing wooden wedges that a local war plant will use in forging plane parts.

absentee problem and the blocks are being delivered on schedule.

This is only one of more than 150 Junior Achievement companies all over the country, owned and operated by boys and girls between fourteen and twenty-one who in the daytime may be high-school students, secretaries, or office boys. Adult advisers offer guidance, but each company is on its own. To raise capital, its members sell stock—at twenty-five to fifty cents a share. They elect their own officers, all of whom are also workers; they produce and merchandise their own products. They must pay wages, rent, dividends, or go broke.

Junior Achievement was founded in 1919 by Horace A. Moses, chairman of the Strathmore Paper Company, and the late Theodore N. Vail, former president of American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Their purpose was to provide young people with a practical preview of the business world. The young people were to learn about it by running miniature businesses of their own. This general formula has been in use ever since.

The first Junior Achievement company was organized in Springfield, Massachusetts, and until 1929 Junior Achievement was limited to New England. Then headquarters were moved to New York City and numerous companies were started thereabouts. A national expansion program was launched in 1938.

Members for Junior Achievement are recruited in various ways. Field directors in various parts of the

country may obtain the co-operation of churches, schools, settlement houses, service clubs, etc. When groups of at least eight youngsters show interest, local J. A. headquarters assign three adult advisers—usually local business men. When a new company is organized, it applies for a charter from national headquarters at 16 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

From the workbenches of these miniature businesses have come products ranging from pen holders to baby incubators. Now, switching to war production, they are demonstrating what teen-age American youth can do to aid the war effort.

The Midget Manufacturing Company of Chicago, headed by a fourteen-year-old high-school sophomore, is filling a contract for 150,000 pants hangers for the Army.

In Cleveland, five Junior Achievement groups are working in an unused gas station on wooden wedges used in forging plane parts.

The Sesame Company (all girls) in Pittsburgh has developed and is marketing an incendiary-bomb blanket, tested and passed by the U. S. Bureau of Mines.

Salvage collection in Middletown, Ohio, has been taken over by a Junior Achievement company.

An item used in the Training Within Industry program is being produced by a Pittsburgh group for the War Manpower Commission.

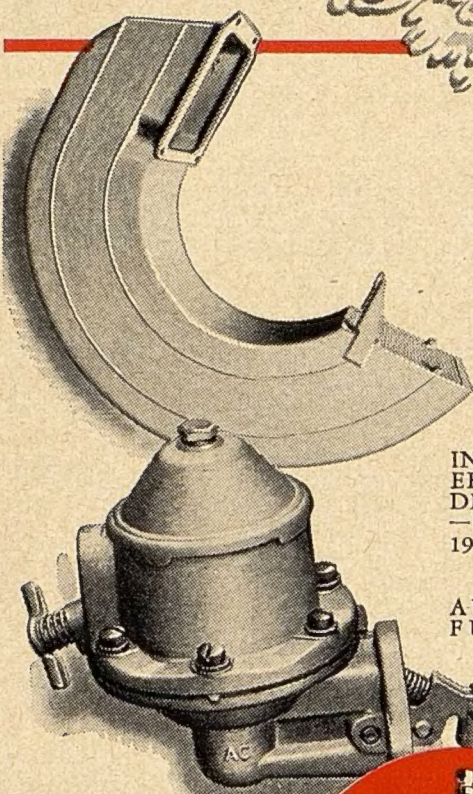
The Whitwood Company, Jersey City, is analyzing soil and selling seeds to Victory gardeners.

THE END



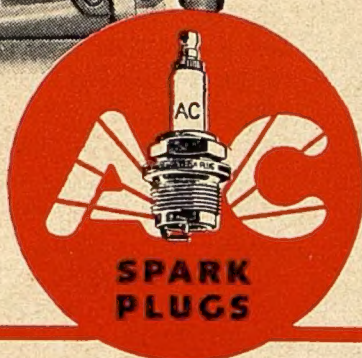


## HUSH HUSH for Sea Horsepower



INTAKE SILENCER FOR NAVY DIESEL ENGINES—built by AC since 1934.

AUTOMOTIVE FUEL PUMP—built by AC since 1927.



SEA-GOING diesel engines breathe with a constant roar. Transmitted through the intake system, this racket would be hard on engine-room crews. So, many of the diesels of our Navy are hushed by special AC intake silencers.

No adjustments are possible. Silencers must be *right* when they leave the AC production line. So, accurate, painstaking workmanship is demanded.

In spite of all this, Navy thoroughness requires regular checks on silencers—to keep them up to standard.

### Your Fuel Pump, too, Needs Attention

The fuel pump on your car, truck, or tractor is blood brother to this silencer in its need for occasional care. Because it is precision built, it, too, gives trouble

very seldom. But, its life can be definitely prolonged—and your transportation protected—if you will have your service man check your pump after thirty thousand miles of use.

Automotive repair shops can give Conservation Service, not only on fuel pumps but on all nine AC products. (The details of this service, and of why you need it, are given briefly below.) To conserve badly needed materials, gasoline, oil, and tires, use this service—faithfully.

When replacement becomes necessary, select AC—for complete satisfaction.



*Awarded to the men and women of AC on September 2, 1942, for outstanding achievement in producing for Victory.*

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION  
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



**SPARK PLUGS**—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in ten. Oxide coating collects on the plugs and causes them to misfire,—especially when the engine is working hard. Dirty plugs also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Under present slow driving conditions, have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months.



**AIR CLEANERS**—A dirty air cleaner increases gasoline consumption because it chokes down the flow of air into the carburetor. Your air cleaner should be rinsed whenever your car is lubricated.



**FUEL PUMPS**—Practically trouble free. But, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it

may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.



**DRIVING INSTRUMENTS**—Speedometer, gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge, ammeter, and temperature gauge seldom need service. But, if they give trouble, have them cared for *at once*.



**OIL FILTERS**—Slow driving accelerates formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings, cause increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter element whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

BRING VICTORY QUICKER—BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS



The gadget in Curtiss engineer George Brady's right hand enables the pilot of a four-engined warplane to reduce noise and vibration by adjusting a small knob. This alternator controls the newly developed automatic engine-speed synchronizer.

## ON THE BEAM

### BY WAYNE PARRISH

#### Postwar Preview

The experts are having a hard time agreeing on the postwar passenger-plane schedules between New York and London.

Most optimistic (and much too optimistic for the immediate postwar period, in the belief of most authorities) was the Office of War Information report on air transportation issued recently. This report predicted that a passenger plane would require only ten or eleven hours between Washington and London.

On the other hand, no less an aeronautical engineering authority than Edward P. Warner, vice-chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, estimated in a recent address that London-New York schedules will take fifteen hours, while in the opposite direction they will average twenty-one hours.

Conservatives believe Warner's figures will probably hold true until the commercial industry has time to develop better airplanes, and it's usually true that average passenger schedules never come up to the fastest possible time that an airplane can fly.

Incidentally, Warner estimates a postwar average of 600 passengers by air per day in each direction between the United States and Canada and the British Isles and the continent of Europe. Some experts believe this figure is too low, others think it is about right.

What do you think?

#### Key Air Base

Far up north in Labrador a \$15,000,000 airport has become one of the most vital links in the aerial supply route to England. Situated almost on the Great Circle course to the British Isles, the site is gifted with better weather conditions than Newfoundland, which formerly was the take-off point to Europe. In fact, there

are more flyable days in winter than in summer, and when the Newfoundland fields were closed in by snow and weather the Labrador base was humming with activity.

The construction job was a major feat. It is principally a Canadian project, but the U. S. A. A. F. has headquarters there and in one recent 24-hour period no less than 100 planes were dispatched from there to England.

More than 1,200,000 pounds of vital supplies from nails to steel beams and perishable foods have been landed without loss of an ounce of cargo or the denting of a single plane. There are mile-long runways. The base has become a valuable one for anti-submarine operations. Planes with short range take off from Moncton, New Brunswick; others go via the airports on Newfoundland; but the big North Atlantic crossroads is this little known Arctic area of Labrador. It will be useful for commercial operations after the war.

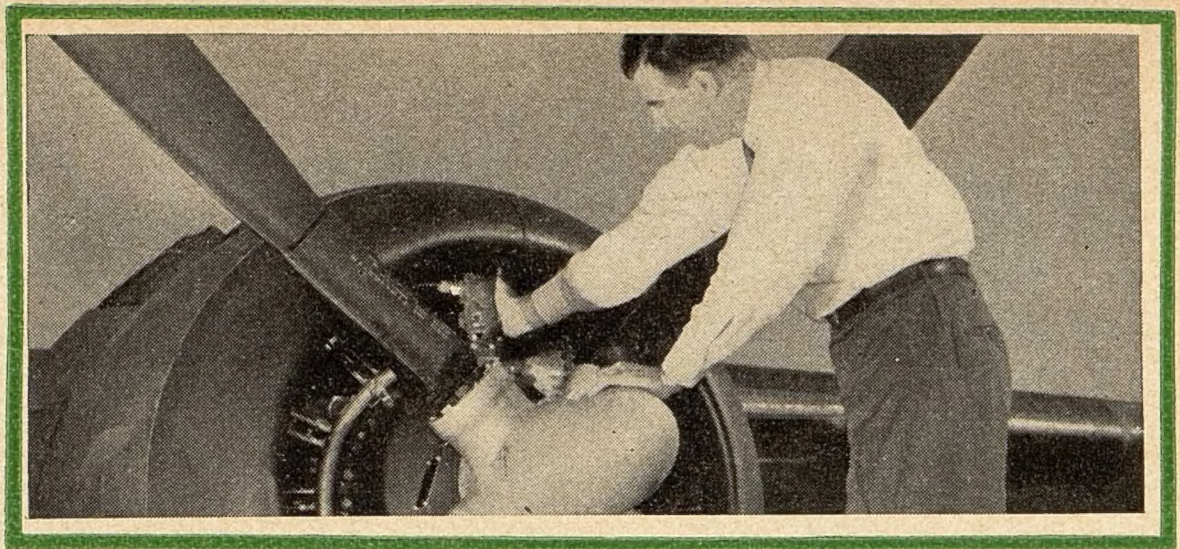
#### Automatic S O S

One of the many unusual pieces of equipment developed during the war is a precision emergency radio transmitter for ocean-going airplane crews.

The interesting feature is that it is automatic and requires no experience or radio knowledge to operate. Built by Bendix Aviation, Ltd., of North Hollywood, California, the transmitter has a waterproof covering and is capable of sending an automatic S O S over an effective range of 100,000 square miles.

Rotation of a hand crank operates a keying device which automatically spells out S O S and also produces the necessary power through a generator. The voltage output of the generator, because of a regulator, remains constant.

If the operator desires, he can use the set manually with a key for sending messages in code. A light is attached for use in signaling rescue parties or for illumination. Antenna is provided through a collapsible kite and a balloon, and the balloon is lifted with hydrogen created by immersing a simple generator in the water. It is one of the most compact devices of the war.



#### Quick-Change Artist

A foreman of maintenance for American Airlines, Luther Mead, has developed an important time-saving method of changing big airplane tires and can take credit for increasing materially the utilization of aircraft.

Using the Mead method, two workers can change a tire on a Consolidated C-87 cargo plane in less than one hour instead of the former necessity of a six-man team working three shifts of eight hours. The tire and rim of a C-87 weigh 580 pounds, and the procedure in the past has followed that of a man changing a tire on his automobile by manual effort. Even removing a wheel from a C-87 is a big task. Mead invented a device comprised of a series of levers which does the trick easily and swiftly.

An airplane in a hangar is a dead loss to an air-line operator; hence the more hours it can be in the air, the more efficient the operator. The time-wasting tire-changing headache now seems to be solved.

#### Postwoman

Women have invaded many fields during the war, but the first woman to file an application for an air line has just appeared on the scene. She is Angeline Harris, of North Carolina, who has asked the Civil Aeronautics Board to grant her a permit to operate an air line from Rutherfordton, North Carolina, to Union City, Tennessee, for a circular route which would include Raleigh, North Carolina.

Not content to use ordinary airplanes, she wants approval to use "autogiros, helicopters, aerocoups, and, when necessary, conventional airplanes." Her main goal is to serve every first- and second-class post office in that area. Her application is not apt to receive immediate consideration, but in due course it will come up for hearing.

#### Odds and Ends

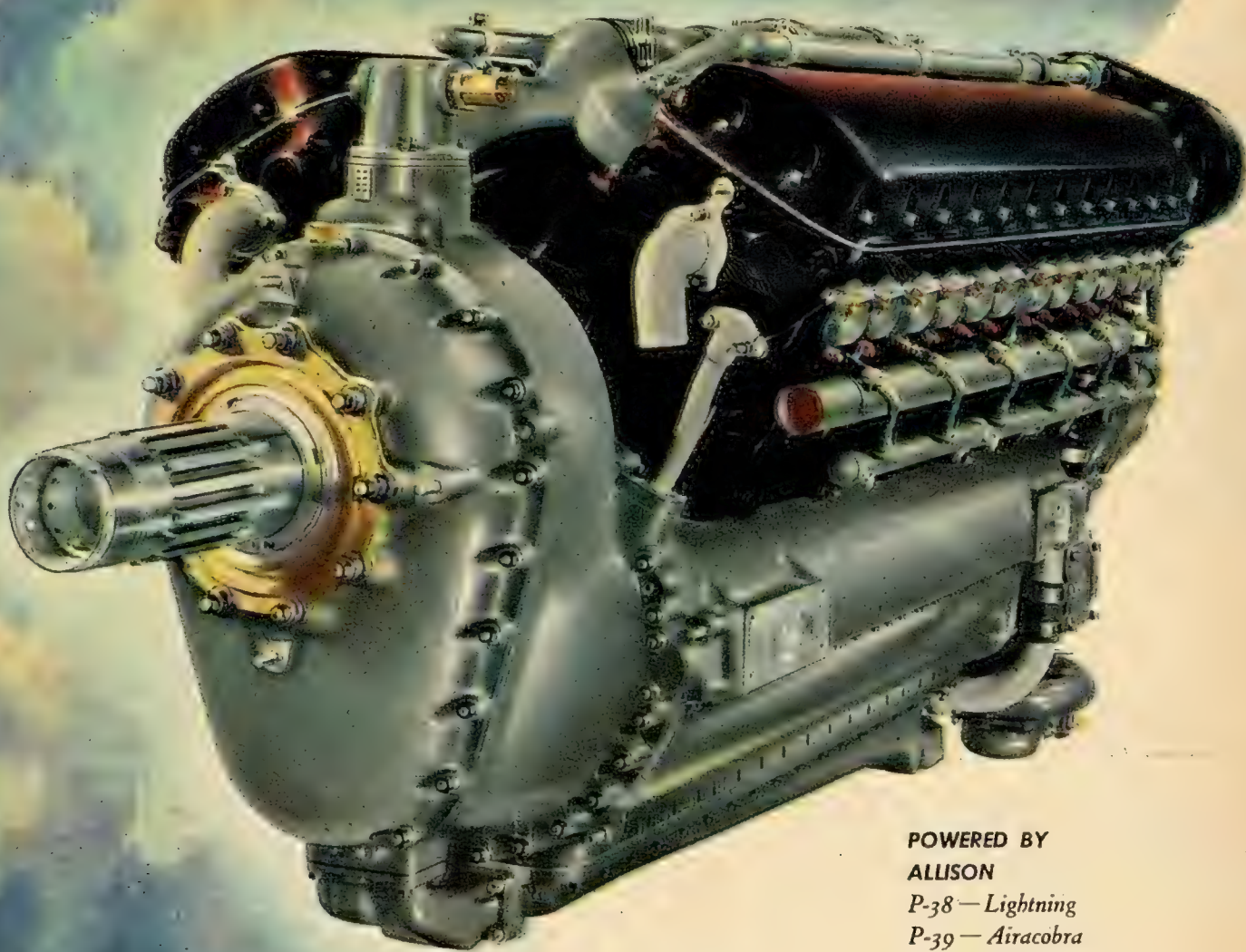
Vast gasoline storage tanks are being built underground at strategic coastal points and naval outposts to prevent "Pearl Harbor" damage to fuel reserves.



# THE SKY IS NO LIMIT

There is only one way for any builder of an airplane engine to approach his job, and that is to make each part as fine as he is able to make it.

★ But in achieving this goal, Allison started with two special advantages. ★ One was the opportunity of drawing upon all General Motors' "know-how" in the perfection of manufacturing techniques. ★ The other was a privilege which had been ours for many years—the privilege of concentrating on assignments calling for high skill and precision in working with metals. ★ Perhaps we are aiming high, but with two such advantages it is natural our aspiration should be to seek to build ever finer aircraft engines.



POWERED BY  
ALLISON  
*P-38—Lightning*  
*P-39—Airacobra*  
*P-40—Warhawk*  
*P-51—Mustang*

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

# Allison

DIVISION OF







## **A LOT GOING ON IN THIS PICTURE— AND A LOT GOING ON IN INDUSTRY**

It's big, dramatic. You can see it. But you can't see the idea that made it.

You can't photograph ideas. But they win wars. They make jobs. They make prosperity. They make well-being.

They used to come as a revelation once in a while, almost like a miracle to an individual. Now, there are teams that insure them.

Groups that keep ideas flowing. People who know how to dip into the wealth of nature for what they need.

They are scientists. They work together in laboratories.

They are working at the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Thousands of them. This is the biggest industrial laboratory in the world. Once its work was all telephone.

To help your voice reach any one, anywhere. Easily, quickly, at low cost. Now it's war. Day and night. Seven days a week.

Our fighting men see the results of American research every day.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



*Help the war by making only vital calls to war-busy centers. That's more and more essential every day.*





**The man whose country stands to lose most from an unfriendly Russia • explodes a Nazi-inspired bogey. He tells what Russia wants, why she is willing to play ball with us, and what dominates her policy**

# RUSSIA AND THE POSTWAR WORLD

BY DR. EDUARD BENES

President of Czechoslovakia

**M**Y nation of Czechoslovakia is a democratic state, with political ideas modeled closely upon the American Constitution. Geographically it lies right "under the guns," so to speak, of the Russian colossus. Yet I do not fear Soviet interference in my country's way of life after the war. Russia, I am sure, will have no aggressive interest in the internal affairs of other countries and in the future will develop as a Socialist state within her own national boundaries.

She will be eager to co-operate with other nations to the degree they are willing to co-operate with her.

There are many persons, I realize, who will take exception to this appraisal of Russia. Such persons are being duped by Hitler. The Axis, waning in military strength, has one weapon left—a psychological one. It is using it to promote the western democracies' fear, distrust, and ignorance of the Soviet Union in order to divide that country from the rest of the United Nations. Should the Axis succeed, it would have won a victory far greater than any it has ever won in battle. The Soviet Union is a powerful member of our grand alliance. Without the Red Army, victory would be unthinkable. If the peace to come is to last longer than

the armistice between the first World War and this one, Russia's wholehearted participation in the great enterprise of world security is absolutely necessary.

Americans in particular should not let themselves be fooled by the Nazi-inspired bogey of a victorious Russia overrunning Europe and threatening the Western democracies. They should not let themselves be intimidated into distrusting their Russian ally. Both Russia and the United States have far-flung frontiers and world-wide interests to defend. Either of them could again become the object of desires of conquest on the part of new aggressors. The organization of a secure world is utterly dependent upon friendly relations between them. No general world security could be realized if either America or the Soviet Union were not an active party to it. Enlightened self-interest dictates the attitude of willing and purposeful co-operation.

Many of those who oppose such co-operation do so in the belief that the existence of a Communist or Socialist state is somehow a menace to the world in general. I do not believe it is. What are the facts about this so-called "Red menace"? Is it real or imaginary? If it is not real,

why do warnings about it persist? What is their source?

We can find some interesting answers to these questions by reviewing the recent history of Nazi Germany. In *Mein Kampf*, Adolf Hitler warned repeatedly about the Bolshevik peril and declared Russia to be the natural foe of Western civilization. In 1939, however, Germany concluded a nonaggression pact with the U. S. S. R. and the Red bogey was more or less dropped from the Nazi ideology. It reappeared only after the German Army invaded Soviet territory, and more vividly when the Nazis met the fateful and irreparable setbacks which destroyed the myth of their invincibility. Obviously, Hitler himself never really took the Red menace seriously. The Red menace is merely a convenient instrument of aggression, superseding the Czech menace, the Polish menace, the Norwegian menace, and so forth. Hitler would be fighting Russia no matter what kind of Russian government was in power.

One of the fundamental stratagems of German diplomacy has always been to divide eastern Europe from the west in order to avoid the necessity of fighting simultaneously on two fronts. The Nazi grand strategy consisted of dividing enemies or







potential enemies before defeating them one by one by the blitzkrieg method. The greatest danger the German military machine could face was to have to fight against all of its enemies at one time, and to fight a long war instead of a short one.

The present situation is exactly the one Hitler and his generals tried to forestall but failed. The days when Hitler could deal lightning blows against his weaker and isolated victims are gone forever. Instead, he is confronted with a war of attrition and with opponents who are well prepared, united, and determined. Hitler may be entirely blinded by his irrational fanaticism or he may have a realistic appreciation of the growing precariousness of his position. Whether he knows it or not, he is doomed and his complete obliteration is only a question of time. His only hope lies in trying to make the element of time work to his advantage.

**F**IRST of all, he hopes that by being ready to defend the so-called fortress of Europe to the last man, and by combining this stand with the submarine war, he will tire out the United Nations one by one and divide them in order to obtain an advantageous peace. However, in the strictly military sense the Axis possibilities are substantially narrowed down. Our enemies cannot rebuild their lost superiority in the air and they can never catch up with us in any other weapon. Consequently the Nazis are trying desperately to drive a wedge among the United Nations—chiefly between Russia and the so-called Anglo-American bloc.

One reason why the effort has not been devoid of some success is the general lack of knowledge about Russia among Englishmen and Americans. To many people the Soviet Union still appears as an enigma. Its institutions are only superficially known, and prior to the outbreak of the war the vitality of the Soviet peoples and of their new regime was often underrated. The very essence of the momentous change produced by the revolution of 1917 was dimmed in obscurity. Yet the Soviet Union was one of the most stable countries in the period between the World Wars, and militarily it was best prepared to cope with the Hitler menace.

The general lack of knowledge of the Soviet peoples dates from the years when Russia was ruled by the czars. The Western World has evinced only limited interest in the Slav culture and institutions, and the contribution of the Slav peoples toward the world progress has been left largely unexplored. Yet the revolution of 1917 was one of the most far-reaching events of the twentieth century. It changed the whole base of the life of the Russian people. It

did something to the millions inhabiting the European and the Asiatic parts of the Soviet Union, something which will stay with them permanently.

Besides this widespread neglect of the knowledge of the Slavs—and Russia is the largest Slav-populated nation in the world—the revolutionary character of the Soviet state was another reason for the fear of Russia in the west. Ever since its inception the political doctrine of Marxism had antagonized a good many people. This fear and enmity were automatically carried over and centered upon the country which proclaimed this doctrine as one of the principles of its statecraft.

The Soviet leaders' reticence and reserve had much to do with the world's misunderstanding of their country. Moreover, the opinions of the Soviet institutions and way of life which gained circulation in other countries emanated often from sources predisposed to either indiscriminate praise or adverse prejudice. That mistake must be corrected. The world must appraise the true nature of the Soviet Union and of the potentialities of the Russian peoples. This is one of the first tasks to be done by all the United Nations. They can maintain their own ideological systems and take whatever view they please of Russia's, but they should take into consideration all that is positive and constructive in the Russia of today. It represents, of course, an immense and unexpected progress in comparison with the Russia of the past.

**L**ARGE and powerful nations with ample territory have always had a predilection for a policy of isolation. Richly endowed with unexploited natural resources, any such nation has regarded it as more advantageous to keep aloof from the entanglements of the world and to rely on its own material and spiritual self-sufficiency. This has been and still is true of Russia. There, the isolationist tendency in political thinking has always been as strong and natural as in the United States. Sometimes this tendency was dormant, but it rarely disappeared entirely.

The position of Russia has several other things in common with that of the United States. The Russians are as virile a people as the Americans, and the racial and ethnic compositions of the two present similar pictures of unity through diversity. In the past, neither Russia nor America had any reason to fear being defeated by any one nation. Either of them could muster enough strength to cope with such an emergency. Today, however, the oceans have ceased to be barriers and local wars grow into global conflicts. No longer is any nation strong enough by itself to afford isolation or neutrality.

The American people have attained the highest standards of living through the democratic processes and in accord with the spirit of en-

terprise, the principle of equal opportunities, and the profound moral consciousness which made of their country the true sanctuary of freedom, tolerance, and progress. Whatever political and social differences may exist in the United States, they can adjust themselves, as they always have, within the framework of the Constitution and without recourse to any political or economic doctrine which would be alien to the spirit of the people and to their historical tradition. The American Constitution has become a model for numerous other nations, including Czechoslovakia, and its principles have been tested and retested and have always proved their worth.

**T**HE Russian revolution cannot be dissociated from the Russian past. Throughout the centuries under the czars, the common man in Russia was given little, if any, chance for social rise. He was kept in ignorance and want, and however valiantly he fought for his country, "God was always too high and the Czar was always too far away." Differences of opinion on the ideology of the Soviet state are bound to arise and persist. It is for the Russian people themselves to evaluate the merits or demerits of their policies and to choose and keep the form of government and the kinds of economic and social institutions which they prefer to have. If we want them to respect our institutions, we cannot do less than wish them happiness and prosperity with those which they are working out in their own way.

This co-operation will be of special importance to the nations, small in size and limited in resources, which border directly or indirectly on the European frontiers of the Soviet Union. I think of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania, but also of Finland, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia. Very naturally, victorious Russia would not permit the creation on her western borders of any regime that could be regarded as an attempt at creating a barrier between her and the rest of Europe. The idea of a "sanitary cordon" should therefore have no place in any postwar planning this time. Czechoslovakia, at any rate, would never subscribe to it. She desires to base her relations on reciprocal trust, friendship, and fruitful collaboration within the framework of a general security system.

It has been said and repeated on the highest Soviet authority that Russia does not intend to interfere with the free development of her western smaller neighbors. From their point of view, such co-operation is even more desirable. It should not be limited to them, but should extend to every peace-loving nation of Europe. Indeed, all the United Nations should be imbued with the spirit of effective collaboration. The Anglo-Soviet pact of mutual assistance which was concluded last

(Continued on page 72)

Americans should not be fooled by the Nazi-inspired bogey of a "Red menace"—a victorious Russia threatening them.



A black horror streaked with paint,  
with ostrich plumes on its head,  
came darting in through the door.





# NO WORD FOR "THANK YOU"

**Death spoke in the throb of native tom-toms  
to mother and child alone in their jungle home—  
but could she be sure her own blacks were loyal?**

BY MARGARET CARSON HUBBARD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

FOR days after Helen Donaldson faced the fact that Ian, her husband, must take his place in the army, she said nothing of their farm, Makia, nor indeed even thought of it—stunned as she was by the shock of realizing that she was to see her husband leave, perhaps never to return. The greater loss completely obliterated all thought of the lesser. And yet, until the day Ian had said he was going, their lives had centered about Makia, into which they had poured the buoyant hopes and hard work of five intense years.

Only six months ago they had made a happy ceremony of lighting the first fire on the hearth which Ian had built himself. He had made the kiln in which he had burned the bricks for their home, and together they had marked with string on the ground the simple outline of this whitewashed house that seemed a palace after the makeshift comfort of mud-hut life. Now they had a living room and two bedrooms, one for their son and one all to themselves, and a bathroom with a tub from which water ran into a hole in the ground instead of being carried out and dumped on the flower bed.

From their veranda they could look over the rolling acres of vegetable garden and mealie (corn) fields where once had been nothing but high grass, and toward the kraal in which their increasing herd was safe from night marauders. Five years ago, when Ian had started work on Makia, herds of buffalo had grazed where their mealies grew, and the antelope had still crossed to water below the tobacco fields. Every inch of ground wrested from the wild life had been a triumph. But now that Ian was going, neither he nor Helen gave a thought to all this.

Tickie, little Ian's nurse boy, startled Helen into a realization of the total loss which both she and Ian were taking for granted, perhaps unnecessarily. She was sitting by the fireplace bathing her baby boy, and Tickie, a grave bronze image, was watching little Ian's play, when he seemed to think out loud:

"The Inkos has many cattle and a son and much land, and yet he goes far away to fight Gellemans. When he sells his cattle, they will no longer be his. The elephants and baboons will destroy and devour the mealies. The monkeys will climb into his orange trees and throw the fruit to

the ground. When the rains have finished there will be nothing left of his work. Yet I have not heard that Gellemans are near by to steal his cattle and his woman and kill his son. Before the white man came and forbade us to fight, we black boys did not fight for the joy of it, but to protect our cattle and women. The old wise men say the white man is mad. It must be so, Inkossikos."

Nestling the baby in a towel on her lap, Helen sat motionless, stunned by the truth of all that Tickie said. The three years she had spent with Ian building this home would count for nothing. After the next rains the thatched roof over her head would sag above ant-eaten rafters, for there would be no one to replace them, and before many moons nothing but a heap of mud would mark this spot that was home. Her garden would be a ruin of ant-bear holes. The acres of mealies . . . She saw it all as Tickie described it.

And afterward, when peace came and Ian was ready to return to his work? Ian, a man who loved his land, would have a mere ruin of a farm on which to begin again—only this time with a wife and child to support.

AT dinner that night Ian found Helen distracted and more silent than was quite fair in these days when silences were dangerous. Troubled, he watched her brown eyes from which the impish sparkle was missing. He had counted on Helen to help him keep up the make-believe to the end, in England, when he left for wherever he might be sent and until he came home again.

"Headache?" he asked. Perhaps she was coming down with malaria.

She shook her head. "Thinking, Ian. Wondering what it was like when you were here alone."

"Not bad." His gray eyes lit up as he remembered. "From the moment I saw that parklike stretch between the river and the hills, I loved this place. It was tough, but it was fun. The first time I cut that field with a plow—" He broke off. "It was good." That was characteristic understatement.

"Weren't you ever lonely?"

"With all this place to improve? I worked fourteen to eighteen hours a day."

Helen had heard it all many times, but she wanted to hear it again.

"What did you do when you had malaria?"

"Doubled my dose of quinine, piled on the blankets, and sweated."

"What if you had broken a leg?"

"Well, I didn't. And anyhow the boys could always rig up a stretcher and carry me to Fort Jameson."

"What if they wouldn't?"

"Why all the foolish questions? They're a good lot."

"They're scarcely one generation removed from pre-white-man days. How did you know they wouldn't turn on you? They would rather have cattle than their lives, and you were only one white man."

"You're talking rubbish, sweet. You know what they're like. Perfectly decent if you treat them fairly. And a man has to take some chances."

"How about a woman? What if I took them?" Helen tossed her bombshell lightly across the kerosene lamp in the middle of the table.

"What do you mean?" Her suggestion was too remote from any thought of Ian's for him to suspect its implication.

"I'm wondering about staying at Makia and keeping the place going."

"Good Lord! Impossible, of course." Ian shoved back his chair and strode to the fireplace. "I couldn't leave you here alone with little Ian. It's not safe."

"Why not? We can find some older man to help with the farm."

"You're mad, Helen." Ian stutted with consternation. "It's impossible."

"Are you sure? You yourself say the natives are a decent lot, and I'm sure I have friends among them: Tickie and Mangani and—oh, lots of friends. I've learned their language and I've shot my lion. I've nursed you and dozens of natives through malaria and dysentery, and I've been on the farm long enough to know if a superintendent was doing the wrong thing. The least I can do is to keep the place going while you are away. It's our home."

AFTER days of discussion they decided to find a farm manager if possible, and within a few weeks they were convinced that the gods had them in their keeping when they sent a man of du Plessys' competence to be Helen's right hand. Had he not been lame he would have been  
(Continued on page 56)



# COMBAT CURRENCY!— AMERICA'S FIGHTING DOLLARS

Uncle Sam's fighting men overseas spend a different kind of dollar than you carry in your wallet. It's all part of a brilliant scheme to detect enemy agents and thwart Axis plans for a currency grab

BY SYLVIA F. PORTER

**A** MAN walked into a gift shop in Algiers a few months ago. He was in the uniform of an American sailor. He bought a few gifts, fairly expensive but typical. Then, to pay for his purchases, he passed a roll of American dollar bills across the counter.

They were regular dollar bills, as genuine as those in your wallet or pocketbook right now. But the shopkeeper stared at them for an instant, then mumbled an excuse to leave his customer. In a flash he was back with several other sailors. A few minutes later the sailors were reporting to their superior at American headquarters just one sentence: "He tried to spend blue-seal bills."

And the buyer of gifts was in custody, undergoing an intensive grilling as an enemy spy suspect!

In South America recently, another man—this one dressed in civilian clothes—showed up at an export firm with a portfolio stuffed with U. S. dollars. He had excellent connections, a charming manner, the perfect story about wanting to purchase coffee for shipment, and the currency to back up his order. Because of the size of the pending transaction, however, U. S. financial authorities stationed in the country called him in for a check-up. In the course of conversation he remarked he had been in the African battle zone and had obtained a considerable amount of money there.

It was the wrong thing to say, for all he had to show were regular American bills, and he knew nothing about the design of a special currency we've been using in Africa and all other places we've gone to fight. He, too, walked into a tight spot. And he ended up with no coffee, no cash, and a most unpleasant future!

From North Africa and Hawaii the first details of one of the most dramatic stories of the war are now leaking out—revealing the secret of America's fight against the Axis with the powerful weapon of "combat currency."

From Washington and London the first reports of our invention and widespread use of a "financial

scorched-earth" policy are now being released—disclosing a fascinating tale of how we are defeating our enemies in their scramble for precious American dollars.

"Combat currency." The very phrase is exciting, impelling. A combat dollar bill is only an ordinary dollar with a special marking that immediately distinguishes it from the currency you and I carry in our pockets. Yet that simple little mark is a fundamental in our ruthless economic warfare against the Nazis and the Japs. With our combat currency we are making mockery out of the tremendous loot the Nazis seized as they mercilessly exploited one European country after the other in 1940 and 1941. With it we are preventing our enemies from using whatever additional resources they steal. We are exposing their agents and their spies. And we are making friends of natives in battle sections by giving them money they

trust and which they will accept in exchange for vitally needed foods and supplies.

Combat currency is to economic warfare what planes and tanks are to military warfare. It is, in fact, a fighting weapon as effective in the hands of a soldier as a gun, for without it we could not stand up to the Axis on a vital front. Without it we conceivably might win a military victory in an area, only to find later that we had lost an economic battle of more far-reaching importance in exactly the same region. Here is war in a sphere few of us even dream of.

An infallible clue to enemy agents and sympathizers in Hawaii now, for instance, is the design of the bills they hold. If the currency is regular—just like the money you and I use all the time—and the owner tries to spend a lot of it, he is marked "suspicious" right off. He has to prove his identity and inten-



Combat currency blocks the Axis from cashing in its tremendous loot.



tions in a hurry if he wants to stay out of jail. And the same rule applies throughout the battle areas of the Pacific, in territory thousands of miles away from our home towns.

Take out an ordinary bill from your pocket. Look at it. It says "Silver Certificate" at the top. The number "1" is in the four corners on its face. The picture of George Washington is in the center. There's a serial number on the right-hand side and a blue seal is superimposed over the words "Washington, D. C."

That's a regular bill you're holding, acceptable in any city, town, or hamlet of our nation, and good for anything from a loaf of bread to a whisky-and-soda—as long as you're in the United States.

Now imagine that bill with a gold instead of a blue seal superimposed over the words "Washington, D. C."

That's all; just another color of seal. But you are visualizing our North African combat currency. And the power of that gold seal was so great in Algiers that to every person there it spelled the difference between Axis agent and American soldier. And it left Germany's Führer sitting with billions of stolen "blue-seal" dollars and no way to spend them!

Now imagine a dollar with a brown instead of a blue seal, with the word "Hawaii" printed at both ends on the face and overprinted on the reverse side.

These are the only distinctive marks for our Hawaiian combat currency, but again the power of them is so great that today no sailor, soldier, or civilian in that part of the Pacific dares walk around for more than a few hours with any other type of bill unless he has reported his exact status to the authorities.

**B**UT let's go back for an instant—to the beginning of this story of financial scorched-earth policy, the start of this program of relentless economic warfare; back to December 7, 1941, when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

The United States was then pushed smack up against a terrific problem of economic warfare—in addition to everything else. Tens of millions of dollars in currency, securities, gold, and silver were stored in the Philippines and Hawaii. We had to keep the Japanese from seizing this money as the Nazis had stolen the assets of helpless Europeans in previous months. We knew Hirohito desperately needed these reserves. And we were determined to prevent him from getting cash and metal he could spend anywhere in the world to buy supplies and weapons to use against us.

As the Army and Navy massed their men and ammunition at that critical moment, so the Treasury, acting upon instructions of the President and through the authority of the Trading with the Enemy Act, gathered its forces for defense and

(Continued on page 66)



Yanks in North Africa give \$1,000—in combat currency—for orphans.



A Navy sub lands a cargo of bullion from the Philippines at Hawaii.





The happy airmen wave as they spy the B-17 arriving to take them off the islands. This photograph was snapped from the rescue ship.

# MY LOVIN' DOVE

**One of the weirdest stories of the war. The crew of a Flying Fort—after 66 days of shark-infested waters and roaming strange islands under the noses of the Japs—comes back from the dead**

**BY JACK MAHON**

International News Service Correspondent  
Somewhere in the South Pacific

*"THEY never gave up hope; they just kept writing as if they knew everything was O. K. and that I'd come back."*

The kid flyer with the tired eyes said it quietly, then looked around at his eight companions in the G-2 hut. They did not answer, but they knew what he meant. They know now what faith and hope are.

These boys had just come back from the dead—back with one of the strangest stories of war in the South Pacific. For more than two months they had been wartime Robinson Crusoes wandering over the South Sea Islands and never quite sure the footprints they saw would lead them to safety—or to a Jap.

How would you like to be shot down in the middle of the vast Pacific; struggle in its shark-infested waters for fifteen and a half days;

stagger ashore on a strange island, half-starved, semi-hysterical, and live, thanks to a merciful God, fifty days among strange, superstitious natives?

Such is the story of My Lovin' Dove.

She wasn't even their ship; she was theirs by accident, and they knew her scarcely long enough to get the feel of her pulse when they watched her stick her tail toward the sky and sink silently into the maw of the hungry Pacific.

It was cool and clear and there was a big moon over Guadalcanal that morning of February 9 last, when Captain Thomas J. Classen, twenty-four, of West De Pere, Wisconsin, called his crew together. He explained that some one had taken their Fortress out and they'd have to use the general's plane for their

dawn reconnaissance flight to the north.

My Lovin' Dove's motors began to sputter and purr as Classen warmed her up. In the ship with him were the following boys of the 72d Squadron, 5th Bomb Group, U. S. Army Air Forces.

Co-Pilot: Lt. Ernest C. Ruiz, 24, Santa Barbara, California.

Navigator: Lt. Robert J. Dorwart, 24, North Seattle, Washington.

Bombardier: Lt. Balfour C. Gibson, 28, Berkeley, California.

Engineer: T. Sgt. Donald O. Martin, 25, Decatur, Illinois.

Ball Turret Gunner: Corp. W. H. Nichols, 24, Keiser, Arkansas.

Radio Operator: Sgt. James Hunt, 21, Effingham, Illinois.

Waist Gunner: Corp. T. H. Edwards, 23, Burbank, California.

Tail Gunner: Corp. R. J. Turnbull, 27, San Antonio, Texas.

At 3 A. M. Classen gave her the gun and the giant B-17 rumbled down the runway and roared into the sky.

Classen had taken his ship about 500 miles north of the Canal without spotting anything suspicious, when out of the rising sun came its self-styled progeny—eight Jap Zeros spitting lead laden with hate.

Corporals Nichols and Turnbull and Lieutenants Dorwart and Gibson started to shoot it out with them. The boys hit the jack pot twice in quick succession, two of the Zeros



crashing into the sea in flames and a couple of others wobbling away on crippled wings.

But My Lovin' Dove had been hurt, too. Badly hurt. Its No. 1 engine was first to go, a second soon jammed, and as Jap bullets shredded her oil tank Classen knew her day had come.

The Japs, quick to recognize the distress signals, continued a running battle. For ninety minutes the belly of the Fortress was a hell of flying splinters, shrapnel, and despair. Every one of the guns jammed, the No. 3 engine was shot away, and all members of the crew were wounded.

But they stuck. Classen, a handkerchief clutched between his teeth to stem the flow of blood from a shrapnel wound in his lower lip, had to think fast.

A return flight to Guadalcanal was impossible, a continued flight was only a matter of minutes. And they were losing altitude steadily.

Back of him the crew was piling every ounce of equipment, except the life rafts and some provisions, overboard, to lighten the load.

My Lovin' Dove was within twenty feet of the sea before Classen could get her climbing again. On one tired, sputtering engine she continued her flight to nowhere. There was only one gamble to take. Classen took it.

Reasoning that the farther northwest he flew the further the Zeros would be drawn from their home base, he pointed the Fortress at that horizon, and she crept, like a huge crippled bat, mile after mile away from home.

The strategy worked. By some miracle, My Lovin' Dove stayed in the air until the Japs' gasoline began to run out and they had to withdraw. The fight which had started at 4,000 feet had ended at only 800!

"The plane had at least 500 holes in it," said Dorwart. "It looked like one of those giant punch boards—with all the chances taken."

Classen told his men to prepare for a crash landing on the sea. Then slowly, as gently as he could, the captain brought the ship down onto the sea—her complement diving out through the hatches into the pounding squall more than 500 miles from land!

"RUIZ and I opened our windows; but when we hit, the water jammed them shut," recalled Classen. "Spray flew up fifty feet in the air. We both had the same thought. We were going under right away, and if the pressure jammed those windows—well, it was all over. I clawed at my window and got it open again. I took a quick look over my shoulder and saw Ernie's feet going through his window. Then I dived headfirst out of mine."

The boys shook the spray out of their eyes and looked frantically for their mates.

One life raft was afloat, the other had jammed. One by one, they swam to the good raft and clutched it. A minute after they had jumped clear,

My Lovin' Dove slid out of sight and they were alone. Nine against the sea.

Their first job was getting the useless raft repaired. They discovered the gas bottle which was supposed to inflate it had been punctured by a bullet. The only way to put it in order was to inflate it themselves. And there, in that bobbing ocean, the breath that once was used to blow up footballs and basketballs—breath that now came hard and fast—was expended by one after another, in turn, to save their lives.

When they finally got the balky rubber boat afloat, they stocked it with what provisions they had grabbed from the Fortress. Thanks to some expert teamwork and coolness, ten boxes of K rations, full canteens, and some emergency rations had been salvaged.

Classen figured his men had enough for four days. He and Ruiz compared notes. The wind was blowing from the northeast and they were drifting in the general direction of the Solomons, but there was no telling what a change of wind or the capricious ocean currents would do.

Classen checked his crew. One had been shot in the hand, another in the arm. Ruiz had several shrapnel cuts in his left leg. Nichols was a weary Achilles with a slug in his heel, and Turnbull sheepishly admitted he had been hit in the seat of the pants!

They washed one another's wounds, taped them the best they could, and the argosy began. The rafts were tied together by a thin rope and one of the first jobs assigned was the construction of a rain catcher to ensure them of an adequate water supply.

This was taken care of, a canvas container that had contained flares filling the bill.

Food was rationed and, in the long days that followed, proved the chief topic of conversation. "The fellows on our raft always imagined those on Classen's were eating too much," said Ruiz, "and they thought the same about us, and every time some one would eat there'd be an argument."

"We argued about what we would like to eat if we were back in the States. We never did decide which was better, steak or eggs."

By the third day salt-water rust had ruined their pistols, and on the sixth the sea hissed and stormed in a temper that upset one of the rafts and exacted a toll of knives and a good portion of their provisions.

NOW it was Sergeant Turnbull's turn. Bob, a silent skinny fellow with a mop of straw for hair, was on his first combat mission. He did not intend to die on an empty stomach.

Using a bent ration key for a hook, and baiting it with small minnows he had scooped out of the sea, Turnbull became the flock's fisherman.

Hour after hour he sat there in the scorching sun, holding his homemade line between blistered fingers. His first catch, a sea bass, was edible, but his second, a twenty-four-inch sand shark, proved fatty and indigestible. Between catches many of the boys lopped the heads off some of their ever-present minnow convoy and—shades of old John Harvard—swallowed the small fry whole!

Thus did they live the long days through. The sun raised welts on  
(Continued on page 53)



Lieutenants Dorwart and Gibson and Radioman Wiley look on as Admiral M. A. Mitcher, U.S.N., shakes hands with Captain Classen at Guadalcanal.



# HOORAY FOR THE YANKS

Cheers from the British can—and sometimes do—have a double meaning, but they're Johnnies-on-the-spot when trouble comes

BY JOE ALEX MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD LOOMIS

**I**T'S just reticence . . . British reticence," the skipper said patiently for the third time as the crew of the Flying Fortress clambered into their transport car. "You've got to expect it in this country. . . . Say, where's the belly gunner?"

The belly gunner came trotting out, fumbling with the buttons of his bulky flying jacket. The skipper counted noses and said, "Let's go."

But the navigator was still complaining mildly. "You all can call it reticence or you can call it British, but for me it's just a pain in the neck. I came over here all hepped up about giving a helping hand to a pal in need and being arms-around-the-neck with the R. A. F."

"Yeah, but what gives?" the co-pilot chimed in. "We get kissed off cool as a frosted soda. Oh, they're good enough guys, all right. But so what? That won't make for teamwork when we get in a hole."

"That's right." It was the turret gunner this time. "Nobody'd guess from the way they shy away from us that we came over to help 'em out."

"We didn't," the skipper snapped. "We came over to do a job. Now cut out the talk and let's get at it."

They were busy enough for the next two hours. Their big Fortress got off smoothly and the squadron had good cloud cover to Lille, where they dumped their bombs and turned homeward with all planes still in formation despite the attentions of a few Nazi Messerschmitts.

**T**HEN it happened all of a sudden. An ugly-looking Focke-Wulf popped out of the clouds and let go with four cannon and two machine guns and then popped back into the clouds. For one breathless moment the Fortress shuddered and bucked, then settled down again. Glass from the nose splintered over the co-pilot.

"That was fast," he murmured unhappily. "Nobody even got a lick at the guy."

The skipper recovered first. He nodded at the bombardier. "See if anybody's hurt." The outer starboard motor coughed a couple of times and died. The beat of the port motors wavered. The skipper and the co-pilot worked feverishly, while their eyes turned upward again and again to watch for another flash of black wings against the clouds.

"Try and S O S," the skipper snapped over his shoulder in the direction of the radio compartment.

The port motors died and the second starboard motor quit mournfully a moment later. The power plant was gone but the big plane seemed steady enough. The navigator worked his way forward to the skipper's shoulder before he realized that he didn't have to shout any longer. There was silence except for the thin whine of the wind against the crippled ship.

"S O S sent, suh, but doubt if anybody got it. Whole wiring system must have been knocked out."

"Anybody hurt?"

"Don't believe so, suh," the bombardier put in stiffly. Rank and discipline suddenly were much more in evidence in an emergency. They began to think hazily of their briefing instructions on what to do if forced to land in enemy territory. They knew that the squadron leader was under strict orders not to risk other ships in an effort to save one wounded craft. They knew without looking that the squadron was drawing swiftly away from them. They knew they were alone now.

It was an empty feeling—as empty as the sky through which they glided lonesomely and almost helplessly.

"O. K." the skipper said briskly. "We've got twenty-five thousand feet altitude. How far are we from the Channel?"

"About twenty-five miles, suh . . . about forty-five miles from England, maybe forty-eight."

The skipper and the co-pilot labored vainly to revive the engines. Just one of them, the skipper prayed. Just one would do it. But there was only a terrible silence and the wind.

"Well," he calculated aloud, "we're losing altitude at about twelve hundred feet a minute. We're doing one hundred and fifty miles an hour. . . . We might . . ." He wiped frost off the windshield with his gloved hand. There was a rift in the clouds and the sun sparkled on the glass. Pretty soon he said to the navigator, "Check the ship over. Everybody at posts. . . . I think I can . . . Yes! I can see the cliffs at Dover."

The navigator made his way aft. "You all O. K.?" he asked. "Skipper claims he can see the Dover cliffs."

"O. K. if that Focke-Wulf don't come back throwing any more of that hard stuff," the waist gunner muttered. "But it's not the Dover cliffs. It's the White Cliffs of Dover. A song."

"Oke here, and I hope that so-and-so does come back," the turret gun-

ner chimed in. "But it ain't a song. It's a poem."

"All's well," said the tail gunner. "And I don't care whether it's a song or a poem . . . so long as it's England."

From up front the skipper called, "Too much weight, men. Lighten the ship." They began to move quickly, eager for action and for release from the terrible silence. They seized on anything that was loose or could be pried loose. Flares and boxes went tumbling overboard. The bombardier eyed the heavy ugly waist gun.

**W**E'RE over the Channel now," he said. "And that's heavy."

"Now, wait!" the waist gunner protested. "Betsy's done mighty well today. I don't want to lose . . ."

The skipper's voice cut in: "Waist guns overboard. Quick!"

The waist guns tumbled down toward the water, but it wasn't enough. "Get rid of more stuff," the co-pilot called. "Get rid of it!"

Ammunition in long, shining belts streamed from the Fortress. The bombardier pulled off his heavy flying jacket and flung it after the guns. Everybody matched him. Shirts, sweaters, socks, pants floated like ragged pennants from the ship. The crew stood stripped to their shorts, shivering.

"This is killing me," sighed the turret gunner. "I brought these boots all the way from Texas." He tossed them accurately through the window, just as the belly gunner, fully clothed, crawled out of his hole in the floor. A whirlwind of curses greeted the forgotten gunner, but was cut short as the crew saw a dark stain on the front of his jacket.

"Here . . . wait, fellows. . . . Look! He's hurt. Let me help."

"Look out, you saps!" the belly gunner roared, fighting off half a dozen helping hands. "You'll cut your fingers off. I had a crock of gin for tonight's party, and I was so scared somebody might hook it that I brought it along inside my jacket. Cost two pounds. And what did that lousy Nazi do but cut the bottle in two with machine-gun bullets. Gimme a hand now. Let's get this stuff overboard."

But they didn't have time to get the belly gunner's clothes overboard. The silence was broken by a sudden vicious burr. From behind and above, flying straight and fast, came a Focke-Wulf. "He's back again," the





The ship went down forty-five seconds later. But the Spitfire was circling over them.

turret gunner whispered. "And us without a gun!" Nobody else spoke. They didn't even seek the scanty cover they might have found against the Nazi guns. Perhaps it was too hopeless. They just stood there, waiting.

The skipper sensed their hopelessness, but he felt it even more than they, for ahead, along the coast of England, he saw only a jagged rocky shore where a landing meant death even more surely than that which dived upon them. And then he breathed again. . . . Out of the broken cloud above them dived a Spitfire—a Spitfire with cannon that probed the Focke-Wulf with terrible fury. The Nazi pilot wavered and turned back as the Spitfire plunged in a sweeping dive to the white-capped waves and circled in front of the Fortress.

"Look, skipper! He's wagging his ears at us. He wants us to follow."

The skipper already was banking the Fortress, and as he followed the R. A. F. pilot he saw a beach, white and smooth in the sun beneath the cliffs. But it was too late. About a mile from shore the big plane's tail

went down against the waves; she bounced and stopped. The crew was out and clinging to a rubber dinghy in thirty seconds. The ship went down forty-five seconds later. But the Spitfire was circling over them and it wasn't long before they saw the R. A. F. rescue launch skimming over the waves.

"Boy! Look at 'em come!" the navigator mused. "Heah come our allies!"

The co-pilot nodded solemnly. "I get a kick out of just seeing 'em."

There was a tall figure in the bow of the launch, inspecting them through binoculars. They saw him turn excitedly to his companions and heard him shout, "They're Americans, all right! Sure, they're Americans!" And then the Fortress crew gazed in amazement as every man in the launch stood up and cheered.

"Think of that!" the bombardier gasped as a wave washed over him. "They're cheering. Say! They're cheering *us*! It's worth gliding forty-eight miles to hear. I *do* get a kick out of that."

The launch came in skillfully and

picked them up, and the skipper, feeling a warm blanket around his shoulders, got a kick out of it, too. Who said the British were unemotional? Who said they were reticent? He felt he really ought to say something to the tall officer with the binoculars; ought to try to explain how the Yanks really felt about their comrades in arms. But suddenly he didn't know what to say. Here these fellows had saved the whole crew, and the skipper felt shy. His men were silent, too, and shy. Very shy. "Thanks," he finally said, feeling his face turn red. "We really don't deserve . . . I mean . . . Well, those cheers made us feel . . ."

The tall officer grinned, a broad friendly grin as warm as the slug of rum he was passing to the skipper.

"Cheers?" he said, half-questioningly. "Oh, I guess the boys did yell a bit. But . . . ah, you see, all of the rescue crews down here had a pool on which would pull the first Americans out of the drink. And . . . well, my boys were cheering because we won the pool!"

THE END



# BOSWELL OF BRAWN

BY HERB GRAFFIS

The nation's widest read sports writer is one of the least known. Fabulous Charley Dunkley out-zanies even Hollywood's zany notion of a newspaperman

IT'S highly possible that during the past thirty-two years more Americans have read literature from typewriters poked by Charles Willis Dunkley than have read the works handwritten by Shakespeare.

More newspapers carry Dunkley's prose than that of any of the bally-hooded columnists. The radio sounds off many times a day from script that in its original form rolled out of Dunkley's mill.

Considerable of the home news radioed by the U. S. government to Americans in war service overseas and on shipboard is rewritten from stories that Dunkley has had a hand in writing.

Charley Dunkley is a sports writer. The lads in uniform are hungry for the dope on what gives in sports back home. Sports interest among men in uniform in training camp and battle zones is greater than it's ever been before. It's a safety valve that keeps boys who are being turned into men overnight from blowing their tops.

Charley is virtually the Great Unknown of sports. Insiders know him well, and a few not of sport's inner realm are acquainted with the brisk and billowy dean of the press sties. But to the majority of sports fans and the sports lion chasers he is merely one of those round-faced guys they know they have seen before but can't remember where or when.

In the Stork Club, the Pump Room, or Ciro's, fancy people may wonder who is this plump man who dares to wear his bedroom slippers into such a spot. Other famed or notorious personages may be recognized, but there's only about one chance in fifty thousand that Charley Dunkley will be. The knowing ones, of course, go over to his table and visit.

When their conversation is interesting, his eyes will flash like harbor lights, and he'll grunt or laugh in a blast that starts from the belt line. Otherwise he'll just keep on eating and drinking. Eating and drinking with discrimination and gusto ac-



As an epicure, Charley is second to none. He's an expert cook, too.

counts for his presence at the swanky spots—not any desire to mingle with the show-offs. Charley isn't café society, but you have to count him in as knife-fork-and-bib royalty.

He is the most famous backstage character in sports, as any adequately informed sports writer can tell you.

He is chief of the Associated Press sports department at Chicago. The A. P.'s vanishing passion for anonymity explains the rather rare appearance of his name as author of a yarn, although for many years his colleagues have regarded him as the number one sports scribe when it comes to telling what happened and how, without any distracting verbal fancywork.

Because of this distinction he can and does violate one of the professional proprieties in a way that his colleagues welcome as a high compliment from the master. He will roam between rows of reporters in press boxes at sports events and peer over their shoulders at their copy. If a line or a paragraph impresses him, he will snort, "O. K.—save me a copy of that." When the game is over, he

will have to do his "final," which is to appear in hundreds of morning papers all over this fair land. Then he will interject the selected gems into his own polished job. Meanwhile, as the game has been going on, he will have batted out swift and accurate classics of sports journalism for which presses have been waiting.

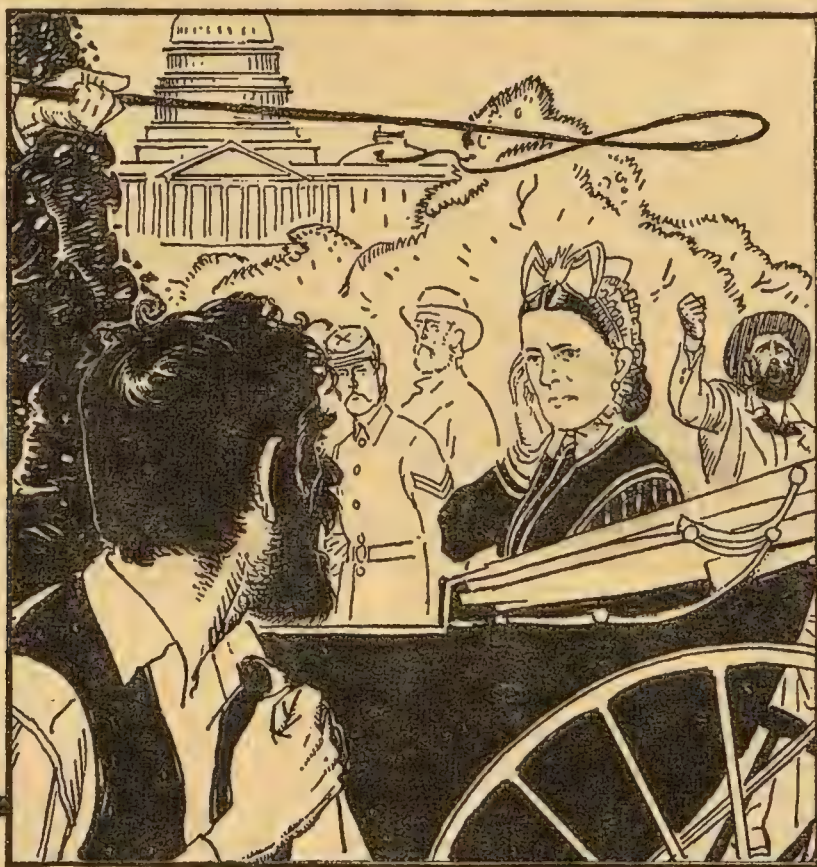
Charley Dunkley never has been known to credit the wrong player with having scored a touchdown. When weather conditions blot out the gridiron from reporters and broadcasters, and from press-coop announcers who are supposed to be able to identify the players by smell or sight at 300 foggy yards, others may make errors in identification, but not Charley.

He is reputed to have eyes in the back and top of his head and in his ears. He can be whacking away at his typewriter when a knockout occurs. Others may write different descriptions of the punch that did the business. When the slow-motion pictures are studied, it is Dunkley's accurate reporting that's confirmed.

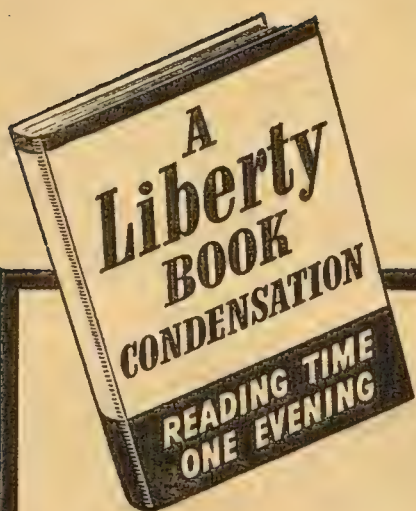
(Continued on page 55)



# MR. LINCOLN'S WIFE



ILLUSTRATED BY  
FREDERICK CHAPMAN



## A Condensation of the Novel by **ANNE COLVER**

This is the story of a woman whose husband walked with destiny, whose children lived in the shadow of a great man and great events.

As history shaped their lives and as tragedy struck again and again, she did her best to be a wife and mother.

Some historians believe she failed shamefully; few have been kind to her. In this novelized life, Anne Colver presents a new picture of her. You may not agree with it, but you will find it a deeply stirring experience.

ON a late June morning in 1843, when mackerel clouds were scudding across a sky of brilliant blue, Mary sat by her window in the Globe Tavern, sewing. She was finishing the last of a dozen linen shirts for Mr. Lincoln.

"I mean to have him the best-dressed lawyer on the circuit," she had told her sister Elizabeth. She was careful not to add that when she laid out his things for a trip, she often discovered, after he had gone, that the fresh pile of linens had been left behind and his suitcase had been stuffed, instead, with the books and old newspapers which Mr. Lincoln still insisted on taking with him.

Elizabeth was always so condescending when she mentioned Abraham Lincoln, so sure that he would never measure up to Mary's estimate of him, though now there were many people of Springfield who began to talk of the things Abe Lincoln might one day do.

Elizabeth had been the first of the Kentucky Todds to come to Illinois when she married Ninian Edwards. Soon

after, her sisters had followed her, one by one, beginning with the eldest and working down. Elizabeth had invited them to visit her and had seen to it that they met suitable gentlemen, for Ninian Edwards was a personage in Springfield and his sisters-in-law had every opportunity to marry well.

None had disappointed Elizabeth, until Mary. Elizabeth could never understand why Mary had been so possessed to become Mrs. Lincoln. Especially since Mr. Lincoln had not seemed to share her eagerness to get married, and had, indeed, after a tentative courtship, jilted her once.

It was after that, when Mary took him back so meekly, that Elizabeth had decided to speak plainly.

"It's perfectly clear," she had said tartly, "that you're making a fool of yourself running after Abe Lincoln. I never had trouble like this with your sisters. When Frances and Ann were engaged, they..."

"I'm not my sisters." Mary had turned on her in one of her quick tempers. "And I'm tired of hearing what you



did for them. You sound like a matrimonial bureau."

The strange part of it was, Elizabeth thought regretfully, that Mary had started out so well, much better than either Frances or Ann. There was Stephen Douglas for instance. If Mary had given him an ounce of encouragement he would have proposed long ago. But Mary had made up her mind she was going to marry Abe Lincoln, and when Mary made up her mind about anything, nothing could stop her. Elizabeth was sure she had some notion in her head that she was going to make him over. Once she'd married, Elizabeth decided, Mary would discover it wasn't as easy as it looked to change a husband.

It could not be said, certainly, that marriage had wrought any miraculous changes in Mr. Lincoln thus far. He still seemed much as he had always been. Not that he put up any active resistance to improvements. He was invariably agreeable to her suggestions. When Mary indicated it was not desirable to go about at home in stocking feet, Mr. Lincoln nodded. When she pointed out the custom of using the butter knife, instead of his own, to serve

disappointment. It was as though, now that he was here, all the wonderful anticipation of seeing him had been lost somehow.

The rooms were unbearably hot that night. Sitting on the edge of the bed, Mary saw that Mr. Lincoln kept glancing at her—as if wondering what to say. Very well, then, let him wonder. Mary set her chin stubbornly, but her lips began to tremble.

He stood looking down at her, his expression puzzled and helpless. She turned away sharply and buried her face in the pillow.

"You don't want me to get the doctor, do you, Mary?"

She shook her head, pressing her face tighter. Couldn't he see for himself what the trouble was? Couldn't he have said just one word about having missed her? Acted a little bit pleased about being home again—instead of sitting like a wooden Indian all evening?

"I don't see why you had to be so rude and hateful tonight. You hardly spoke to Ninian and Elizabeth and they were trying to be so nice to you—"

There was a silence, then she heard him sigh.

"Well, I'm sorry." He sat down beside her on the bed. "To tell you the truth, I wasn't thinking much about Ninian and Elizabeth. I'd been sort of looking forward to getting home—and seeing you again—" He broke off, startled by the suddenness with which Mary sat up and faced him.

"OH, Mr. Lincoln—" Her voice sounded queer and shaky. "Why on earth—couldn't you have told me that before? When all the while I've been so miserable and lonesome—thinking you weren't glad to see me at all."

She flung her arms around him—clinging as though she never meant to let him go.

"Well, I don't know, Mary—" He sounded puzzled. "I reckon I thought you knew that—without my saying anything..."

It was in that moment, holding him close, that Mary knew the truth for the first time. She had thought once that Mr. Lincoln needed her. She could recall how she had planned for his future, thinking he needed only some one to spur him on toward the destiny every one seemed rather strangely to expect of him. But in that instant Mary knew it was she who needed him; that she would go on needing him as long as she lived, with an intensity that left her shivering and helpless. . . .

It was the twelfth of February, 1844, and Mary was planning a special dinner for Mr. Lincoln. Elizabeth and Ninian had been invited. It was the first party Mary had given in the new house Mr. Lincoln had bought when Robert was born—and everything must be just right.

It would have been nice, Mary thought, to have had the birthday dinner a surprise for Mr. Lincoln. But experience had taught her that as surely as she planned an unexpected party, he'd choose that night to be an hour late for supper—or, worse still, bring some crony or other home from the office.

At least, Mary sighed, there was no danger of his turning up with any strays tonight. She had reminded him about the party and he had promised solemnly to be on time and unencumbered—in a frame of mind suitably reverent to meet his Maker or the Edwards.

She was just starting down the stairs when the sound of strange voices below made her draw back, frowning sharply.

It couldn't be—it simply *couldn't* be that Mr. Lincoln had forgotten. But there was his voice now.

"I reckon she's upstairs, getting her trotting harness on."

Mary felt the sharp prickles of anger on the back of her neck. How *could* Mr. Lincoln speak like that? And bringing home people—after she'd reminded him.

Three strangers stood gawping up at Mary while she started downstairs, her lips set in a tight straight line. These were old friends, Mr. Lincoln was saying, Mattie and Tom Renfrew, from New Salem, and this was their daughter Ella.

"I've been bragging about what a fine wife I have." Mr. Lincoln turned to the visitors, beaming proudly. "Well, isn't she just as good as I said?"

Mary could have wept. Being paraded like this before



his plate, he said he hadn't a doubt it was a good idea. He merely continued, serenely and without argument, to do precisely as he had always done before.

When it was time for Mr. Lincoln to travel the circuit, Elizabeth had asked Mary to come to the Edwards house.

"Mr. Lincoln can't expect you to stay cooped up in those miserable rooms for two months, Mary. And with the baby coming, you oughtn't to be alone."

Mary had replied, rather shortly, that she was all right where she was. As a matter of fact, she had found these weeks while Mr. Lincoln was out on the circuit as pleasant as any she could remember. The best days were when no one came to call; when she didn't have to be forever on the watch for unspoken criticism of Mr. Lincoln. It was nice just to do as she pleased. To read, or sew, or write letters.

Somehow, writing to Mr. Lincoln, it was easy to overlook so many things. To forget the queer, uneasy moments when they discovered how extraordinarily different two people could be. The moments when Mary found her quick decisiveness sidetracked by the peculiar, maddening slowness of Mr. Lincoln. His odd silences, that left her puzzled and hurt; and the curious unpredictability of his nature. They were both startled by those moments, and a little troubled.

But in her letters, long and gossipy and affectionate, Mary could picture everything just as she wanted it to be. There were no remarks from Elizabeth to spoil it, no patient sympathy from Frances, none of Ann's sharp sarcasms. Not even the presence of Mr. Lincoln, often so disturbingly solid and uncompromising. In the letters Mr. Lincoln could be all that she had dreamed.

THE evening Mr. Lincoln arrived home, he and Mary walked over to Elizabeth's for supper. They left early. Mr. Lincoln had been unusually quiet the whole evening. On the way home Mary was aware of an odd, perverse



his bumpkin friends, as though she were something Mr. Lincoln had acquired at an auction.

She allowed herself the faintest shadow of a smile. "It's always a pleasure to meet Mr. Lincoln's old friends," she said coolly. "I'm only sorry you couldn't have come earlier, in time for tea."

There was an awkward silence, until Mr. Lincoln, bland and cordial, came to the rescue. Supper was better than tea anyway, he said. Of course they would stay. And paying no more attention to Mary, Mr. Lincoln led his guests into the parlor.

The dinner, certainly, exceeded Mary's worst expectations. With the arrival of the Edwards, the three Renfrews lapsed into a frozen and dreadful silence.

Mr. Lincoln thawed out the Renfrews, talking about old times in New Salem, remembering anecdotes they could enjoy together. But Elizabeth and Ninian seemed ill at ease, and as soon after dinner as they could, departed. Mary excused herself then, saying she had a headache. Her departure was almost unheeded by the Renfrews.

Undressed and in bed, Mary lay listening to the laughter and voices from below. It was absurd, of course, to let that sound make her feel lonely. Suddenly she realized that her head really did ache. She had meant to punish Mr. Lincoln and snub the Renfrews by coming upstairs early—and now, most perversely, it seemed she was the only one who had been punished.

When at last she heard Mr. Lincoln's step in the hall, Mary turned her back on the room and lay very still. She could hear him moving about, getting ready for bed. She had expected him to speak—to try, somehow, to make amends—but the silence only grew longer.

Mary turned abruptly and sat up.

"Mr. Lincoln—"

"Well, what have I done wrong now, Mary?"

She hadn't meant to scold—but at the sound of his voice, cold and patient, the bitter words came. He knew well enough what he had done. She'd worked all day, trying to have things nice for the dinner—and he'd deliberately, *purposely*, ruined everything by dragging home those ridiculous people. Mr. Lincoln came over to the bed.

"There were times," he said, "when I'd have gone hungry if Tom and Mattie hadn't been willing to give me supper. I reckon it wasn't always convenient for them, but they'd never let on they weren't pleased to see me."

In the darkness Mary could hear him settling down to sleep. She was tired now—too utterly weary to think any more. Only she knew that everything had got confused and wrong, and that somehow she had been the one to blame. Only—it wasn't fair. It wasn't fair. . . .

THE year Robert was three there was a new baby, Edward. And that summer Mr. Lincoln ran for Congress. Down at Diller's drugstore they had a flock of new stories to tell about Abe and the campaign. The one they never got tired of repeating was about the time he went to hear his opponent, Peter Cartwright, an old-fashioned hell-fire-and-brimstone preacher, make a speech in a big revival tent.

Old Cartwright had puffed along on the tariff and states' rights for a while, and then he had peeled off his coat and asked everybody in the audience who wanted to repent their sins and go to heaven to stand up. There was a scuffle in the big tent, and everybody got to their feet except Abe.

"Brother Lincoln," the Rev. Cartwright had bellowed, "if you don't want to go to heaven, *where do you expect to go?*"

Abe didn't say a word for a minute, then he stood up.

"Why, I expect to go to Congress, Brother Cartwright," Abe said. And he put on his hat and walked out.

Two weeks later, when the votes were counted, Abe had beat the old preacher two to one.

LOOKING back sometimes, Mary was startled to find how she could remember things without really feeling them. It was so queer the way days vanished into weeks, and weeks into years—and the long, soldierly line could disappear over the horizon, taking all reality with it—except for a few landmarks.

There was the spring Mr. Lincoln won the big case for

the Illinois Central, and the year Robert took the croup and was so awfully sick. There was the birth of Willie to remember, and, only a few weeks later, the terrible night when they had watched little Edward die of fever.

Then there was the morning another baby boy was born. This one was named Thomas, for Mr. Lincoln's father—but they called him Taddie.

"Funny thing," they used to say down at Diller's. "It looked for a while there as if Abe was set to do big things. Going off to Congress—and sassing the President. But nothing much seemed to come of it. Guess he decided Springfield was good enough for him, after all."

THE summer Stephen Douglas was campaigning for the Senate, on the Democratic ticket, the Republicans began to talk of running Mr. Lincoln. Mary was annoyed by the apathy with which he received the news. After all, this was his chance, the chance they had waited for, that had been so many years in coming. But when she tried to say this, Mr. Lincoln looked gloomier than ever.

"Douglas can't possibly lose," he said. "He's the most popular man in the state. The only stick big enough for him to stub his toe on is slavery. And Douglas is too smart to risk committing himself there. He'll walk the fence, same as he always has, and get the vote on both sides."

"Unless," Mary said, "some one is smart enough to push him off that fence; unless somebody asks him point-blank to state his mind."

It was some weeks after Mr. Lincoln was nominated for the Senate that he surprised everybody, most particularly his opponent, by challenging Mr. Douglas to a series of public debates that would put the slavery question fairly and squarely up to the voters.

Mr. Lincoln did a good job of it, too. Starting from way behind, he'd made Douglas sweat for every vote he got—but still you could hardly say any one was exactly surprised, in November, when the Democrats carried the state.

"I reckon nobody ever expected me to win," Mr. Lincoln said, "excepting maybe mother."

THE years went by and Mr. Lincoln seemed to settle down to the law. Of course, he still took a hand in politics now and then. He was still a factor in Illinois and a man to be consulted by his party. One winter evening after supper, Mr. Lincoln came into the sitting room where Mary was darning socks. With Robert away at school and Tad and Willie upstairs asleep, the house was very still.

Suddenly, out of the silence, Mr. Lincoln sighed.

"I was talking to Jesse Fell this afternoon," he said. "He's got the idea that if the Republicans put up the right man—they might stand a chance to get in. There's been some talk they were thinking of putting me up to run. But I don't know. . . ."

Mary leaned forward.

"What did you tell him, Mr. Lincoln?"

"I said if they were looking for some one that stands a chance of being elected—they were barking up the wrong tree."

"Mr. Lincoln," Mary said sharply, "you don't mean to tell me you refused."

"Well, no, not exactly, mother. I just told Fell they'd better think it over. After all, you've got to remember nobody outside of Illinois has ever heard of me."

"No," Mary said, "but they will, Mr. Lincoln. They will hear of you."

At the odd, fierce intensity in her voice, Mr. Lincoln glanced at her uneasily. There wasn't any use, he said, taking this thing too seriously. It was nothing more than a conversation between friends.

Mary brushed aside his words. From somewhere deep inside her a strength seemed to rise. As if all the hopes, all the efforts she had squandered for so many years on a thousand things that never really mattered were suddenly concentrated.

"Mr. Lincoln, you must listen to me." She sat down, facing him. This was the moment—she knew it now. The moment she had always known was coming, when the tide would run swift and full. "This is the time when you



must decide what you are going to do, Mr. Lincoln. Now—before it's too late. Before the chance is gone. Promise me you won't answer that way again, Mr. Lincoln. Promise me—"

For a moment more her glance held his.

"Well, it seems kind of early to be making campaign promises—" he spoke in his old easy drawl. "But if it makes you feel any better, mother, I'll promise that when they come and knock at the front door and ask me to be President—I won't say no."

ON a rainy morning in May, 1860, the Republican National Convention met in Chicago.

Mary was up early, helping the hired girl with breakfast, and the boys were already at the table when Mr. Lincoln came into the dining room. He sat staring at the food, lost in thought.

"I was just thinking, mother," he said finally, "I'd better bring in some wood before I go down to the office."

It was the first time Mary could remember his offering to do anything around the house without being reminded.

"That's all right, Mr. Lincoln," she said. "Miranda or I can fetch the wood just as well as not."

The days dragged by. There were reports and talk. The convention would swing to this man—to that. By Friday morning there were dark shadows around Mr. Lincoln's eyes. Mary was touched by the way he seemed to turn to her in these days—as though there were some reassurance in her that he needed. It was strange, she thought, after all the years when she had felt so utterly shut out of his life—that he should come so close now, at the very time when there was so much to pull him away from her.

At nine o'clock a telegram came. Balloting would begin that morning, it said, and every one was sure of a quick decision.

"I wish it weren't Friday," Mr. Lincoln said. "It always was an unlucky day."

"I dare say it's just as likely to be unlucky for any of the others." Mary put down the telegram. "If you're planning to go downtown, Mr. Lincoln, I'd be obliged if you'd stop at the grocery. We're out of vanilla and eggs, and Miranda wants to bake a cake."

It was a little past twelve when Mr. Lincoln came home.

"Here are your things, mother," he said. "While I was getting the vanilla, they got the news that I'd been nominated."

"I knew this would come, Mr. Lincoln," Mary said.

He took her hand, looking down at her. "Well—I'm glad you weren't disappointed, mother," he said.

ON election morning Mary noticed how tired Mr. Lincoln looked. Suddenly she wondered how he really felt about being President. It hadn't occurred to her to wonder before—she had been so sure he felt just as she did. When she asked him, a little hesitantly, he didn't answer for a long time. Then he sighed.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "I guess there must be something wrong with me. I never have known what I really wanted. It doesn't matter much, I suppose. What's going to happen will happen—whether we want it or not."

"I expect you'll feel differently, once we've heard the news." Mary made an effort to speak cheerfully, but she was aware of a twinge of disappointment.

She could hear the boys arguing about something—Willie's voice low and persistent, Taddie's growing shrill and high, as it always did when he was on the verge of tears. Dear heaven, why did they have to start quarreling so early—and on this day of all days!

At breakfast there was more trouble. Taddie refused to touch his porridge, and when Mary ordered him to eat it or go back to bed, he shook his head.

Mary put down her napkin, but before she could speak, Mr. Lincoln rose and carried Taddie upstairs. When he came down, his face was grave.

"I've put him to bed, mother. It's where he belongs, poor little chap—he's all worn out." He sat down. "Please God, this will be over today," he said, sighing, "and we can settle down to being a regular family again."

Hearing the weariness in his voice, Mary felt a sharp

pang. Would they ever go back to being a regular family? she wondered. But the tide was running full—there was no looking back. It was too late. . . .

It was one o'clock the next morning when she heard footsteps outside, and she rose, stiffly, to go to the door. It must be another messenger. But no. There was a sound of voices, and singing. Then she heard Mr. Lincoln:

"All right, boys. Go home and get some rest now."

Mary opened the door and he stepped inside.

"Well, mother," he said, "I've been elected."

Mary looked at him, at his eyes, deep set, remote, and strange. Suddenly, without will, she burst into tears, pressing her face against his coat, while she felt Mr. Lincoln pat her shoulder soothingly.

"But, mother," he said patiently, "I thought you wanted me to be President."

Two weeks before Christmas Mary decided suddenly to make a trip to New York. There were a great many things she must buy before she would be ready for Washington. Clothes for herself and the boys—and new decorations to be ordered for the White House. Then, too, it would give her a chance to go up to Cambridge and visit Robert, who was at Harvard now.

New York was like Chicago—only more exciting. Columns of flattering comment about the new First Lady appeared in the newspapers. Shops and hotels vied with each other for the privilege of her presence. Mary found herself blossoming in the warming glow of limelight.

IT was lovely to be deferred to—to find herself recognized and catered to wherever she went. And everywhere she was agreeably conscious of making a good impression. People were curious about her—and she took their curiosity for kindness and hugged it gratefully.

True—she spent a good deal more money than she intended. By the time she took the train to Boston for a few days' visit with Robert, she had quite lost track of her accounts. But it couldn't have been an unreasonable amount, she reflected comfortably, since the people in the shops had seemed to expect it. And they had all been so tactful and pleasant about the matter of credit. Nothing, they had assured her, need be paid for until it was *quite* convenient. Indeed, they had often seemed so reluctant to discuss prices at all that it seemed almost as though they were making her gifts.

Sitting back in the train on her way to Boston, Mary drew on her black glacé gloves, thinking with pleasure of the many more pairs, just like them, in her trunk. She had felt a little guilty, buying so many—especially all the white ones for evening. But the nice young lady at the glove counter had assured her that six dozen pairs was not a whit more than she would need. A single evening of handshaking at a reception would wear out two or three pairs. At five dollars a pair, Mary thought this sounded a trifle staggering—but she could hardly appear less prepared for her duties than Miss Lane, the niece of President Buchanan. These were the same kind of gloves, the clerk had told her, that Miss Lane bought.

Mary smiled, remembering the girl—and all the others who had been so kind. At the hotel it had been the same way. Mrs. Lincoln was to have the finest suite. And at Stewart and Company, Mr. Stewart himself had given orders that the entire store was at Mrs. Lincoln's disposal.

Then there had been Mr. Montrose, the delightful young gentleman in the interior decorator's shop who had such excellent ideas about the new furnishings that would be necessary in the White House. Mr. Montrose assured Mary that he knew the White House *intimately*, and that it was, confidentially, in a most shocking state of disrepair. Mrs. Lincoln would truly be doing a service to the nation in renovating the public rooms.

Time and again, while they talked of repainting, upholstering, and color schemes, some idea of Mary's would strike a kindred response in Mr. Montrose. Whenever the subject of price was mentioned, he waved it aside. Economy, said Mr. Montrose, was scarcely the object when it came to decorating the President's house.

Mary loved the crimson draperies they had chosen for the East Room. The very feel of the material was rich and luscious, like the color. She remembered how Mr. Montrose had described the room to her. White and gold



and crimson—with crystal chandeliers. Even now, on the train, she could close her eyes and see the picture. Herself in white, with white flowers, standing beside Mr. Lincoln.

The train jerked, drawing into the station. Mary set her bonnet straight and drew the new sable cape she had been unable to resist about her shoulders. She had worn the cape especially to please Robert.

It was always a surprise to find how serious Robert looked. On the way to the carriage he explained that he had engaged a hotel room for her. "I'm not sure you'll find it big enough though—" His eye was on the porters who struggled under the mounds of baggage.

His hand was on her arm, urging her along through the station at a rapid pace. She saw then, suddenly, what the trouble was. Some one had recognized her and pointed her out. And people in the station were turning to stare. Mary smiled back at them unperturbed, but Robert was frowning.

He sat stiff and straight at her side as they drove to the hotel. It was almost like having a stranger with her, she thought, listening to his perfunctory questions about the journey. Turning to answer, she saw him glance at her cape. He looked quickly away, but she touched the fur apologetically.

"I expect you think I'm rather grandly gotten up for traveling, Robert—but I didn't know—I thought perhaps we might be dining with some of your friends—"

No, Robert said quickly, he hadn't planned anything special for the evening. He'd rather expected she might be tired. "I thought just a quiet dinner at the hotel—in your room—"

Well, of course, Mary said quickly, that would be nice, though she didn't feel at all tired actually. And suddenly all the things she had planned to tell Robert seemed trivial and foolish.

The next afternoon, when Robert came to take her driving, Mary felt the odd discomfort in him again. Just as they were stepping into the carriage, a woman in a bedraggled cloak and outlandish hat rushed up suddenly and seized Mary's hand. She wanted, the woman said, to wish God's blessing on Mr. Lincoln—a noble man if ever there lived one. Mary shook the woman's hand kindly, smiling after her as she bobbed a curtsy and hobbled away down the street, but Robert's face was flushed.

"How on earth do you stand things like that, mother?"

"Like what, dear?" Mary was tucking the robe over her knees. "Oh—you mean that woman just now? She meant no harm, poor old soul—there was nothing I could do but be polite—"

"But it makes such an absurd show of you." Robert frowned. "I can't see how you endure such fussing—but you seem to—well—almost enjoy it."

MARY was silent for a moment. It had never done to be sharp with Robert. The least hint of criticism was enough to send him into one of his queer stubborn silences.

"I know it seems odd to you, dear, to have strangers speak so. But you must get used to it. We all must. After all, I'm sure you are as proud of your father as I am—"

"That's hardly the point." Robert shifted uneasily. "I don't see why, just because father is going to be President, it needs to change everything. Even you, mother—you don't seem the same. Your clothes—and the way you fix your hair. And you always seem to be watching people, as though you were waiting for them to recognize you."

For one blank instant Mary struggled with the angry hurt that rose in her. But she overcame it and put her hand out, touching his sleeve. "Please, Robert, you mustn't feel so. It's not true. I haven't changed. I—" Robert looked down at her hand, and spoke quickly.

"Well—I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything, I guess."

"Of course not, dear." Mary drew her hand away quickly. She remembered how Robert hated to be touched.

On the train going home, Mary fell into conversation with a woman who was on her way to visit her married son in Chicago, and they passed a number of pleasant hours discussing their children. Mary told how considerate Robert had been—how he had taken care of everything for her at the hotel.

While they talked, Mary found the little edges of disappointment in her visit fading. The strained moments,

the awkward silences, and the hurt at Robert's seeming disapproval were lost in a warm sense of her own good fortune in the eyes of this friendly stranger.

"Truly, Mrs. Lincoln"—the woman sighed a trifle enviously—"from all you've told me, I should think you must be the happiest woman in the world."

Mary stroked the soft fur of the sable cape that lay across her knees. "Yes," she said—"yes—I suppose I am."

THE New Year, that dawned in Springfield on a clear frosty night, brought little sign of hope for the country. The Southern states were seceding one by one. And with each new secession the lines grew sharper about Mr. Lincoln's mouth—and the troubled sadness deepened in his eyes.

After the brief calm that had followed the election, the storm was rolling round again. Violence was open now—in both North and South—and between them, like a gaunt shadow of hope, stood the man in Springfield.

From everywhere came fresh demands that Mr. Lincoln



do something. He must act to save them from ruin. Promise the South security—promise to compromise—promise anything that would save the country. But the weeks passed, and he did nothing. Watching him from day to day, fears began to come to Mary. Only occasionally at first—then more and more often. Gradually the trembling and the sudden flashes of panic disappeared as she watched what the days did to Mr. Lincoln, as she saw what this waiting for the gathering storm did to him. Then fear moved in, familiarly, like an old friend come to stay.

But the last week in Springfield moved too swiftly, with too many things to be done, to leave room for doubts. Caught solidly in the present, Mary could leave the future to a hazy, nebulous vista of receptions, servants, clothes, and a carriage of her own.

"I wish I had half as many ideas what to do when I get to Washington as you seem to have, mother," Mr. Lincoln said once. "From the sound of it, folks'll probably think we're a traveling circus coming to town."

Mary smiled indulgently. "Some one has to make plans. I dare say if it were left to you, you'd just pack up a clean shirt and a change of underwear and go."

On the second night of the journey, after a stopover for a reception in Cincinnati, the Lincoln party came on board the special train late, Mary carrying the armful of red roses which had been presented to her.

"They're so beautiful. It's a pity we have no vase." She glanced about for a place to lay them. "Mr. Lamon, would you move that bag from the chair there?"

Mr. Lamon had come along as bodyguard for Mr. Lincoln. It seemed kind of a foolish notion, Mr. Lincoln said, but so long as every one was kicking up such a fuss, he reckoned Ward Lamon better be it, since he was the only man anybody could think of who was taller than Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Lamon picked up the bag and glanced at it curiously. Rather gingerly, he shook it. Something rattled. Mr.



Lamon unfastened the straps, peered inside, and marched rapidly to the end of the car and disappeared onto the open observation platform outside.

A few minutes later he came back and drew Mr. Lincoln aside, saying something in his ear. Suddenly Mary stood up.

"What is it, Mr. Lamon?" Her voice rose sharply above the rumble of the moving train. The color was gone from her cheeks, and her eyes were wide and strained.

All at once every one was talking, and out of the babble came the word *bomb*. There was a muffled scream from one of the ladies.

No, no—it wasn't a bomb at all. There had been a grenade. Some one had come into the car while they were all at the reception and left it on a chair. In a carpetbag. The fuse had been lighted, Mr. Lamon said. In another fifteen minutes—It was too horrible to think of. . . . If Mr. Lamon hadn't discovered it in time. . . .

Rather oddly, it was Mary who seemed the most composed of any one. After the first moment of shock, she went back to her chair. "I think," she said, "we'd better not talk about this any more. After all, the danger is past—there's no use worrying over what might have happened. Suppose we order in some hot coffee. . . ."

Mary was wonderful. They all said so, even Elizabeth. Only Mr. Lincoln, staring thoughtfully at the blazing fire through the chinks in the stove door, said nothing.

Mr. Lincoln and Ward Lamon and the other gentlemen were to go directly to Washington, while Mary stayed in New York with the boys until the day before inauguration.

Tired from the long trip, Mary went to bed early. Sometime toward morning she wakened suddenly. All the fears had come back to her. She remembered the rumors of assassins who had sworn that Mr. Lincoln would never reach Washington alive. And that carpetbag! Mary clenched her hands, feeling them wet and cold. How could she have let Mr. Lincoln go to Washington without her?

**I**T was noon when the telegram came. All morning Mary had been in an agony of fear, and when the porter handed her the envelope her fingers were trembling so that Robert had to open it and read it to her.

Mr. Lincoln was safe in Washington.

Mr. Seward was at the station when Mary and the boys arrived. Mr. Lincoln couldn't get away to come down himself, Mr. Seward explained. He would be waiting at the hotel, where everything was ready for them. In answer to Mary's question, he said Mr. Lincoln seemed well, though naturally he had been very busy.

The red plush lobby at Willard's was thronged with people. Mary was aware of a buzz of comment as they passed. People turned to stare—one or two smiled, and she smiled back, trying not to show the mounting agitation that pounded in her heart. But when they reached the second-floor suite and Mary saw Mr. Lincoln actually standing there, alive and safe, such a flood of relief rushed over her that she could scarcely breathe.

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln—Mr. Lincoln—" Mary was clinging to his arm, hearing her own voice, trembling and broken.

"Well, now, mother," Mr. Lincoln said, "I wouldn't cry. You see they haven't shot me yet."

Mary sat with Robert and the boys and the others of their party in the diplomatic gallery, watching the inaugural ceremony. Long ago she had dreamed of it—fancied herself in this moment, fancied the pride and the happiness she would feel. And the pride was here, filling her heart. But where, she wondered, was the happiness?

She watched Mr. Lincoln's face and the faces of the men who sat near him and wondered what they were thinking. She wondered if they could hear, beneath the sure, even flow of his voice, the deeps of melancholy and doubt that she knew were in him. The present, with its triumph, was real—but the price of the triumph was real also. The endless weeks of waiting, the bitterness, the discouragements and loneliness. These things had been no part of the vision she had dreamed.

Afterward they drove up Pennsylvania Avenue. Beside them, in the thin March sunlight, rode a special guard of honor. In the seat next to Mr. Lincoln was General Scott, commander of the army, looking out at the cheering

crowds, his eyes, beneath his cockaded hat, keen and wary—watching.

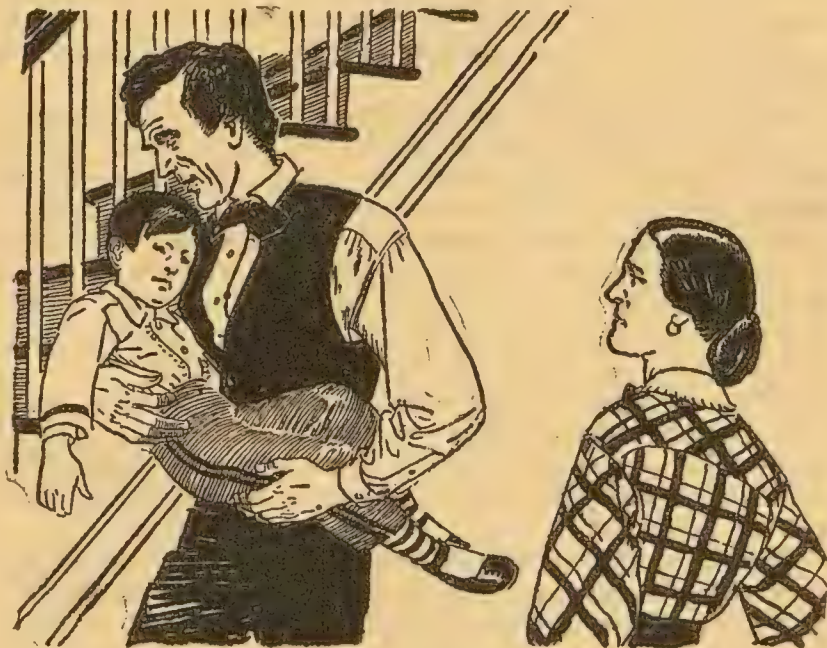
At the White House, Mr. Lincoln took Mary's arm and they went in together. Edwards, the attendant at the door, shook hands with Mr. Lincoln and bowed to Mary, eying her narrowly out of sharp blue eyes.

Close behind Mary, pushing ahead of the rest of the party with shouts of excitement, came Tad and Willie, their copper-toed boots clattering noisily across the bare parquet floor.

Mary stood in the doorway of the East Room, looking at the room she had pictured so many times. White and gold and crystal, Mr. Montrose had said. But the white walls were streaked and grimy. The gilt on the frescoes was chipped, and the crystal chandeliers were filmed with dust. The long windows, where the crimson draperies would hang, were bare, and the cold March sunlight shone through them on the dingy, ill-assorted furniture and the faded carpeting. Suddenly Taddie, overcome by the strangeness of this new world, buried his face against Mary's skirt and burst into tears.

"I don't want to live here, mama. I don't like this house."

Mary looked about distractedly. What on earth was she going to do with the boys while they got ready for the luncheon for the new Cabinet? There were no servants in sight, and one glance at old Edwards' glum wizened countenance made her turn away. Then her eye lit on a pleasant-looking young officer, assigned for the day as an aide to the President, and Mary smiled hopefully. Would he, she asked, be so very kind as to walk out with the



little boys for half an hour or so and show them the grounds?

Instantly, sensing the looks the others exchanged, and the slight frozen pause before the man answered, Mary realized her mistake. Mr. Lincoln stepped forward.

"Never mind," he said quietly. "The boys can go out with me."

Mary bit her lip, feeling embarrassment sweep hotly over her. Mr. Lincoln meant to be kind, of course—but he had only put her more hopelessly in the wrong than ever. To think the new President must spend his first half hour in office minding the children—and before he had had so much as a chance to lay aside his hat!

All of Washington, they said, was at the ball that night, even the fashionable Southern set had come, apparently for the purpose of commenting on the appearance of the new President and his wife. For weeks, now, dinner tables had seethed with stories of the Republican interlopers, and now, having seen for themselves, the inner circle found their worst fears confirmed.

"Quite, quite impossible. . . . They say he'd never owned a pair of boots until he was elected—and having to wear them now is what makes him look so sad. . . ."

"One can't help rather pitying *him*—after all, what can one expect of a backwoodsman who's been shoved into the limelight by an ambitious wife? But *she*, my dear—quite too awful. I'm told she made the most absurd spec-



tacle of herself in New York. Rushing about to the shops and demanding all sorts of attention in the most overbearing way. She's going to do over the whole White House, it seems—and expect the country to foot the bill for her bad taste."

"You've heard, of course, about the dreadful thing she did to Lieutenant Page, poor dear? Actually asking him to mind her two brats this afternoon. She even expected him to bathe them. I had it straight from my aunt's stepson, and he heard it from Kate Chase, who was there with her father for the Cabinet luncheon."

Miss Kate and her father, the new Secretary of the Treasury, were late arriving. When they came in, there was a stir of interest. People turned to watch Mr. Chase shake hands with the President, to see what Miss Kate was wearing, and how she greeted the President's wife.

Mary felt Miss Kate's fingers, slim and boneless, rest a moment in hers. They had rested a shade longer, Mary had observed, in Mr. Lincoln's—though she had looked up at him from under dark lashes quite as casually as she did at Mary.

Miss Kate's glance swept over the room. "Doesn't it make you feel quite dreadful, having all of us come just to stare at you, Mrs. Lincoln? Though I must say"—a smile of unexpected sweetness lighted Miss Kate's delicate oval face—"you look as though you were quite enjoying it. Doesn't she, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Being stared at is something one gets used to, I expect," Mary said.

Miss Kate made a little shrug, lifting her slim shoulders prettily. "I dare say you're right, Mrs. Lincoln. Personally, I find it very trying—but then, of course, you've had so many more years of experience than I."

As Miss Kate drifted away in the crowd, her white-gloved fingertips resting lightly on her father's arm, Mary stared after her. Miss Kate was wearing white too, but her gown was cut simply, and she wore no jewels. Her shining red hair was parted in the center and drawn smoothly into a low knot at the back of her neck.

Mary looked down, suddenly conscious of the elaborateness of her own gown. And of the wreath of flowers in her hair. She felt short and tightly laced and middle-aged.

It was on a Friday morning in April that the last new curtain and the final strip of carpeting were in place. Mary made a last round of inspection before the decorators were sent back to New York. The old house had come to life again. Rooms that had been bare and dreary glowed with new color. Mary walked down the long East Room, moving softly, touching a chair here, a sofa there—standing a moment by the keyboard of the huge newly gilded pianoforte. Let Washington come and see her house now, she thought, and they would find something to stir them out of their haughty indifference.

It was lunchtime—Mr. Lincoln would be coming down from the office any moment—and then she would show him everything. She thought, smiling, how astonished he'd be to discover all she had done.

OUT in the hall, Mary was surprised to see Mr. Seward just coming in the front door. It was an odd time for the Secretary of State to call, surely. He brushed past with barely a nod as Mr. Lincoln appeared at the top landing, a telegraph blank in his hand.

"You've seen this news?" He handed the message to Mr. Seward, who glanced at it and nodded.

"That's why I came," Mr. Seward said. "If it's true they've fired on Fort Sumter—it means war."

Mary saw the shadow that crossed Mr. Lincoln's face. "It's true," she heard him say. "We'd better go over to the War Office and find out what Cameron knows."

Neither had noticed Mary as she stood waiting.

In a single hour the city was in a turmoil. No one had expected war, and now that it had come, every one was angry. Congress, having stewed and frittered for months without getting anywhere, boiled over in a fury of oratory and invective. Everybody wanted to blame somebody, and the President was the likeliest target.

Preoccupied and worried by all the demands pressing in on him, Mr. Lincoln had no time for anything except the war. But one day he found a slip of paper on his

desk. It was a bill from a firm of dry-goods merchants in New York, to the sum of two thousand dollars owing for carpeting. "Mr. Hay—" He turned to his secretary.

"Two thousand dollars is a lot of money just for something people walk on. You don't suppose they could have made a mistake."

Mr. Hay said, uncertainly, he didn't suppose so. Perhaps Mrs. Lincoln might know. Or possibly Mr. Stoddard—

One of Mr. Stoddard's duties as junior secretary was to keep track of the household accounts. He was sent for, and Mr. Lincoln asked whether he knew if any more such bills might be expected.

Well, yes, Mr. Stoddard admitted. There would certainly be others.

"How much will it come to all together?"

Mr. Stoddard couldn't say for sure, but judging from the amount of work Mrs. Lincoln had had done, he would guess somewhere in the neighborhood of six thousand dollars.

There was another silence.

"I wish you had consulted me about this sooner."

"I supposed, sir," Mr. Stoddard said, "you knew what was being done. Mrs. Lincoln seemed sure—"

"Yes."

MR. STODDARD tried again. He understood it was customary for Congress to appropriate a certain sum at the beginning of each new administration for necessary repairs to the White House. Though in this case, since Mrs. Lincoln had found so much that needed doing, it might be necessary to ask for a larger amount.

Mr. Lincoln smiled. "At a time like this," he said, "with an army to raise and half the country howling about taxes, I hardly think Congress would be persuaded that two thousand dollars for carpets comes under the head of necessary repairs. And for once—Congress would be quite right."

He took the bill from Mr. Stoddard.

"I still don't see how it would cost so much to fix up a house that looked all right to start with," Mr. Lincoln said. His voice was mild and weary. "But since it was done, I suppose it must have been necessary. When the other bills come in, Mr. Stoddard, will you be good enough to bring them to me? I'll make up the extra myself. And, Mr. Stoddard"—Mr. Lincoln's glance was level—"I should appreciate it if nothing more were said of this. It would be too bad"—he rubbed his chin—"to have Mrs. Lincoln upset."

It was useless to hope, however, that any morsel of information that might contribute to the fashionable pastime of criticizing the new administration would remain unnoticed. The Washington grapevine was well developed, and within a few days the tea tables and drawing rooms rocked with delight over the story of Mrs. Lincoln's new furniture.

It was too shocking, really. Just to fancy any one spending such sums at a time like this—with the country at war. The ladies shook their heads virtuously. *What* an example for the President's wife to set.

Furthermore, the ladies added thoughtfully, it must not be forgotten that Mrs. L. was a Southerner. For all she talked so freely about sympathizing with her husband's politics—war was war. Every one knew that she had three brothers under the Confederate flag. And blood, they said, is thicker than politics.

Going over her mail with Mr. Stoddard one morning, Mary put down a letter suddenly. "Mr. Stoddard"—she pushed the remaining stack toward him—"will you read the rest of these for me? I—can't stand any more. . . ."

Mr. Stoddard glanced through a few of the letters. They were the sort that came every day now. Ugly anonymous scrawls most of them—though now and then he came across a carefully written one, no less vicious because it was written in a neat hand on elegant stationery.

"Mr. Stoddard," Mary couldn't hold back her tears any longer, "why must they write these things? Why do they hate us so?"

There was a White House reception planned for the last week in April. Mary worked for days over the arrangements. It was her first chance to entertain the



Washington ladies, and she meant to show them she knew how to do things properly.

Watching the preparations, Mr. Stoddard was doubtful. With the talk going around Washington these days, it seemed there wasn't anything they'd stop at to make things hot for the President. It would be a shame, Mr. Stoddard thought, if the ladies took it into their heads to be really mean.

On the night of the reception Mary wore a new gown of blue watered silk, cut low over her round smooth shoulders, and with a full skirt sweeping into a train.

"Our cat has a mighty long tail," Mr. Lincoln said. "Seems to me some of the tail might have come in handy at the top."

They were standing together by the East Room door, waiting. From the hall outside the Marine Band struck up a lively tune. Mary's smile was full of confidence.

Three gentlemen from the Senate were the first to shake hands with the President and bow stiffly to Mary. One of them was saying something, not too clearly, about regretting that his wife had been unable to come. A large delegation of congressmen came next, then Judge Stevenson, who murmured over Mary's hand that Mrs. Stevenson was indisposed and sent regrets.

More congressmen—then a group from the French Embassy, among them a sullen little woman in black who was presented to Mary as the wife of one of the young attachés. Carriages were arriving steadily. The outside corridor was jammed, and the sound of voices rose above the music. Senator This, Representative That were announced, made their bows, and passed quickly into the crowd. Then Mr. Chase came over to her, and Mary's smile grew a shade brighter.

"Where's Miss Kate? Isn't she with you?"

Mr. Chase shook his head regretfully. Miss Kate was desolated, he explained, but a headache—at the very last minute. She begged that Mrs. Lincoln would understand and forgive her for not coming. His voice was smooth.

Something in Mr. Chase's bland immobile face made Mary pause. The next instant, in a stinging flash, Mary realized what was happening. In the whole roomful of people, except for herself and the dreary little French wife, there was not a woman present. It was Washington's answer to the President and his wife. A colossal, unbelievable snub. Mary kept her smile fixed and unfaltering while gentleman after gentleman appeared, shook hands, and moved on. Then suddenly the usher's voice rang clearly:

"The Honorable Stephen Douglas and Mrs. Douglas."

The guests turned to stare, open-mouthed, like boys caught in a prank that hadn't quite come off.

"My dear Mrs. Lincoln"—Mrs. Douglas took Mary's hand. Her clear voice carried over the hush—"how charming everything looks."

For the first time Mary found herself weakening. Her knees trembled, and she felt her smile waver uncertainly. But the next moment Mr. Douglas was before her. She felt his hand on hers, steady and reassuring.

"I'm glad we're not too late," he said. "I was hoping to ask you for the honor of the first dance."

FOR three months Washington had watched the Northern troops arrive and disappear across the Long Bridge to join the Army of the Potomac. The first enthusiasm had begun to wear thin. All this hoopla was well enough, people said, but what became of them once they had marched south?

"Why don't they fight? We've sent the boys and the money. What's Lincoln waiting for?"

"If we don't get a move on, the war will be lost before we've begun it. Why don't they go ahead and take Richmond and finish up the thing?"

"The generals say we can't fight without more money, and Congress won't raise any more money without a fight," Mr. Lincoln said to Mary. "I can't tell where the head ends and the tail begins."

"You'd better listen to the generals," Mary said. "I don't trust Chase—or Seward either. They're jealous of you. Like as not they're trying to scheme things so that the war goes badly and you'll be discredited."

"Oh, come now, mother—they're not as bad as all that."

Mary shrugged. "I don't expect you to believe me, though you listen to every one else's advice gladly enough. All the same, what I say is true. Every one knows Chase wanted to be President, and if you weren't so blind, you'd see that he'd stop at nothing now to take the honor away from you."

"Well, he's welcome to the honor—if he can find any," Mr. Lincoln said. "If he'll just find some way to get us out of this hash."

The last of June melted into July, and heat hung over the crowded city. For Mary the days were endless. Mr. Lincoln was busy all day and half the night, and when he came to meals he sat staring at his plate, hardly listening when Mary spoke.

One morning at breakfast Mr. Lincoln told Mary that a plan of attack against the Confederates had finally been drawn up.

"Sherman thinks we're still not ready," Mr. Lincoln said, "but General Scott finally gave his consent."

Washington hailed the news with delight. The long, dreary delay was over, and the city came out of its doldrums to celebrate. The voices around the bar at Willard's were loud with bragging, and people in the streets spoke happily of getting the boys home again.

The Union attack was set for Sunday morning at dawn. Half of Washington was making plans to drive down the night before and be on hand to watch the show.

By Saturday every one who was any one had marshaled their carriages for the drive, the ladies obligingly squeezing themselves into corners to make room for the loaded picnic hampers at their feet.

Tad and Willie, kept awake by the shouts of the departing company, grumbled at being left out of the fun.

"But *why* can't we go, mama? Papa is the President—and we want to see the Johnny Rebs run too."

THE Sabbath morning broke hot and red.

All day the telegraph wires clicked, bringing news. McDowell had attacked, and the plan was working like a charm. By three o'clock that afternoon Mr. Lincoln went to find Mary.

"Well, mother, it looks as though they've pulled it off," he said. "I guess the worst is over. Why don't you order up the carriage? A breath of air might do us both good."

They drove for an hour, and everywhere in the streets the people seemed in high good humor. Some of them waved as the President's carriage passed. Now and then there was a voice raised in cheerful greeting.

When they came back to the White House, Mr. Nicolay drew the President aside, and a moment later Mr. Lincoln turned back to Mary. "Seward was here while we were gone," he said. "I think I'll walk over to the War Office and see what's up."

"It's bad news, Mr. Lincoln—" Mary put her hand on his arm. "Don't try to hide it from me—"

"Now, mother"—he patted her hand consolingly—"it's no use getting all fired up."

But there was an uneasy note in Mr. Lincoln's voice that troubled Mary. She kept listening for him to come back. It was stiflingly hot and her head ached.

Where was Mr. Lincoln? Why didn't he come? Surely he couldn't have forgotten that she was waiting. . . . Suddenly she decided to send for the carriage again and drive awhile. Out of the house at least she could breathe.

As the carriage neared Willard's Hotel she saw the crowd gathered there. Every one seemed to be shouting and their faces looked angry and frightened. Suddenly a woman screamed, "*The Rebels are coming!*" She cried, "*They're marching on the city—and we'll all be killed!*"

The coachman, caught in the sudden milling rush, struggled to quiet the horses and steer them clear of the crowd. But it was too late. Some one had recognized Mary—and they were closing in around her. Jeers and hoots rose in a frightening chorus. A rough-looking man leaped onto the carriage step.

"Lincoln's to blame for this!" he shouted. "He'll pay for it—just wait and see!"

Suddenly a girl at the edge of the crowd brandished her fringed parasol. "Hurray for Jeff Davis!" Her voice

*Continued on page 45*



# THREADS OF DESTINY



**THESE THREADS** are not the silken cords of the three goddesses of Greece who ancient men thought determined the course of human life.

No, the threads upon which the destiny of modern free men depend are the strong and precise steel threads of tools which fashion *better* planes, tanks, guns and other fighting equipment *faster* than our enemies can produce them.

And it is with much gratification, and a just amount of pride, that the Detroit Tap & Tool Company hears of the excellent performance of war materiel as reported by our men, and their allies on far-flung battle fronts.

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Detroit Tap & Tool Company played its share in the superior showing made by these American arms. The list of the nation's leading organizations producing machines of war which we serve is growing daily. The Detroit Tap & Tool Company has become a name which answers today's need for Threading and Cutting Tools that reduce machine-hours and operating costs.

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# FARM FURLOUGH

**I**N a San Francisco USO office recently, a hard-bitten sailor, just in from Pacific submarine duty, thought some one was kidding him. He had been told he could spend a week-end at a ranch in the Santa Cruz mountains. There he could hike, swim, and eat juicy hamburgers fresh from a red-hot barbecue pit. The scenery would be made even lovelier by pretty Stanford coeds who would vie with one another to be his partner at barn dances. All this would cost him a measly \$1.25.

"What's the catch, miss?" asked the sailor.

There is no catch, as hundreds of servicemen in the San Francisco Bay area will tell you. American Youth Hostels—the same organization whose simple overnight accommodations are the salvation of unmoneyed hikers and cyclists—is, in co-operation with the USO, providing a taste of California ranch life for servicemen on week-end leave or on furlough.

Jerome Zerbe, well known New York photographer, on these pages gives you a camera's-eye view of a typical week-end party at Hidden Vista Hostel, Los Altos, California, forty miles south of San Francisco.



Navy storekeeper H. C. Smith goes a-wadin' with Stanford coed Dorothy Waite.

Seaman Lenny Caplin plays a mean clavichord for the hostel gang.



Fed by Mary Ross, Seaman Alvin Hammon discovers a thrill in eggs.







Homesick for his Altoona, Pennsylvania, farm, Private Herb Fries brushes up on his milking while a farm hand and city gals look on.

Sergeant Melvin Johnson of St. Paul gives out with a square dance.



Carol Hughes and Seaman Clarence Baker chat in the sunshine.





# PLEASE SAY IT, HARRY

An elopement, a chase, and a rescue add up to a lively romance in this engaging story of a faint-hearted young man, a persistent girl, and a minor British invasion

BY CHARLES BONNER





**M**Y father put down his glass and let his dark eyes sweep the bay, eyes which always made me think of fine blue gun metal. He had just said something that gave added meaning to this survey, which I followed closely with my own eyes.

"Love of country, my boy," he had said, "is the noblest sentiment possible to man—but you've got to be intelligent about it."

Love of country, I thought, is this: this aluminum bay ruffled by the steady salty southwest breeze; these green marshes whose reedy coat the wind creased with waves not unlike the water; the long, duned sand bar in the distance, which guarded the landlocked bay from the ocean—that American Atlantic Ocean whose majestic pulse beat on the shore with the comforting regularity of a grandfather's clock in a quiet house. Love of country was this weathered shingled house behind us, and the honey-haired sister who was in the kitchen preparing luncheon. And it was this steady man with the gun-metal eyes and the game leg brought back from the Argonne. And Mary. All of these things—and I wanted to do something about it.

"Patriotism," my father went on—and I could see him wince at the word as if it were a little too pretentious for his simple meaning—"is, apart from its noble sentiments, a very practical matter. I guess in the long run there's no greater down-to-earth common sense than to have an intense devotion to your country. 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.' That's just horse sense. But it can also be the craziest thing in the world—crazy, illogical, and even wasteful. And the last is the trouble with this idea of yours."

"This idea" of mine was to drop out of school now and get into active service.

"But, dad, you don't see how it is," I said.

"Tommyrot! Of course I see how it is." He shifted his leg on the canvas camp stool. "I've been a soldier."

**T**HAT was the root of it. He had been a soldier. Thirty-five years in the Army Medical Corps, now a lieutenant colonel on the retired list—and his ambition was to see me follow his footsteps.

Under ordinary conditions, I had no objection, and I had made a fair start in that direction. I was only twenty-one, had finished my second year in medical school (from which I was now on a month's vacation), and was destined for the Medical Corps after graduation. That was fine, but, even though they had shortened the course on account of the war, I still had more than a year to go. For me, that was more than a year too long.

"Don't misunderstand me, Harry,"

my father went on persuasively. "I sympathize with your desire to get into the service as soon as possible, but if"—he hesitated over the word again—"if patriotism means anything at all, it means being of the utmost use to your country. In your case, this means finishing your course, acquiring the knowledge that's so badly needed in the field, and entering the Medical Corps as a junior officer. But if you left school now and were drafted, you'd be throwing away valuable training; you'd be doing something half a million other boys could do just as well."

"I'll think it over," I said, for I had seen the red sail of Mary Ames' little sloop, the Seaweed, bend around the headland, a mile south, and point for the dock we shared and where my Nahma was already tied up. I rose and stepped off the porch, looked at my father. He also had seen the red sail.

He eyed me anxiously. I understood the glance and considered it with some amusement and some apprehension. For although I did not fear my father, I respected him and generally did what he said. He was that kind of man.

"Harry," he said, "you're not giving that little Mary Ames too much of a rush, are you? You don't want to create a false impression, especially in these times. It's not fair to her, and she's much too young, anyway."

"We've been friends for a long time," I said.

"I understand that. But you must remember she's a young woman now." He did not appear aware of his inconsistency.

Mary had occupied, with her mother, the summer cottage next door ever since I could remember. We had grown up together, sailing, swimming, fishing; and there was absolutely no understanding between us. But I did not believe I had a better friend in the world. Even my father had always been devoted to her; since she was a baby, she had been his special darling. But this summer he had been strangely distant.

I understood the reason: she was the second obstacle to the realization of his ambition to see me in the Medical Corps. In fact, I believe he correctly perceived that she was the only obstacle. For she had a good deal to do with my wanting to enlist right then and there.

"I don't suppose it would hurt for me to go and help her lower sail," I said on a slightly sarcastic note.

"I don't suppose so," my father said shortly.

I walked down the stubbly August field and reached the dock just as Mary made a perfect eggshell landing. Mary was beautiful. She had the richest mahogany hair I have ever seen and the largest gray eyes, and long legs with an unbelievably even tan, and a heart so kind that her house was always brooder-full of strays.

"Oh, Harry, the most wonderful thing!" she greeted me. "I've just come from The Wharf, where I heard they're going to open up the old Casino for a wallop of a dance Saturday night. A big bust, with Janeway's band and everything. Will you sail us over?"

The old Casino was across the bay. It used to be the center of social activity for our section of the seaside until the new country club was built. But now the country club had been converted into a hospital for the Naval Training Station at Middle Neck.

So they were going to revive the old Casino. That was interesting. But other possibilities interested me less. I finished tying the last stop on the rough furl of Mary's sail.

"And I suppose a lay citizen won't be able to pull a 'break' for fear of knocking off an epaulet or a pair of wings or a bit of gold braid," I said.

**M**ARY looked at me earnestly with her fine warm eyes. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I don't want to foul the equipment of the military."

"Don't be an idiot, Harry. Every one knows you've got to finish your course."

"That's not good enough."

"Every one knows you're doing your duty."

I searched her face anxiously. "Mary, do you?"

She returned my glance. There could be no doubt about it. "Of course."

"That's all I care."

We walked up the hill and Mary put her slender, strong hand into mine. She had done so ever since we were kids. But now, as soon as I could decently do so, I took mine away. My father was looking at us from the porch.

On Saturday I sailed Mary and my sister Elizabeth and Joe Cox and Sally Rice across the bay to the Casino dance. It was a clear, lovely night and we sang the old favorites, like Moonlight Bay and Way Down Yonder and There's a Long, Long Trail, and some of the new war songs like Roll Out the Barrel and The White Cliffs of Dover. But particularly the old favorites because we all knew the harmony.

Mary was sitting next to me and I didn't feel uneasy when her shoulder touched mine, because my father wasn't there. And it occurred to me as odd how a little contact like that between two people can mean so much. It can mean as much as—well, everything. Mary's soft sweet soprano went right through me. And I forgot about my troubles in connection with the war. It was all rather wonderful until my sister leaned over and whispered:

"Don't monopolize her all the time tonight, Harry. Give the soldier boys a chance. Remember they're going far away."

(Continued on page 60)

Mary was swimming for the Nahma. But there was the Englishman to think of. He was nowhere to be seen. I dived.





This Soviet worker in Yakutsk, Siberia, lives only 28 hours flying time from the Washington, D. C. airport.

It's 37 hours' flying time from Kansas City to this Chinese student's home, outside Chungking.

The office of this newspaper publisher in Calcutta, India, is 41 hours' flying time from Times Square, N. Y.

This Alaskan Eskimo lives near Fairbanks—13 hours' flying time from the Chicago airport.

A 23-hour flight from Boston will put you in the office of this wholesale coffee dealer in Sao Paulo, Brazil.

The Pacific atoll where this Fiji Islander lives is only 34 hours' flying time from Denver.

## No man on earth lives more than 60 hours from your local airport...

"A LOT OF THINGS are different in India than they are back home in Altoona," wrote a 19-year old sergeant in the U. S. Air Forces to his mother in Pennsylvania.

*Never before in his life had this boy travelled beyond Pittsburgh — until he flew to India in a Liberator bomber.*

To him — and hundreds of thousands of home-town American boys like him — India was a place "off there somewhere." He'd seen it in the newsreels and travelogue films. In his

geography book he'd learned something about India's crops and minerals and untold riches, and the funny way the people dressed.

### The world as it really is

Now his letters from overseas — telling how people talk and work and live in a strange land he never dreamed he'd see — *are penetrating into the lives and thinking of his family and friends in the town where he grew up.*

This is happening all over America today. And when our boys come home

again — from India and China and Britain and Dutch Harbor and Australia and North Africa — they'll think of the world as they know it *really is.*

Not as isolated continents or separate hemispheres, but a clustering of nations whose *individual* welfare, in the peace to come, will depend upon the welfare of them *all.*

They know it can't be otherwise, when *no spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport!*

In such a world, right now, we face

# CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT





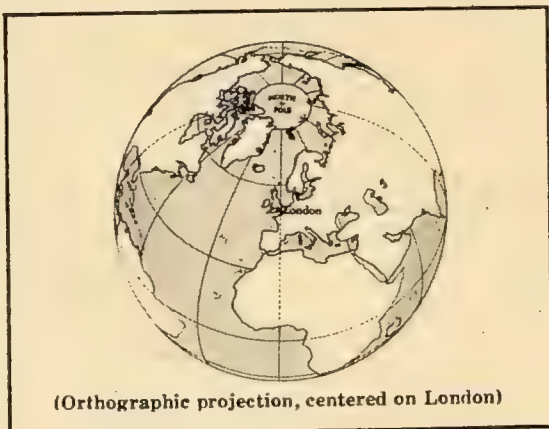
Your sales manager in Brisbane can attend a meeting in San Francisco on short notice. Flying time: 35 hours.

the necessity of waging and winning a global war. Tomorrow — in a world shrunk still smaller because of even swifter long-range planes to come — we and all other nations must somehow contrive to get along together as neighbors.

### Air power — for peace

There are bewildering problems ahead. But one thing is certain. The plane — by accelerating the interchange of men, mail, merchandise, ideas, culture, and beliefs — will help to bring about a greater understanding between the peoples of the earth.

And without understanding, there can be no lasting peace.



(Orthographic projection, centered on London)

A plane recently flew the 1400 air miles from London to Moscow on a special mission in the morning, returning that same afternoon. Top speed: 400 M.P.H.



(Polar azimuthal equidistant projection)

Today's planes, with their tremendous speed and long flying range, need not follow old established trade routes. The 9400-mile sea route from New York to Bombay is about a 3-week voyage, but the air route is only 7790 miles. Flying time: 39 hours or less.

### CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

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New Orleans, La. • Nashville, Tenn. • Wayne, Mich.  
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Louisville, Ky. • Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

### QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

Consolidated Vultee designed and perfected the long-range Liberator bomber — was the first to turn out multi-ton bombers in volume production on a moving assembly line.

Because teamwork means more bombers and an earlier victory, the Consolidated-designed Liberator is also being produced by Ford, Douglas, and North American.

Liberators and Catalinas have helped to provide a "complete shore-to-shore air cover" spanning the Atlantic as protection for convoys against Nazi submarines, according to joint statement by British Admiralty and Air Ministry.

All transport planes, including the Liberator Express, are being equipped to carry standard stretchers for the evacuation of wounded, according to the Office of War Information.

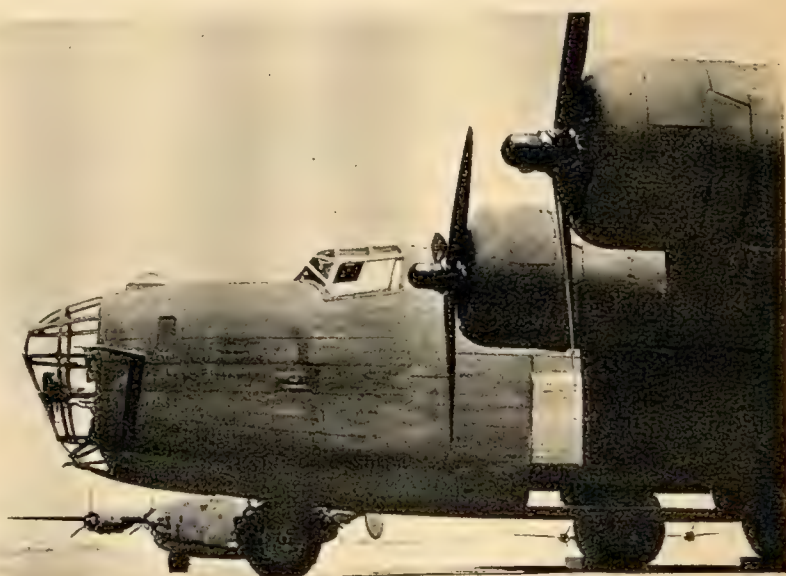
To protect Australia's 11,000-mile coastline, the Royal Australian Air Force chose Catalinas as ships that can regard "journeys of 2000 miles or more as routine. Catalinas can remain in the air for thirty hours and can reach Australia's remotest bases and return without refueling," according to the Commonwealth of Australia Department of Information.

At the end of 1943, the United States will have about 865 airports, each with paved runways of 3500 feet or more. This compares with less than 100 such airports in 1940.

There are 11 Consolidated Vultee plants in the United States. If these 11 plants could be put under a single roof, they would occupy a building 3 miles long and 5 city blocks wide.



In addition to the Liberator bomber, Liberator Express transport plane, and the Coronado and Catalina patrol bombers, Consolidated Vultee also builds dive bombers, trainers, and torpedo planes. Above: the Valiant — basic trainer widely used by the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps.



"O.K. for take-off!" Another huge Liberator bomber rolls off Consolidated Vultee's moving assembly lines into the hands of the test pilots. On every aerial battle front, the speed, range, fire power, and precision bombing of the 4-engine Liberator is helping to transfer the Axis dream of victory into a nightmare.

LIBERATOR (4-engine bomber) — CORONADO, CATALINA, (patrol bombers) — P4Y (anti-submarine plane) — LIBERATOR EXPRESS (transport) — VALIANT (basic trainer) — VENGEANCE (dive bomber) — SENTINEL ("Flying Jeep") — RELIANT (navigational trainer)



# WHEEL OF FORTUNE

**Kent fathoms the secret of the enemy submarine base, but ruthless men anticipate his visit, and there seems no escape from the death they have prepared**

**BY JOHN JENNINGS**

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

"I'll see them hanged," Alan Kent told Karen Christensen, "if it's the last thing I do! That goes for any one else who's connected with them!"

Kent couldn't believe that Karen was working with the two Germans, Vogel and Bosch, who, under the names of Slane and Forrest, were staying at Wheel of Fortune, the inn Karen's grandfather helped to run on St. John, in the Virgin Islands.

Kent was in love with the girl, who had nursed him back to health after he had been washed up on the beach, the sole survivor of a torpedoed tanker. But he wasn't so sure of the innocence of her grandfather, Dr. Svend Christensen, and he was certain of the guilt of the doctor's partner, Eric Krause. It was Eric who had supervised the building of the inn's dock and maintenance yard by labor brought from outside; it was Eric who kept the yard locked so no one could go near the Diesel plant which supplied the inn with electricity; and it was Eric who took Bosch and Vogel out to the yard the night they arrived.

Kent's attempts to find out what was going on were frustrated by another guest at the inn, Señor Fernandez, a Puerto Rican. The little man stuck to the young American like a burr and made no secret of his determination to prevent Kent's getting into the yard. Was he working with Eric and the Germans, or was he up to some game of his own?

But one day Kent sneaked away from the inn and, by swimming, managed to get into the yard from the water side. He was amazed at what he found there. He had suspected that the Germans were using the Diesel plant to charge U-boat batteries. Now he saw that the warehouses contained packing cases and metal drums of fuel oil. The place was a refueling and refitting base for submarines!

Forgetting, in his excitement, the danger of discovery, he was taken by surprise when a guttural voice said, "Ach! Wass ist?"

He looked up and caught a glimpse of a blue-clad sailor just before something crashed heavily on his head.

ALAN KENT came back from what seemed a great distance to find himself lying face down, his nose and cheek rubbed raw where they had plowed against the gritty

planks of the dock. One arm was doubled under him. The other was flung forward, dangling over the water. His knees were drawn up awkwardly beneath him. From far away, like the drone of an unseen radio in the night, came the sounds of voices, rumbling in an unintelligible series of noises.

At first these noises had no relation to or meaning for him, but as his senses rallied they began to take on form and significance. The talk resolved itself into words which he did not understand but recognized as German. From their tone they were commands, directions.

These impressions formed a pattern in his mind and told him that no more than a few moments had elapsed since the blow that had plunged him into unconsciousness.

He lifted his head from its awkward, uncomfortable position against the planks, and tried to gather his arms under him, to raise his body sufficiently to look around. The movement sent pain stabbing through his skull. A wave of violent nausea swept him. He groaned. Near at hand he heard a guttural exclamation, followed by a stream of German. Not till something hard poked his ribs was he aware that the words were addressed to him.

He turned his head then and saw once more the heavy boots beside him. Slowly, with a great effort, he lifted his eyes, up the stocky blue-clad legs, up the torso with its businesslike crossbelts, to the face—young, lean, lank-jawed—under a little flat-topped peak-fronted blue cap with two little ridiculous black ribbons dangling down the back.

Kent knew a German sailor when he saw one. It did not matter where he came from. He was there now, and the needle point of his bayoneted rifle gleamed wickedly only a foot from Kent's face. Kent sat up groggily and rubbed the back of his head. The guard called something over his shoulder, and then spoke sharply to Kent, at the same time indicating with his rifle that Kent was to rise. With difficulty Kent gathered his legs beneath him and pulled himself unsteadily erect. As he did so, two more sailors came out of the warehouse. Apparently they had been searching for a possible accomplice. A fourth sailor came down the path from the power station.

For a few moments they parleyed among themselves in German. Then one, evidently senior among them, stepped forward and indicated with a twirling forefinger that Kent was to turn around.

As soon as he faced the other way Kent saw why he had not been aware of them sooner. Against the long warehouse that ran parallel with the shore, on the cove side and set back a few feet from the door, was a small leanto shed. From behind the buildings or on the hillside it could not be seen, yet its door commanded a view of the dock and all the foreyard—except the corner through which Kent had slipped to the warehouse—as well as the path to and beyond the power station. Windows in its flank and rear commanded the Hole, the full sweep of Water Creek, and the entrance to the cove. Its purpose was obvious, and it was undoubtedly there that they had been posted.

THE sailor who had stepped forward spoke:

"Handts behind your back pudt!"

It was senseless to resist. Kent obeyed. His arms were seized and bound. He was thrust forward.

"To der hudt, march!"

Inside the leanto there were signs of occupancy: a couple of gray blankets, a bucket of water, a small primus stove, and some cans of rations. The big sailor hooked forward a low stool and placed it in the middle of the room, jerking his head toward it.

"Sidt!"

Kent sat gladly. He was still dizzy. The other turned and barked gruffly to his companions, who shrugged and turned to their posts of duty at door and windows. The big German reached over and helped himself to Kent's cigarettes.

"You permidt?"

Kent shrugged. The German grinned and drew in a lungful of smoke, exhaling it with evident relish. Kent looked at him.

"You speak good English," he said.

"Ja, ja!" The German was obviously pleased. "In der mofies I learn."

"What are you going to do now?"

"You find oudt!" He would say no more.

Kent gave up and fell to studying his captors. He guessed that they had been landed as guards by the



submarine the night before, and he took this as certain indication that she was coming back.

There was no doubt now that he had heard her come in. The mere presence of the men proved it. His thoughts swung to what he had uncovered. The oil alone was sufficient to refuel a flotilla of submarines, and he had no doubt there were other supplies in proportion.

He cursed himself for a fool. If only he had been satisfied with what he had discovered inside the building he might have gotten away unseen. As it was he did not know what would happen to him. He wondered suddenly where Karen was. What was it that she had been going to tell him? Probably he would never know!

The guard at the door spoke suddenly, and the big sailor rose and went to look out. Looking past him, Kent could see the figure of Hans the stableboy on the path near the powerhouse. The German whistled, and Hans turned and came down and across the dock. As he came up, the big sailor spoke to him rapidly in German. Hans looked surprised. He pushed past the sailor and came into the leanto. At sight of Kent he stopped short and looked first startled, and then fiendishly pleased. He began to laugh, braying, "Ha! Ha! Ha!" Kent looked at him in amazement. He had always been friendly with the man.

The hunchback broke off abruptly and turned to the big sailor. He spoke rapidly. A moment later he went away. It was about an hour after that Eric Krause, followed by Bosch and Vogel, came.

THERE was a flurry in the leanto as they approached. The sailors snapped stiffly to attention, clicking their heels, throwing out their chests, and tilting their chins in the air. Krause glanced at them casually as he stepped inside and lifted his right arm in a languid salute.

"Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler!" the seamen echoed.

Krause stared sourly at Kent.

"So! You could not restrain your curiosity?" he said.

Kent shrugged. Aware though he had been of Krause's hand in the game, it still came as a distinct shock to be brought thus face to face with him in his role as Nazi agent. The sense of loathing and resentment that flooded him at sight of the man all but took away his power of speech. His mouth drew taut and tight-clamped, and he glowered with savage repugnance at them all.

Krause looked at Vogel and said something in German.

"Let us speak English," Vogel said. "Herr Kent will not understand otherwise."

"Does that matter?" Krause demanded, surprised.

"I think it does to Herr Kent." Vogel smiled thinly. "Since he is no



The two went down in a tangled clatter of shouts and curses.



longer dangerous, we may as well gratify his curiosity, as a—shall we say—compensation for what we shall be forced to do to him.”

Kent smiled wryly. Somehow he was not surprised. Murderers though he knew them to be, he could not yet feel toward the two Germans as he felt toward Eric. They were working for their country in the way they were ordered. But Eric was a treacherous and slimy traitor. Hatred, antagonism, anger—he felt these, properly enough, for Bosch and Vogel. But for Eric he seemed to have a special sense of loathing and disgust. Instinctively he knew what to expect from Eric. But this from Vogel seemed to indicate that he, at least, was willing to accord him a fighting status, and meant to treat him accordingly.

“Thank you, Herr Vogel,” he said.

The man eyed him sharply in astonishment.

“You know my name?”

“Sure,” said Kent, “and your fat friend’s too.”

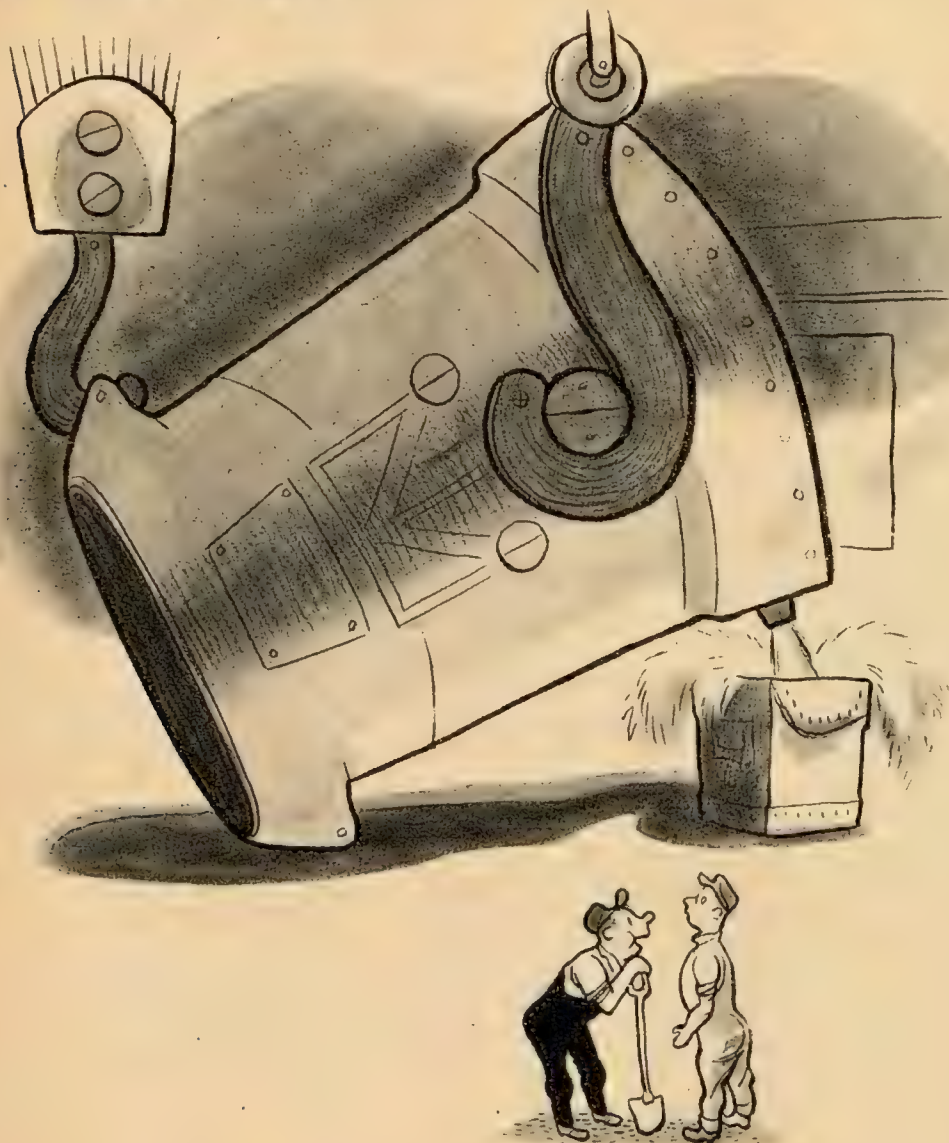
Vogel frowned. Behind him Bosch barked harshly:

“Hah! I toldt you, Franz, ve hadt seen him zome plaze!”

Excitement seemed to affect his accent. Kent noted that, as he glanced tensely from one to the other of them. He wondered if he had made another mistake.

“Yes, Hans, I remember,” Vogel said. “You told me. I wonder, Herr Kent, where that might have been?”

## THE HOME FRONT



“I wonder if the boss’ll go back to making bobby pins after the war?”

“Does that matter now?” Kent asked.

“I think it does—to you,” Vogel replied coldly. “This time I am curious—with reason. I am afraid that unless you will satisfy my curiosity voluntarily I shall have to take steps to make you. You would not like that, Herr Kent?”

Kent shrugged. So it had been a mistake! But what difference did it make, after all? There was no doubt that Vogel meant his threat, and the thing was scarcely important enough for that.

“All right. I’ll play. Smear a little oil on my face and put me in a lifeboat. Turn a searchlight on me. That might give you a clue.”

“Lifeboat?” Vogel’s eyes narrowed. “Turn your face to the light. So! There! Now, ah, yes, I begin to remember. You remember, Hans?”

Kent remembered too, and the memory brought with it a surge of bitter anger. Surely there must be something he could do; some way he could get back at these people.

“I remember,” Bosch growled. “The bo’s’n.”

“Yes, the bo’s’n,” Vogel agreed. “And now it turns out you were not the bo’s’n at all, Herr Kent. You were very clever there. But you were not clever enough here.”

Kent made no reply. He glowered at the man resentfully.

“I suppose you have seen everything?” Vogel asked.

“I’ve seen enough,” Kent replied,

“to know the dirty game you and your pals are playing.”

“Tchut!” Vogel exclaimed impatiently. “Come, Herr Kent, our countries are at war. You would do the same in our place.”

“In yours, perhaps,” said Kent sourly, “but not in that—”

He broke off, jerking his chin in Krause’s direction. His tone was sufficient to betray his loathing and disgust. Any name that he might think to call him would be too good.

“What do you mean?” Krause flushed hotly. “I am a good Dane, and Denmark is now allied with Germany.”

“You mean your kind of Dane is allied with Germany,” Kent jeered. “Any good Dane hates Hitler’s guts!”

One of the sailors, hearing the name, blurted, “Heil Hitler!”

KENT laughed aloud. Krause was beside himself. He sputtered:

“Listen to the dirty pig-dog! Listen to the swine of an American! He is like them all. He thinks them invincible. They are blunderers and bunglers. Let us show him, Herr Vogel! Let us show him how an efficient people orders things!”

Vogel shrugged.

“We have plenty of time,” he said. “It might be amusing to hear what he has to say. What about it, Herr Kent? Would you care to see the rest of our establishment?”

Kent made no answer. If it flattered their ego to gloat over him, there was nothing he could do about it.

At a sign from Krause the big sailor stooped and cut Kent’s bonds. He stood up, rubbing his wrists. Vogel stood aside and nodded to Bosch to go first, then turned to Kent.

“After you, Herr Kent!”

With the big sailor prodding him in the back with a submachine gun, Kent stepped out. They walked across to the first of the three warehouses. As they went, Kent saw that the sun was already low in the west, its edge resting on the rim of the Bordeaux Mountains. It gave him a hollow feeling to think that he was probably looking at it for the last time. He wondered again where Karen was and what she was doing. Vogel opened one of the warehouse doors and motioned for him to enter.

What happened then was a study in conceit; a symphony in bluster and bravado. They showed him the drums and let him estimate their capacity. They showed him the accumulated stores, and detailed the contents of the cases stacked against the walls—food, ammunition, medical supplies, aviation gas, spare parts and equipment for submarines. They gloated and bragged as they went.

But it was in the last warehouse, the long one that ran parallel with the cove, that they uncovered their *pièce de résistance*. There, as the doors swung open, Kent saw row upon row of long, deadly torpedoes,



stack upon stack of wicked, gleaming 6- and 4.5-inch shells, case upon case of machine-gun bullets. Slowly they walked the length of the building, opening cases and letting him look into them, satisfied that they were trampling upon his ego. Here was a pile of shells, there a case of handy grenades. Along one wall was rack upon rack of bulbous mines. Looking at them, Kent realized that there was more here, far more, than he had at first guessed. This base was equipped for large-scale operations. The thought made him desperate and set him to casting about urgently in his mind for a means to stop them. Surely there must be something he could do! If he could only think of it! He frowned, and they, seeing the trouble in his face, exchanged superior smiles. Krause rubbed his hands together gloatingly.

"Here are enough materials of war," he said, "to sink every ship your Navy can put into these waters; enough explosives to blow your naval base at Culebra off the map!"

Kent did not doubt it. But he was damned if he was going to give them the satisfaction of seeing how desperate it made him. He sniffed and spat contemptuously. The gesture seemed to irritate Krause. They reached the end of the warehouse and turned about.

"When the war is won," Krause went on gloating, "there will be changes made. The islands will belong to Germany and the fatherland will be grateful. It was I who went to Germany, five years before the war, and laid the plan before the High Command. I built all this. I alone am responsible."

Kent's head came up abruptly. His eyes narrowed. In the whirling chaos of thoughts that raced like an endless torrent through his brain, something of what Krause had said—rather, something of what he had left unsaid—caught and stuck and clicked.

"Aren't you forgetting Dr. Christensen?" he demanded.

**K**RAUSE spat.

"That old fool? What does he know of it? He thinks we have here nothing but a hotel for tourists!"

Kent grinned in spite of himself. Here was something, anyway. So the doctor hadn't been involved in it after all. Probably that meant, too, that Karen was innocent as well. Both were just bystanders caught by chance in Eric's evil net. It was something he had felt instinctively before. But now it was something to know that he had been right, even if there was nothing he could do. A great load seemed lifted from his shoulders.

"And you did it all, eh, Eric?" he said.

In his pride Krause failed to catch the irony.

"All of it!" he asserted positively. "And when the war is over I shall have my reward. I—I, Eric Krause, will bring the New Order to the

## COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*



**PURRCH:** A satisfied cat sitting where the canary just sat.

**LAMBASSADOR:** Neville Chamberlain at Munich with the wolves.

**DAYBUTANTE:** Mater won't let her go out at night.

**PEDALGOGUE:** Latin teacher on a bicycle.

**STAMPUTATION:** Your butcher tears off several red coupons.

**SIRCUMFERENCE:** Distance around a man's middle.

**GLUMLIN:** A grim and gloomy gremlin.

**FRIENDZY:** Your pal in a snit.

**TRUDGEDIAN:** Shakespearean actor on the hoof.

**WALKTION:** No gas for going to public sales.

islands. These will be my islands. I will be governor, and they will be white man's land once more. Heil Hitler!"

Kent stared at him. Vogel looked ill at ease.

"Come, Krause," he said. "There has been too much of this."

They were approaching the open box of grenades again. Kent's heart gave an abrupt lurch within him. His mind stopped its fruitless racing in circles and came to a sudden hard, clear, deadly focus upon the little metal cylinders packed within. The sight of them gave him an idea. If he could get his hands on one of those, he could blow them all to kingdom come. Never mind about himself! He was a dead duck anyway!

He did not waste time thinking about it. It was a long chance and might just succeed. He swung and seized Vogel by the shoulders, hurling him with all his strength against the guard.

The move was totally unexpected. The two men went down in a tangled clatter of shouts and curses. Kent dived toward the open case.

He might have made it but for Bosch. The big man with the yellow eyes was quicker than he looked. He made a flying leap for Kent and caught him by the back of his collar, lay back with a jerk, and twisted.

Kent felt his feet snap from under him; felt himself sail helplessly through the air, and brought up with a crash against an upended case. For an instant he lay stunned. Then, in the next moment, they were all upon him, kicking, pummeling, clawing. He pillowed his face in his arms and drew himself into a tight ball to protect himself, and presently they fell back and dragged him erect. In response to Bosch's order, another sailor came running with a rope and Kent was bound.

Vogel's coat was torn. The big

sailor's nose was bleeding. Kent had not been aware of fighting back, yet he must have done so, for a distinct mouse was beginning to show under one of Bosch's eyes. But it was Krause who was dancing up and down in anger, shouting.

"You fool! You thought you could stop us—you alone! But you will never stop us! Not you nor any one else!"

A GREAT wave of despair swept over Kent. He had tried and he had failed. He was weak and groggy from the beating he had taken. His body felt like one great lump of pain. Eric was right. There was nothing now that he could do. There was nothing that any one could do. He was whipped, and he knew it. Nevertheless he did not mean that they should see it.

"Nuts!" he croaked. "You're crazy, Krause—crazy as a loon!"

Krause sputtered wordlessly. Vogel smiled thinly.

"Come!" he said suddenly. "Enough of this!"

He jerked his head toward the door.

Outside, the sun had gone down behind the mountains and the long shadows were lying across the cove. The high steep slopes across the bay were dark green now, almost black. It was cool, almost cold on the dock. Kent shivered slightly. Vogel turned to him.

"You understand what we must do?"

Kent felt a watery sensation in his knees, but he held his chin up. Somehow it seemed important not to break now.

"I suppose so," he said.

"I regret—" said Vogel.

"Get it over with," Kent told him curtly.

Vogel shrugged and turned away to Bosch.

"Take him, Hans," he said. "Take



him around the cove, and when you have finished, push him over where the barracuda will take care of him."

Bosch nodded. His yellow eyes gleamed vindictively. He reached under his coat and drew out a heavy automatic and looked at Kent. This is it, Kent thought. Vogel consulted his watch.

"It is six o'clock," he said. "That gives you an hour till supper. If you are quick, those others over there need never suspect anything."

Bosch nodded again. He prodded Kent with the muzzle of his gun, pushing him forward. Kent threw a mocking glance at Krause.

"You and Hitler!" he said. "You're both nuts!"

Krause flushed and opened his mouth, but Vogel gripped his arm.

"Go on, Herr Kent," Bosch growled. "You and I are going for a liddle walk."

As Kent stumbled forward the squat German glanced sidewise at Krause and Vogel.

"Heil Hitler!" he barked.

"Heil Hitler!" they responded.

That walk was a nightmare in slow motion. The minutes—there were so few left—flew, crowding close upon one another's heels; and yet a lifetime passed in each, clear cut, hard, brilliant, outstanding in every detail. It seemed impossible that this was the end of everything; that in an hour all this would be blotted out, and that his body—this body in which he now lived and moved—would be floating out there on those still waters, without eyes to see the sky, without ears to hear the birds, without a sense of smell to enjoy the fragrance of the night—or of the garden—or of Karen's hair; without a sense of touch to feel Karen's lips pressed softly against his ever again—or even to feel the teeth of the barracuda as they tore at his dead flesh!

He shuddered at the thought. But at the same time the thought of Karen gave him some comfort; reminded him that there were compensating factors. She, at least, was innocent. He was sure of that now.

SOMEWHERE up on the hill above them a twig snapped with startling clarity, and a pebble rattled as it rolled downhill. Both men stopped and froze still as statues. Then a goat blatted above them. Kent gulped. Bosch's breath blew out in a little *whoosh*. The gun prodded Kent in the back again, urging him on.

"I don't suppose it would be possible to convince you, Herr Bosch," Kent said desperately, "that you are making a mistake."

"We don't make mistakes," Bosch said.

"Perhaps you overrate yourselves," Kent said. "Is Krause so trustworthy? It would be easy for him to turn your game back upon you. Don't you think he'd do it if the price were right?"

Bosch was silent so long that Kent began to hope he had scored. But

when the man spoke, his heart sank.

"We can take care of Herr Krause," he said.

Kent stopped and half turned.

"Look here, Bosch—" he began.

The German gave him a shove that almost sent him sprawling. His yellow eyes were opaque.

"Keep moving!"

Kent stumbled on a hundred yards in silence. Despair gripped him—despair and lashing fury. He was not ready yet to die. There was too much to live for. But if he must die he saw no sense in prolonging it. He stopped stubbornly short and faced about.

"What's the matter with this, then?" he demanded. "Damn you! If you must, why don't you do it here and get it over with? What's the sense of all this?"

They were around the cove by now, and around Water Creek, but the buildings of the base were still in sight. Bosch glanced across at them, but some perverted delicacy made him hesitate. He shrugged.

"Not here. Keep moving!"

He pushed Kent roughly along the

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"One half of the troubles of this world can be traced to saying 'yes' too quickly, and 'no' not soon enough."—*American saying.*

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path. They passed on, around Water Point and over the little stony shingle beyond, then around Otter Point and into the quiet reach of Cobas Creek. There was deep water there; deep water and rocks that thrust out into it. There was one rock in particular, a huge boulder, more or less flat on top, that thrust out from the edge of the pathway, and sloped down gently a dozen feet or more, ending abruptly in a sheer drop into the black depths below. When he saw it, Bosch grinned wolfishly.

"This will do," he said.

Kent stopped.

"Is there anything you would like to say?" Bosch asked.

Kent stared at him as if he had not heard. He was thinking fast.

"Are there no messages you would like delivered?" Bosch persisted.

"How could you deliver a message?" Kent asked dully.

"We have ways," Bosch told him. "Well?"

"No!" said Kent abruptly. "No! There's nothing I'd trust to you."

Bosch shrugged again. He seemed impervious to hate. He glanced significantly at the rock.

"You might let me smoke one cigarette," Kent said.

Bosch looked quickly out across the creek, as if he suspected that the request might be some trick on Kent's part to signal a confederate. Then he grinned, as if he realized the absurdity of the thought.

"Very well," he said.

He placed a cigarette between Kent's lips and held a match to it. Kent watched him narrowly by its glow as he did so. His mind was racing again as he drew the sweet smoke deep into his lungs. It was better to die running, hiding on the hillside, trying to escape, than to be shot down in cold blood here on this rock. At least he had a chance up there—a slim one, but still a chance.

Slowly he smoked the cigarette. When it was nearly to his lips Bosch plucked it away.

"Well—" he began, half turning to flip the butt into the water.

Kent seized the instant to whirl and dive, bound as he was, for the brushy hillside.

But the ground was rocky, uneven, and in the half dusk it was hard to see where he was going. Before he had made three steps he tripped and fell. In an instant Bosch was upon him, jerking him to his feet.

"THAT was foolish, Herr Kent," he panted. "That was very foolish. Did you think you couldt from me escape? Now we will no more of this nonsense have. You will go down that rock to the endt and standt. March, Herr Kent!"

He emphasized his command with a jab of his pistol in the small of Kent's back. Reluctantly Kent moved forward, one step, two, three. He had to brace his legs wide to keep them from trembling so violently as to let him fall. He did not want to die.

Four steps carried him to the edge of the rock. He halted there as Bosch's voice rose as from a great distance behind him.

"Stop! I do not advise you to jump, Herr Kent, for I couldt shoot you as easily in the water, bound as you are. I think this way will be quicker yet, andt easier, no?"

Kent turned about to face him; to stare at him. His eyes were steady, if shadowed, but his mouth was drawn taut, tight clamped to keep his lips from trembling. His look seemed to disconcert Bosch.

"Turn aroundt, Herr Kent," he commanded. "Face the water."

"In the back, eh, Bosch?"

"Not at all," Bosch replied smoothly. "A madder of convenience. A body naturally falls forwardt. It will safe me the necessidty of pushing you over afterwordts."

Kent turned.

"That iss goodt," Bosch said. "Now then, I will countt. One—"

The back of Kent's scalp crawled. "Two—"

Kent's throat was dry. His stomach contracted in a painful knot. He shut his eyes. Karen! he thought. Karen!

It was coming! It was coming now!

The spiteful crack of the pistol drowned out the count of three.

There are surprises in next week's chapter of this dramatic story and events move swiftly on the little island of St. John.



## MR. LINCOLN'S WIFE

Continued from Page 32

rose defiantly. "God is on the side of the South!"

For a moment the crowd's attention was diverted from Mary as they turned on the girl. In the brawling confusion, the coachman saw his chance. He wheeled the horses and whipped them up, and the next instant they were clattering up the street while the howling melee died in the distance. Only the burly man followed a little way, still shouting:

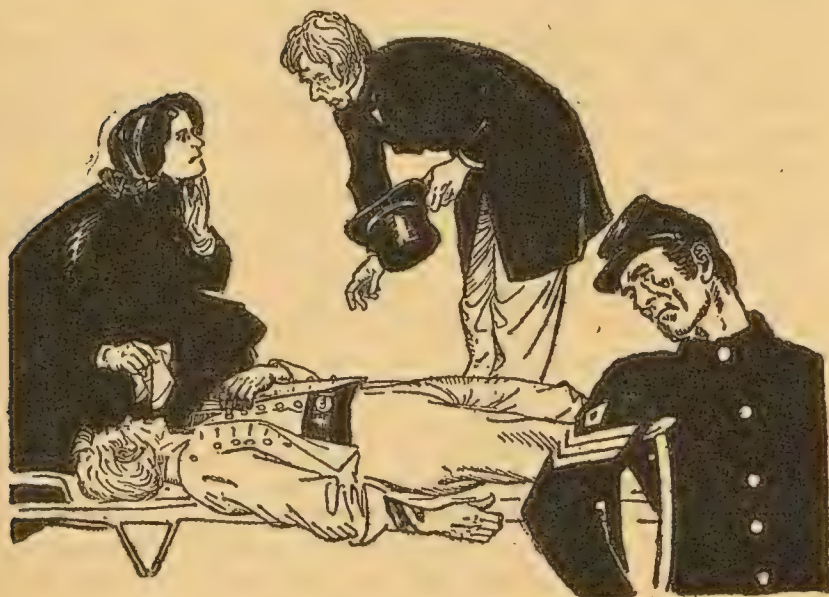
*"She's a dirty spy. Lincoln's wife's a spy . . ."*

Old Edwards had been dozing on his perch by the door when Mary came in.

"Mr. Lincoln said to tell you when you came in, ma'am—there's nothing to worry about."

It was nearly one o'clock when Mary heard the sound of the departing gentlemen's steps. She went out into the corridor and waited until Mr. Lincoln turned back from the head of the stairs alone.

"What is it, mother?" His voice was cold and lifeless.



Mary hurried to him. "Mr. Lincoln, is it true what people are saying? That we've been beaten?"

"Yes, it's true. We lost today."

"Mr. Lincoln, how could it have happened? How could everything have gone wrong so suddenly?"

"They did their best," he said slowly. "McDowell did the best he could."

"How do you know that, Mr. Lincoln? You take things so on faith." She must shake him out of this lifelessness somehow. "They could have tricked you into this failure, Mr. Lincoln. Because they hate you—because they want to make the people blame you. They *are* blaming you, Mr. Lincoln."

"Yes, I know." He paused a minute. "Well, when the news is bad, I suppose they have to blame some one."

He came closer and put his hands on her shoulders.

"You're all tired out, mother," he said. "You'd better go to bed and try to get some sleep."

It was no use. He'd listen to the others, trust the others, believe every word they said. But when she spoke, he didn't even hear.

For a moment more she stood looking up at him, wanting to reach him, to say something that would ease the sadness that lay in his eyes. But there was no way. . . . She only made things worse. She turned away.

All the next day Mr. Lincoln sat at his desk, listening. Listening to excuses, explanations, stories of the long trek back to the city. Of roads jammed with men retreating helter-skelter through the night—of the carriages forcing their way through, refusing to stop and pick up those who had fallen by the way. Stories of wounded men who had walked all night long, supported by their comrades. . . . Listening . . .

Another night passed, and still there was no sign of a Rebel invasion. People came out of the first hysterical shock of defeat and took time to look around and get mad. What, they demanded indignantly of each other,

had gone wrong with the glorious Army of the Potomac?

Congress and the Cabinet said it was the generals' fault.

The generals, soothing their smarting pride, howled back that it was the meddling politicians who were to blame. The more they railed, the less Mr. Lincoln was willing to commit himself to any policy. Floods of conflicting advice poured in on him. Hour after hour, week after week, he sat in his study listening.

"In the name of heaven, Mr. Lincoln, what more is there for you to hear?" Mary said. "You listen to every one who wants to air a crackpot scheme. You take every word your Cabinet utters as though it were graven on tablets of stone."

"Well, mother, I have to trust some one."

Mary leaned toward him. "Then trust yourself, Mr. Lincoln."

"I wish to God I could." He sighed.

"Stop listening to every one who says you are wrong, Mr. Lincoln. Stop blaming yourself for everybody else's mistakes. You're the President—you're the one they elected. The whole country is looking at you—"

He shook his head. "I know it, mother. I wish they'd look some other way."

Robert came home in August. He told his father he'd been thinking seriously of enlisting. Half his class at Harvard had gone.

Mr. Lincoln looked at him thoughtfully. "Your mother's been upset lately. Things have been pretty hard on her, I guess, since we came to Washington. I know it's asking a good deal, Bob, but I'd appreciate it if you could kind of let this thing slide for a while. Maybe later—your mother might get more used to the idea."

Robert shrugged. Later might be too late, he said. The war might be over.

Mr. Lincoln smiled. "I guess there's no call to worry about that, Bob. From the looks of things, I'm afraid you'll have plenty of time. Only"—he looked up quickly—"don't tell mother I said that, will you?"

Robert did not mention the matter again, but the day he left, Mary asked him to promise her not to enlist.

"It's your father I'm thinking of, Robert. He has so much to trouble him these days. When you've finished your education there will be plenty of time to talk of enlisting. And besides, you're not strong enough—"

"Oh, mother—for heaven's sake."

"Well, it's true, Robert. You've always had a delicate chest. And if you were off in camp somewhere during the winter, I shouldn't have an easy moment."

"I should think you might realize how it makes me look," Robert said. "With my own father calling for volunteers—I can't join up because my mother says I have a weak chest. It makes me feel like a fool."

"Oh, Robert"—Mary's eyes filled with tears—"how can you speak to me so? When I'm asking it for your father's sake—"

"All right, mother. I've promised—isn't that enough?"

Mary's world, rocked for a moment with fear, came back to its precarious balance.

"Yes, dear." Her smile quivered. "If you've given me your word, Robert, that's enough."

IN the late fall a new spirit came to Washington, a settling down to the grim business of war. Social feuds and scandals were abandoned for the moment in favor of the far more diverting pastime of armchair strategy.

"Washington," Mr. Lincoln said, "has decided to accept the war, after all. Even in the best families."

In its new phase of patriotism, the city was inclined to view the President with a more tolerant eye. One evening when Mary and Mr. Lincoln went to the theater together, she was astonished to see the audience rise and cheer when they stepped into their box. Mr. Lincoln leaned over to whisper in her ear: "You see, mother, what fine folks we've gotten to be these days."

At lunch one day a visiting gentleman spoke feelingly of the selfless spirit the capital women were showing.

"It's an inspiration," he said to Mary, "to see the way you ladies have devoted yourselves to war work. Miss Kate Chase tells me she's given up entertaining entirely, to do hospital nursing this winter. It's that sort of spirit,

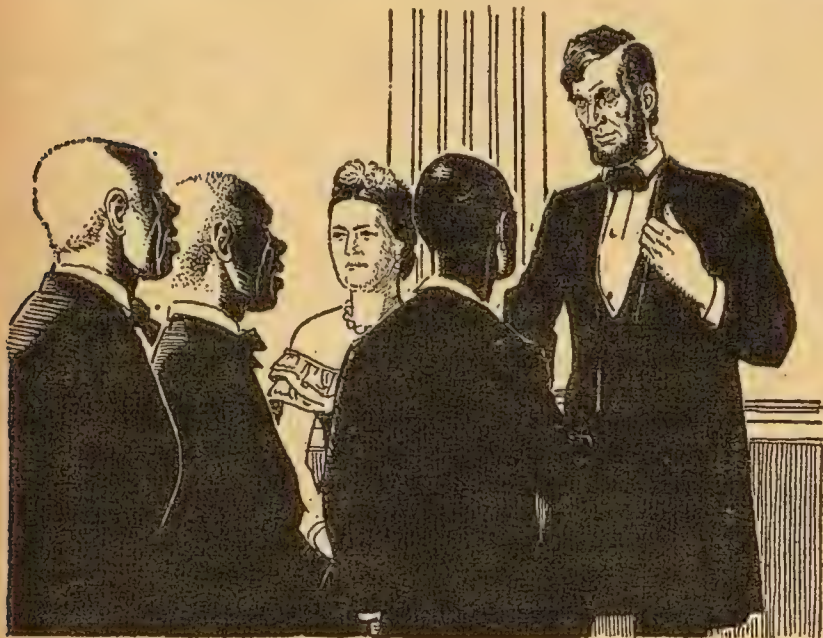


Mrs. Lincoln, that will give our soldiers the courage to fight and win."

Mary's smile was thoughtful.

The next morning she drove to the military hospital, and from that day she went regularly to do her share of rolling bandages, distributing candy and tobacco, and writing letters home for the soldiers.

One new element of Washington life Mary found puzzling was the overwhelming confidence in General McClellan, the new commander of the Army of the Potomac.



McClellan was young. He was handsome and dark, with a fiery eye and a great reputation for fearlessness. And his penchant for galloping up and down the Washington streets on a spirited black horse seemed to instill in every one a profound conviction that the savior of the Union had been revealed at last.

Mr. Lincoln was as taken as every one else with Little Mac. McClellan, he assured Mary, had a good head, firmly screwed on. There would be no more rushing into battle half cocked, as they had at Bull Run. Mr. Lincoln had found a general to believe in—and he backed him firmly, whole-heartedly.

Once, when the President had been kept waiting two hours for an appointment with McClellan, Mr. Hay protested the general's cavalier behavior.

Mary was quick to chime in. "It's perfectly true, Mr. Lincoln. No matter how much you admire McClellan, you'll admit he treats you as if you were nothing more than an old grandma."

"Well, maybe so, mother. But this is hardly the time to be standing on points of etiquette. I'll hold McClellan's horse, if only he'll bring us a victory."

Christmas came, and Tad and Willie hung their stockings over the mantel in the south parlor.

The first snow fell over the camps where McClellan's army waited. But McClellan still called for more time, and troops and money and supplies disappeared across the Potomac into silence.

All quiet along the Potomac, some people said. All too quiet, if you asked them. But for the most part they were still content to pin their faith to McClellan's star.

The weeks went on and the country waited. And Mary held, from day to day, her truce with fate.

During a raw and sunless February, Mary came home from a morning at the hospital to find that Willie was feverish and had been put to bed by Mrs. Keckley, the light-skinned colored woman who sewed for Mary and helped with the children.

Taddie caught Willie's cold, and for several days Mary was hardly out of their room. She read to them, rubbed their chests with camphor and dosed them with sassafras tea.

"I'm afraid poor Taddie has taken it the worse of the two," Mary said anxiously. But Willie, who had seemed so much less ill, was still in bed after Taddie was up and out.

One night Mary was awakened by Taddie calling.

"Something's wrong with Willie. He keeps saying funny things, and when I talk to him he doesn't answer."

Willie was awake, but when Mary bent over the bed his eyes looked strange and unfocused, and he muttered thickly as he pulled away from her touch. His skin was dry as hot paper.

In the morning the doctor came, and Mary stood watching while he looked at Willie gravely. The cold had gone into the lungs, he said. There was not much they could do but watch and wait.

Fear plunged sharply into Mary's heart. Through a rush of tears she bent and gathered Willie in her arms, begging him to speak.

The doctor cleared his throat. It might be best, he said, to have a nurse. Then Mrs. Lincoln would have some chance to rest. In a case like this, it was often better for the mother to stay away. The slightest emotion, however natural, could often be most upsetting.

Mary looked up quickly. "I won't have a nurse. No one understands Willie as I do—no one else knows how to take care of him. . . ."

They were trying to push her away. Trying to shut her out. But she wouldn't let them. Not when Willie needed her.

Late that night Mary noticed the door of Mr. Lincoln's bedroom ajar and went in to him.

"Mr. Lincoln, I'm so frightened about Willie. There must be something we can do, Mr. Lincoln. Isn't there something?"

She felt for a moment as though she was one of the strangers who came asking him for help, trusting him, somehow, to reach out and make things right.

In the night silence they were like strangers, and yet closer than they had come in a long while. Mr. Lincoln spoke matter-of-factly. There was nothing momentous in his words—no magic wisdom. But Mary was quieted. In the stillness of the room, in the simple words and the plain worn face—she felt for a few minutes the strength that had given comfort to so many.

At the doctor's insistence, next morning, a nurse was sent for. Mary made no protest. She knew now that Willie was dying. Living the hours blindly, hardly knowing day from night, Mary hovered between her room and Willie's. At intervals, remembering Mr. Lincoln's words that night, of the need for courage, she struggled to push back the anguished tide. When the doctor said she must control herself or be forbidden to come into the sick-room, she would promise to be quiet. But the tide would rush over her, and she was flung with helpless, shaken fury against the fate that would take her child.

It would be better, the doctor told Mr. Lincoln, if Mrs. Lincoln were not to be with the boy.

"It seems hard, I know; but I'm afraid, with all the strain, Mrs. Lincoln is not quite herself. . . ."

Mr. Lincoln nodded. "We must try to remember how hard this is for her."

FROM her room across the corridor Mary listened late into the night. She heard the sound of Mr. Lincoln's step. Up and down. Up and down. She had heard him walk like that in the nights after the news of battles. He had grieved then for other men's sons—now it was for his own.

She went to the door and called him.

"Mr. Lincoln—Willie is dying. I must go to him."

He answered patiently. She was worn out and overwrought. There was nothing she could do for Willie. It was best to leave him with the nurse. "The nurse is a stranger, Mr. Lincoln," Mary said. "I don't trust Willie with her. I won't have her alone with Willie—I won't—"

She made a move toward the door, but Mr. Lincoln held her back. He would stay with Willie, then.

"Go back to bed, mother. Try to rest."

When Mary wakened later, there was no sound in the darkness. She crossed to Willie's door, knocked.

"Mr. Lincoln, may I come in now?"

He opened the door and took her arm, not saying a word. Willie's hand lay outside the covers, but she made no move to touch it. Holding herself very still, trying desperately to do right, she was still there, motionless and dry-eyed, when Willie died. . . .



The snowball of the war rolled on, piling up its burden of defeat and misery, of treachery and jealousy and strife. Mary saw Mr. Lincoln harried and worried until it seemed he must break beneath the weight of malice and confusion heaped on him.

Only from the West was there any good news. A man named Grant had captured Fort Donelson from the Rebels. Later Mary heard that her brother Sam had been killed in the fighting, on the Confederate side.

Death and suffering and time had claimed so much. They were to claim more. Her two other brothers, David and Alex, gave their lives for the South, and still later General Ben Helm, the husband of her favorite sister, Emilie, was killed in Tennessee.

Seeing how, in spite of all his anxiety, Mr. Lincoln still had time to be patient with her, Mary tried to respond. In little ways she tried to meet his kindness. But the strange listlessness that held her did not lift. She would look up sometimes, out of a long silence, and find his eyes on her, watchful and troubled.

They were friendly, considerate of each other—affectionate. But all the while Mary felt the dark gulf of silence widening between them. In the first days after Willie's death there had been no way to speak. The language of their suffering was so different that it seemed hopeless. And now, as the silence lengthened, it was like a wedge—forcing them apart, driving deeper day by day, making them strangers who could only try to cover the loneliness with cautious phrases.

When Mrs. Keckley's son was killed, she told Mary there were times she couldn't have gone on living if it weren't for Mr. Lincoln's kindness.

Mary thought how often she had heard these same words. From soldiers she talked to in the hospital—from the wives and mothers of soldiers who had been killed. It was a strange and bitter thing that he could give comfort so freely to these others, and yet for her he had none. They were the ones who could still come close to him—the strangers. But when she searched for their path, Mary could never find the way.

That was the summer of Cold Harbor, and later, in August, of the second disastrous battle at Bull Run. The North, accustomed now to defeat, took the news with glum stoical calm.

"The lessons of war are hard to learn," Mr. Lincoln said, "but, with God's help, we will learn them yet."

"It seems to me, Mr. Lincoln," Mary said, "that one good general could help more than God just now."

"I expect he could, mother," Mr. Lincoln sighed. "But until we can lay our hands on the right man we'll have to struggle along with the Almighty."

The best the Union could do was to spin their wheel and try a new one at the top. General McClellan was relieved of his command, and old Burnside seemed to be the only successor whose record was so uneventful that every one could agree on him.

"It seems a pity," Mary said, when she heard the news, "that we must choose our commanders by default."

SINCE Willie's illness Mary had given up her work at the hospital. She went back now, but after so long an absence it was difficult. People brushed past her, too busy to find something for her to do. The rows of beds in the wards were long since filled, and men lay on the floor, in the corridors—any place where a few feet of space was available.

After a few hours of feeling in every one's way, Mary gave up.

On the way up the avenue the carriage came to an abrupt halt, delayed by a train of wounded which had just arrived. Mary looked out at the ragged, shivering procession. Her eye was caught by a young soldier who lay with his face turned away, on a stretcher by the edge of the park. There was something so startlingly like Robert that she felt her heart leap. Unmindful of the raw wind that whipped her skirt, or the curious stares of the men, she knelt beside the stretcher, looking down at the wounded boy. His eyes were closed, but from under his long lashes tears rolled down his cheeks. With the tenderness she would have given her own child, Mary took her handkerchief and wiped the tears away.

A slight stir behind her made Mary turn, and the next moment she was face to face with a tall dark-haired gentleman who gazed at her astonished.

"My God, Mrs. Lincoln, what are you doing here?" It was Senator Sumner, very elegant and dapper in black broadcloth and beaver hat. His glance took in Mary's tear-stained face and the stares of the men gathered about. "You must get back to your carriage, Mrs. Lincoln. I'm afraid all this is too much for you—"

Feeling herself led toward the carriage, Mary pulled back. She tried to explain about the boy—that she must help him.

But there was nothing, Mr. Sumner said, that they could do when the poor fellow was only one among so many. . . .

"Was the boy—some one you knew, Mrs. Lincoln?"

"No. Oh, no."

There was a silence. Mary was vaguely conscious of something uncomfortable in the senator's glance.

"I thought perhaps"—he said—"since the poor fellow was in Confederate uniform—"

Mary turned, her eyes blank. "Was he?" she said. "I—didn't notice—" She paused a moment. "I don't wonder, then, you hurried me away, Mr. Sumner. It must have been quite awkward—"

ANOTHER year went by. Another year of trial for Mr. Lincoln. Another year of anguish for Mary—anguish and the terrible presence of fear.

One night Mr. Lincoln was very late coming home. Tad had begged, as usual, to wait up, but Mary coaxed him upstairs, silencing his fretful insistence by telling him she was going to bed herself.

The night was breathless. There was something queer in the air—an ominous waiting in the night stillness. It might be going to storm.

There had been new threats against Mr. Lincoln's life. And there was that icy fear in Mary's heart as she went to the window. If only something would move—even a wind to stir the leaves—anything to break the stillness that was like death. . . .

Suddenly a shout came from Taddie's room:

"There's papa!"

Relief burst like a bubble in Mary. Her nerves, loosed suddenly from the taut suspense, jangled irritably. She was angry because Mr. Lincoln had come so late; because Taddie was still awake; angry at herself for letting fear dissolve her into this foolish, helpless trembling. She crossed the hall swiftly.

"Get back into bed, Taddie. You cannot see your father tonight. I won't permit it."

Even as she spoke, it was too late. There was the step, slow and heavy, on the stairs—and the next moment Mr. Lincoln was at the door and Tad had flown at him, scrambling up on him, throwing his arms around his father's neck.

"Well, well, well—" Mr. Lincoln seemed astonished by Tad's noisy embrace. "What's all this rumpus about?"

Mary's lips tightened. "Mr. Lincoln, really, you must not encourage this child's absurd notion of waiting up for you to come home. Do you realize it's past midnight—and he's not had a wink of sleep? He'll work himself into a fever, going on like this—"

Mary stopped. As well cry for the moon, she thought, as expect Mr. Lincoln to listen. Taddie, suddenly quiet, came over and climbed meekly into bed.

Outside the door Mr. Lincoln turned. "I think he'll be all right now, mother."

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it. Now that he's had his own way and stayed awake to see you—when I had expressly forbidden it. And yet you act as though I were to blame for scolding him."

"Why, no, I don't, mother—"

They crossed the hall and Mr. Lincoln dropped down on the bed. Mary was startled to see how badly he looked.

"Mr. Lincoln"—she went to him in quick alarm—"you're not ill?"

He shook his head. "We had the news today," he said. "It seems Meade carried it off all right at Gettysburg."

"You mean we won?"



"We lost three thousand of our men," he went on in the same flat tone, "and they tell me the South lost even more." Suddenly he looked up with such haunted misery in his eyes that Mary was frightened. "How much more of this killing have we got to stand?"

The words burst from him as though wrung out of pain past bearing. In that brief moment there was no barrier—no guard. Mary looked straight into his eyes, seeing the tortured doubts. She tried to speak—but the long habit of restraint was too much, and she could only look at him in silence. For the first time now, dimly, she saw how it must have been for him when Willie died and she had longed for comfort. How he must have been held by her grief, locked by it, as she was now by his. "Mr. Lincoln," she managed to find her voice at last, "I'm sorry I said the things I did—about Taddie. I didn't mean them."

She watched his face, hoping to see some sign there that he knew she really wanted to say more, to tell him, somehow, that the moment between them hadn't been lost.

Instead, he looked around in surprise.

"Why, that's all right, mother," he said mildly. He bent down to blow out the lamp. "I know you have a lot of things to trouble you nowadays."

A telegram came one morning in 1864 from Nashville. Mrs. Emilie Helm, Mary's sister, was being held at Fortress Monroe on her way from Atlanta to her home in Lexington. They could not allow her safe-conduct through the lines unless she took the oath of allegiance, and this she seemed unwilling to do. Would the President kindly wire instructions?

Mr. Lincoln wrote a single line:

"Send her to me. A. Lincoln."

THE afternoon Emilie was to arrive, Mary waited at her sitting-room window. It seemed queer not to be meeting her own sister. But Mr. Lincoln thought it best not to attract attention to her coming. She hoped Emilie would understand.

When the carriage finally came, she hurried down to the front hall. The door was open, and Edwards was showing in a small tired-looking woman in mourning black. Mary felt a sudden shock of surprise. This, surely, couldn't be Emilie. She would have changed, of course, in five years. But not like this. Not this worn sad little creature.

She saw the woman look up at her out of Emilie's eyes, and with a second bitter shock, realized Emilie was staring just as she had—as though Emilie too could scarcely believe the change she saw.

They talked guardedly at first—each careful not to say the things that might be too full of hurt. But gradually the barriers faded.

"I've thought of you, Mary—so often," Emilie said slowly, "especially since Ben was killed. People have been kind to me, but it seemed to me somehow that you were the only one who would really understand."

They were strange words for Mary to hear. She looked at Emilie with a full heart.

Late that night Mary went down the hall to Emilie's room. Mary walked toward the bed slowly. "Emilie—I had to tell you something. I haven't spoken of this to any one. You mustn't be frightened. It's nothing to be afraid of."

"Mary, what is it? Are you ill?"

"No." Mary went closer. "It's something I've learned, Emilie. It's the only thing that brings me comfort now—" She paused. "Emilie—did you hear Ben tonight?"

"Ben?"

Mary nodded. "He was here, Emilie. He comes sometimes. Willie comes too. But it was Ben who came tonight. That must have been because you were here."

"You must be ill. You've been dreaming—Do you want me to call Mr. Lincoln, Mary?"

"No. Mr. Lincoln doesn't know. He wouldn't understand. But you understand, don't you, Emilie? They only want to comfort us, Emilie. Ben wanted to tell you he was all right. You mustn't worry if you didn't see him—he'll come again, and after a while you'll learn not to let it frighten you."

At breakfast next morning, Mary saw how oddly Emilie looked at her.

"I was thinking last night," Mary said, "it's time I saw to buying some spring clothes for Tad. He's grown like a weed this winter. I doubt if even Mrs. Keckley can make his last season's things do. I was wondering if you would go with me, Emilie, down to the shops. . . ."

It was not strange that Emilie's residence at the White House should stir a new wave of gossip and criticism. And Emilie, of course, decided she must leave. On the day she was to go she had a few moments alone with Mr. Lincoln.

"I wish you could come back to us, Emilie," Mr. Lincoln said. "It would mean a great deal to Mary."

Emilie looked down a moment. "I wish I could," she said, "but I—don't see how it's possible."

"No. No, I suppose not. I was thinking mostly of Mary—I'm troubled about her lately."

Emilie nodded. "I thought at first it was her grieving over Willie—but I don't know. There seems to be something more. It's as if she were frightened of something—without quite knowing what. She talks so strangely sometimes—about seeing Willie and Ben."

"Yes, I know. Though she never mentions it to me."

"She doesn't want to trouble you, I think, or admit that she's afraid. But if anything happened to you or Robert, I don't believe Mary could bear it."

Mr. Lincoln sighed. "Well, I'm grateful to you for coming," he said. "You've helped us more than you know." He paused. "I hope you don't hold Ben's death against me, Emilie. . . ."

She looked up into Mr. Lincoln's eyes. She didn't try to speak, but reached up and put her arms around his neck. He touched her shoulder gently.

"It's all right," he said. "It's all right, Emilie."

It was a hard summer for Mr. Lincoln. It had begun with General Grant's long frontal attack on Lee's army, across the Rapidan into the Wilderness. Day by day, hearing the staggering losses the North was paying for its gains, Mr. Lincoln's face set in grimmer lines.

There was the election coming along too. Scanning the papers, Mary searched for some good word for Mr. Lincoln. But there was almost none. Even among the Republicans there were many who favored nominating a new man.

General McClellan was the Democratic nominee. His platform was designed to appeal to those who were weary and sick of the war. "Call it a failure and stop throwing good money and good men after bad," he said. "We can make peace while there's still something left to make it with."

"If McClellan makes it," the Republicans said, "it will be a peace past any one's understanding."

The news of Lincoln's renomination came from the Baltimore convention while he and Mary were having dinner.

"I knew it, Mr. Lincoln," Mary said. "I knew they wouldn't fail you when the time came."

He looked up at her soberly. "Well, Taddie will be pleased anyway. Now, if they'll just elect me, he can stop worrying about finding a new home for his goats."

"You know, Mr. Lincoln," Mary said one evening, "I heard a man say yesterday that no one except George Washington could serve this country as you are doing."

Mr. Lincoln looked up thoughtfully.

"I wish Washington would come and take my place awhile," he said, "so I could get a rest."

MARY worried about the election. A year ago, she thought, she might have been glad to think of Mr. Lincoln being free again. But she had come to realize that there was no freedom for them yet—that to leave now would only be to drag the chains after them wherever they went. A bargain with fate remained a bargain—and the things once sold could never be bought back.

When they were together, Mr. Lincoln spoke little of the future. But in spite of his weariness and the sadness that never left his eyes, Mary sensed in him the same fatal urge that drew him, past any hope of turning back, along the road he had begun.

One morning Mary opened the newspaper—to find an



article directed at the President's son. "He signs orders forcing other parents to give up their boys," it said, "while he keeps a son of his own in luxury at a university. He writes a letter to Mrs. Bixby, speaking of the nobility of her sacrifice in laying five children on the altar of freedom. Is the rail splitter's son made of porcelain—and Mrs. Bixby's boys of common clay?"

Mary showed the article to Mr. Lincoln and he read it in silence.

"This is my fault," Mary said. "Robert wanted to go—and you would have let him, except for me."

Mr. Lincoln put aside the paper. "Well, there's nothing we can do now, mother. He can't enlist before election, or people will say it's playing politics. I don't know that it matters so much"—he sighed—"except to Bob. . . ."

ATLANTA was taken—the news had come in time for the elections, and the day the returns came in, Mr. Lincoln brought a sheaf of telegrams to Mary.

"They say we've won, mother."

Mary looked at him in silence. She remembered the other election day—when he had come home to the parlor at Springfield to tell her the news, and patted her shoulder while she clung to him and wept. She didn't weep now. There was too much in her heart for weeping.

"Well," she said, "I'm glad, Mr. Lincoln."

Robert was home from Cambridge for the holidays. The morning after his arrival he told Mary if it wasn't too late already, he wanted to enlist. He looked as though expecting her to burst out at him. But she only nodded.

"I should have let you go sooner, Robert. I—" She stopped. There was no way to explain the fears—the things she had dreaded so. He would only look at her as he was looking now. "I'm sorry."

The morning Robert put on his uniform it was Mr. Lincoln who seemed more shaken than Mary herself. She saw how he sipped his coffee, holding the cup in two hands to steady it. He was like an old man, Mary thought suddenly. It was queer to think that of one's own husband. A strange pity stirred her heart.

"You look very fine, dear," Mary said to Robert. "Your father is proud of you, I know."

IN early spring, 1865, the move on Richmond was planned, and Mr. Lincoln decided to go south to see the troops and confer with Grant. The house seemed empty and forlorn after he left. Mary walked through the rooms, trying to plan changes here and there—fresh decorations, a new set of curtains. . . .

Gradually, as she began to plan for the new things, she grew more eager. There was no sense in brooding over unhappiness that was past and gone. It was the war that had made them all suffer so—and now it was nearly finished and they could begin again. Instead of only a few changes in the house, she thought of more and more.

"I'm going to take down all those lace curtains," she said to Mrs. Keckley. "Every time I look at them they remind me of things I want to forget."

That was it—if only she could really make things different, break up the old patterns, they could forget. . . .

"I must see about some new clothes too," she said. "Mr. Lincoln must be tired of seeing me in the same old things." She crossed to the mirror, and was startled for a moment to see how badly she looked. It was only being tired, surely, that made her look so old. . . .

The following week word came that Richmond had been taken. The South was broken at last. Mr. Lincoln had gone on to Richmond, after the army, and a few days later he was back in Washington.

Mary waited eagerly to see him—to see how happy he would look—to tell him about all the plans she had made. They could really talk about the future—now that they were sure at last what the future would be. When she heard his carriage in the driveway she hurried out on the landing. She had put on a blue silk dress for dinner and wore her pearl necklace and bracelets.

He came up slowly and crossed to his study. Mary watched while he sank down in a chair as though he couldn't have taken another step.

"It's over, mother." Weariness was like a leaden weight in his voice.

"Yes, I know."

He was silent a minute, then he glanced at Mary. "You're all fixed up tonight, mother." He sounded surprised. "This isn't any special occasion, is it?"

Mary turned away.

"No," she said, "nothing special, Mr. Lincoln."

On the Friday evening before Easter, Mary and Mr. Lincoln went to Ford's Theatre to see the new play every one said was so amusing. It was warm in the theater. Mr. Lincoln sat in the outside chair in the flag-draped box where he could most easily be seen from the audience, and Mary noticed frequent glances in his direction.

He sat absorbed, his head bent forward slightly, watching the stage. Now and then, when a line amused him, he laughed and turned to look at her. Their guests, young Major Rathbone and his fiancée, Miss Harris, sat in the front chairs, and watching them, Mary felt a glow of tender approval. During the second act, her mind wandering from the play, Mary leaned toward Mr. Lincoln and took his arm. He patted her hand, not looking around. Mary leaned closer.

"I don't know what Miss Harris will think of me, hanging on you so—"

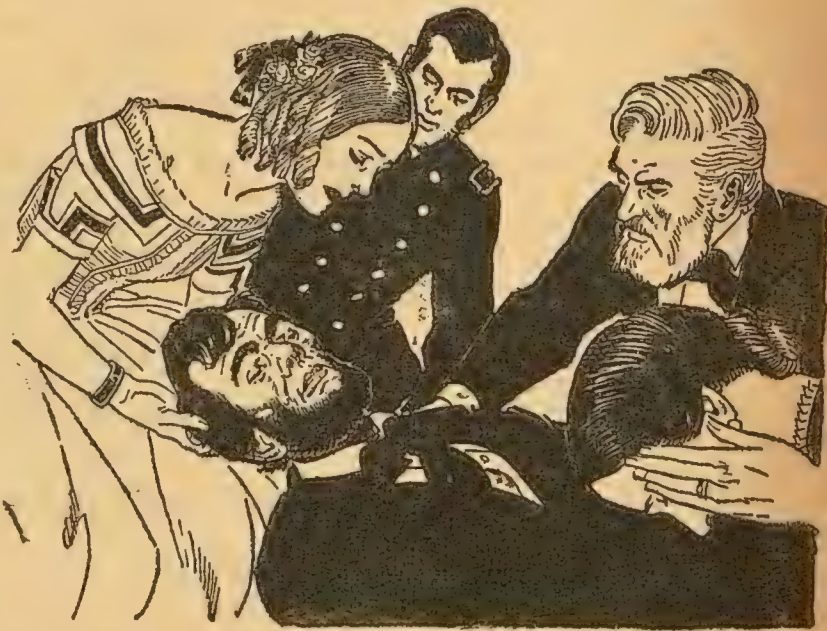
"She won't think anything about it," he said.

Mary straightened, pulling back her hand. For some reason, she felt a little put off. As though Mr. Lincoln had chided her for thinking too much of herself. But he didn't mean it, of course. She opened her fan. It was made of dull blue feathers, to match her dress.

The sound, at first, seemed to have no meaning at all. Only it was curious, not coming from the stage but from behind her. A sharp sound—almost like a shot. Mary turned quickly, but Mr. Lincoln was sitting quiet in his chair. Major Rathbone and Miss Harris had not looked around.

At that moment a figure, lithe and swift as something possessed, leaped from the back of the box and toward the railing. Mary saw Major Rathbone jump up, struggle a moment with the creature—and then there was a thud. The man had jumped over the rail onto the stage—shouted some queer gibberish—and was gone.

Mary could see Major Rathbone holding up his arm, and the blood dripping from it.



"Mr. Lincoln"—Mary started up—"Major Rathbone is hurt—" She turned—and stopped. Mr. Lincoln sat quite still. There was something in the angle of his head. . . .

A scream—Mary never knew whose it was—split the confused murmuring in the audience. "He's been shot. The President has been shot!"

Mary only stared—puzzled. . . .

"Mr. Lincoln—"

There was no answer.

Confusion, panic, people climbing into the box from the audience, milling about. Mary saw them lift him out of the chair and stretch him out on the floor. She didn't move. A young doctor was bending over him.



There was a stir in the back of the box, and Laura Keene, the actress from the play, came through. She was still in costume: her full hoop skirts seemed to fill the box.

"Please," Miss Keene said to the doctor. "Please—may I hold his head?"

The doctor nodded, scarcely looking up. Mary watched, not moving, while the woman knelt down, spreading her skirts, and drew the dark head gently into her lap.

It seemed a long time that Mary waited. Then the doctor looked up at her. They might move him, he said, if there were some place near by he might be taken.

"We can take him home—"

The doctor shook his head. He would die on the way.

Some one spoke. There was a house across the street. The doctor looked at Mary again. She nodded.

Mary followed. As they carried him out between the lines of people, there were moans, prayers, cries, questions. Mary went in silence. Across, and up the narrow steps into a hall flooded with yellow light, smelling of kerosene. They carried him through a narrow passageway beyond.

Mary felt herself being pushed into a dark little room, felt hands pulling her toward a sofa, easing her down gently.

"You must wait here—it will be best—"

She felt something in her hand, grinding between her fingers, and looked down. It was her fan, the blue feathers stained with something dark and red that stuck to her fingers. She stared at it a moment, stupidly, then the waves of black swept over her and she fell forward. Choking, blinding, destroying—the truth tore through her.

Mary looked up. A woman was bending down, shaking her arm.

"You'd better come, Mrs. Lincoln—"

It wasn't a room at all where they had him. Only a sort of widened hall. He was lying diagonally on the spindle bed that was too short for him. His head lay back, his face was perfectly still.

Mary knelt by the bed. Weeping so deep that it seemed no part of her shook her.

"Mr. Lincoln—"

There was no sound but his breathing, hoarse and slow.

"Mr. Lincoln, please—"

The arms were around her again, pulling her up. The hall, and then the little room, bare and chilly in the lamplight.

Mary sank down, feeling the horsehair arm of the sofa cold and slippery beneath her cheek.

They kept leaning over her, talking about God, about the martyr, about sacrifice, country, freedom, peace, eternity. Mary heard them, but she didn't answer. She wanted to speak to Mr. Lincoln—freedom, sacrifice, and God were nothing to her.

IT was morning, just past seven o'clock, when they came in and said that he was dead.

Robert's face, pale as wax. His hand on her arm. Mary looked at him dully.

"Please, mother—"

She tried to answer him—but the sobbing, dull and exhausted, would not stop.

The days ran together like beads falling into a box, all alike, jumbled together without sequence. Lying in her room, Mary watched the morning light come to noon, to afternoon, to night. She watched the darkness deepen, steady through the long night—pale and blanch into day again.

People came and went. They tried, at first tearfully, then with a shade of firmness, to rouse her. There was the house to be got ready and turned over to President Johnson. Plans to be made. Trunks to pack. There was Robert, standing by so manfully. There was poor Taddie—wandering over the house disconsolate. Mary knew what people were saying. She heard and understood when they whispered outside her door or looked across the bed at each other, their eyebrows raised meaningly.

She would try to respond. Only there was something

so strangely wrong. Something that kept her from remembering what it was she always meant to tell Mr. Lincoln. She never could tell him now—but it was important to remember. Terribly important. . . .

The first day of June. Summer was in the air, shimmering and bright. Mary stepped into the carriage, her black dress and long crape veil feeling out of place and wintry in the hot noon sun.

Robert and Tad were beside her. Mary looked back as they started down the drive. She saw the house, the portico, the wide front door, the crimson draperies at the



long East Room windows, the lace curtains. . . .

Mary sighed, troubled and vague. Then she remembered. She started to tell Robert. That must be what she had meant to tell Mr. Lincoln . . . about changing the curtains and making everything different.

"Robert—"

He was looking straight ahead, his face set, not seeming to hear, and Mary sat back, letting her hand fall into her lap.

No matter whether he had heard or not. It was too late now.

MARY sat in her room in a London boardinghouse, writing letters. The desk faced a window that looked down on the small grass court. How many windows she had looked out of the last five years! In the boardinghouses, pensions, family hotels, in Chicago, in New York and Florida and Paris—for a little while in Robert's house on Wabash Avenue after he and Mary Harlan were married.

But there wasn't much time to stop and reflect on such things when there was so much to be done. From the very beginning, back in Chicago when she and Tad and Robert were all together, the troubles about money had begun. Robert had done his best trying to explain. Father had left this much. Enough for them if they lived carefully.

She listened to Robert. She tried to be patient. But there was so much he didn't understand. He kept saying it was enough—but that was only because he didn't understand. He couldn't know what it cost to live properly—and with prices so outrageously high after the war.

Then there were the debts. Debts. It was such an ugly word. Surely, in the days when Mary had shopped and the clerks had been so kind and polite—so anxious for her to have their nicest things—there had never been any words like that. But everything changed so terribly.

Once Mary knew about the debts, she had realized something must be done. That was why, when a firm of merchants on Broadway had written, suggesting that she might wish to allow some of her belongings to be sold—quite discreetly and privately of course—she had consented. Though Robert mustn't be told—for fear he might misunderstand. She had gone to New York with trunks, boxes, and barrels. It had been difficult going over the old things—unpacking dresses and furs and fans and gloves she hadn't seen since the days in Washington.



She had sat holding the pearl necklace and bracelets, weeping over them. But, of course, she had been doing it for Mr. Lincoln. He would have wanted her to sell them. He never could abide the thought of a debt.

The next morning the papers came out with the dreadful story about the President's widow holding an old-clothes sale. Mary feared what Robert would say. He said scarcely anything.

Mary never told Robert about the incident on the train coming home from New York. When she got off at a station restaurant to have a cup of tea, she had found herself looking at Senator Sumner. They both stared, astonished, for a moment, then he greeted her kindly. He spoke with the same courtly gallantry she remembered from the old days. But all the while, in his eyes, she saw the pity and embarrassment and knew he had seen the papers. It wasn't until after the train started that she had wept, pressing her hands against her eyes, feeling the tears run down between the fingers of her shabby black gloves. *Mr. Lincoln—oh, Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln . . .*

Mary finished writing her letter and read it over, underlining a word here and there. Everything depended on the letters. The men in Congress who were working for the pension bill Senator Sumner had introduced must be written to. There was so much she could tell them about how to proceed. The debate over the pension had been so bitter—and she could tell them why it was that certain people were opposing it. Out of revenge, of course. They were the men who had been jealous of Mr. Lincoln—she was careful to point that out.

MARY gathered up her letters and took them downstairs to put them in the post. In the hallway, the manageress greeted her with unaccustomed deference. There was a gentleman calling, she informed Mary.

Mary looked at the caller's card. *General Adam Badeau, Consul General of the United States.* She smoothed her hair hastily before she went into the parlor with its gloomy hangings and persistent faint odor of camphor and boiled cabbage.

She saw him rise and come forward politely. Mr. Badeau had only just learned of her presence in London. If there was anything he could do to make her comfortable, he was at her service. Would she remain long?

Mary shook her head. Probably not. Her plans were necessarily vague, owing to the uncertainty of her pension bill. Everything in her future and Tad's education depended on its passing. Mary spoke quickly, warming to her subject, but when she saw Mr. Badeau beginning to look uncomfortable, she stopped. She must learn to remember, she thought, that people were distressed and embarrassed by any reference to her lack of funds. Afterward Mary was pleased. Having the consul general call would show the manageress and some of her boarders who were inclined to smile, not too covertly, at Mary's reference to her former position, that she was some one still. It would be something to tell Taddie, too, when he came home. And something to write in her next letters to Robert and Elizabeth.

Mary went to the mirror. She didn't look too badly. . . .

MARY was dressing with extra care. She had been in Chicago several weeks—and this morning Robert was calling for her. Something special, he had said. She put on her black silk with lace at the neck and sleeves, and laid out her ostrich boa and fresh gloves.

It was pleasant to be waiting for a definite appointment. And Robert would surely think she looked well, and be pleased. It would be nice to see him pleased. He had looked so troubled lately, poor boy. Only yesterday, when he had told her about this appointment, he looked so strange and white—almost as though he were going to weep.

It had been rather upsetting, too, when she arrived. Robert hadn't seemed to understand why she had telegraphed Dr. Isham that Robert was ill and must be cared for at once. He was perfectly well, Robert kept saying when he met her at the train in Chicago. She'd tried to explain to him, and to Dr. Isham, about the dream she had had. But it was plain they didn't believe she really

had the dream at all. And then they had been so odd about the man on the train who had tried to poison her. They acted almost as though it wasn't true. It had been a mistake, probably, to tell Robert. Robert was so like Mr. Lincoln in some things. Trusting every one, poor thing.

No doubt this appointment was concerned with some trouble Robert had got into by trusting people. But she would be able to tell him who the false ones were, once she had a look at them. Hadn't she always been able to tell Mr. Lincoln? And Mr. Lincoln had relied on her so—trusting her judgment over any other.

Robert treated her with extra kindness on the way downtown, but Mary could see he was worrying. When the carriage stopped, she looked out, astonished.

"But, Robert, this is a courthouse—"

Robert said nothing. He looked so queer and stern she hardly liked to question him any more, but just before they came to the door at the end of the long corridor he turned to her suddenly.

"I couldn't help it, mother," he said.

She couldn't think what on earth he meant. A large woman in gray came and took Mary by the arm, led her to a seat on one of the back benches. The jury filed in and sat down, and then the judge. Down in front, sitting near Robert, Mary saw Dr. Isham, and beside him that other doctor whom Dr. Isham had brought to see her about her headaches. That had been nearly four years ago, just after Taddie had died so suddenly of pneumonia.

They were getting on with the case. The judge said everything so fast Mary could scarcely understand the words. Something about the case of Mary Lincoln, widow. It seemed an odd way to speak of her.

The witnesses were being called. First Dr. Isham, telling about her telegraphing that Robert was ill, and making it sound absurd. Then Dr. Danforth told about finding her a victim of hallucinations and nervous debility. She had told Dr. Danforth there was an Indian pulling wires through her eyes and removing the bones of her face.

There were other witnesses. Clerks from the shops who told about the things she had bought. Three hundred dollars for soap and perfumes. A hundred yards of moiré silk. Jewelry, fans, gloves. Six hundred dollars' worth of lace curtains. . . .

IT seemed queer to make so much of the simple fact that she liked being in shops, liked having the clerks speak politely, say kind things, make a fuss over her when she bought a great deal. If they had only asked her, she might have told them those things. But they never asked her. Then Gus, who had run the elevator at the hotel, said something ridiculous about her going down in the elevator not properly dressed. Next Robert was called.

Mary didn't hear most of what he said. She was thinking of the night when he was born. She thought of Mr. Lincoln, sitting by her bed and saying, "We must have a regular home now for the little boy." She was remembering how dreadfully Robert had cried that first year. How he took colds, and had such a delicate chest, and she had rubbed him with camphorated oil. For some reason, she felt very sorry for Robert. The judge was speaking to the foreman of the jury. He turned to the court. "*Verdict of the court—the defendant is of unsound mind, incapable of handling her property and conducting her affairs. . . . Remitted to the Belleview Sanitarium in accordance with arrangements to be made by Mr. Robert Lincoln. Case dismissed. . . .*"

Mary stood up quite steadily. Robert was out before her, waiting at the door. She took his arm, starting down the corridor. There were people standing about and Robert kept his head down—hurrying her along. Mary looked back. It was a long while since they had crowded around her like this. She was glad she had worn her best black dress. . . .

It was difficult to remember the time between that and the time she had stood in the courtroom again on the day of the second trial, while Ninian Edwards testified that Mary had been paroled from the sanitarium in



his custody for eight months, and during that time had lived at his home in Springfield and given every sign of being mentally recovered.

The judge had turned to Robert.

"Have you any objection to this proceeding, Mr. Lincoln?"

"No. None." Robert's face had been white.

"Then it is the judgment of this court that Mary Lincoln, who was heretofore found to be insane, is restored to reason and is capable to manage and control her estate."

She had fought back the shadows, after all.

Then came the long, lonely years again when she had once more gone abroad. Sometimes then she almost missed the sanitarium and the kind nurses who would listen politely while she talked of Mr. Lincoln and the boys, and how devoted they had been to her. But she knew it was better not to have stayed there, nor at Elizabeth's. Better to be abroad where none might think of her helplessness, where no thought of her need might disgrace Mr. Lincoln's memory.

After the accident in France, though, she had written Elizabeth telling her of the dreadful pain she suffered and how the French doctors had said there was nothing

to be done. "Now," she had confessed, "I should like only to be in America again," and Elizabeth had cabled her to come at once. Robert would meet her in New York.

She was almost happy again as she made her plans to return home. Once on the ship, she felt better. Soon she was strong enough to go on deck, to take her meals in the dining room. By the time she arrived, she was almost herself and looking forward to seeing Robert.

By the time she was ready to leave the ship the crowd had mostly left the dock, and she found Robert easily. He came forward, his hat in his hand, and bent to kiss her cheek.

"Well, mother. . ."

Mary looked up. He was smiling, looking pleased to see her. She took his arm, and they turned away together. It was nice being home again. She felt stronger already. Surely the doctors would be able to cure her now—and she must be very careful to say just the right things to Robert. Not to have any trouble again. She turned to look up. He would see how she had changed. He would see everything would be better now. Everything would be different.

THE END

## BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

**T**HE Boise is a U. S. light cruiser. On a black night in October, somewhere off Savo Island, near Guadalcanal, it was running with a task force whose job was to search out a Japanese fleet of cruisers and destroyers.

Mike Moran commanded the Boise and he was spoiling for a fight. A thousand-odd men under him were, too. When war had broken out they had been caught somewhere in the Pacific. They had convoyed ships until an unlucky accident sent them limping home for repair. Other American seamen had been fighting meanwhile and somebody had called the Boise, "The Reluctant Dragon."

Now the Boise was fit and ready. Mike knew his crew. The



Frank D.  
Morris

crew knew their ship. They had fought her in practice and were ready to fight her in war. When they sighted those Jap warships Mike had only one order, "Pick out the biggest and commence firing."

They slugged it out toe to toe with every ship they could engage. When it was over the

Boise had been hit and was burning. It had accounted for two cruisers and two destroyers, though with the whole force in action, it was hard to tell who knocked out which Jap ship.

Jack  
Goodman



It was an inferno of fighting and mauling with big guns—one of the epic sea battles of this war. Frank D. Morris tells the story vividly in *Pick Out the Biggest: Mike Moran and the Men of the Boise* (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston. \$2).

**T**HE Luftwaffe, Its Rise and Fall, by Hauptmann Hermann (Putnam's, N. Y. \$3), examines one of the German weapons that is expected to crack soon. The author, who uses the pen name above, is vouched for by Curt Riess, who has done some "inside" books on Germany. Hermann is purported to be a former leader of Germany's aviation industry. Whether he is or not, whoever wrote the book has dug into a mass of available facts and evidently has known many of the men who built up the once dreaded Luftwaffe, which not so

long ago seemed to be the scourge of Europe.

Hermann predicts that it will be easier to crack from now on, but warns us not to be complacent about it. If we give the Luftwaffe a resting period, it will again find time to multiply its might. And don't underestimate its striking power as it dies, for it is likely that Hitler will yet try bombing America, either as a gesture or in the hope of frightening us into accepting less than unconditional surrender.

**R**ANDOM Recommendations: *The Fireside Book of Dog Stories*, edited by Jack Goodman (Simon & Schuster, N. Y. \$3). A readable, varied, and well balanced selection of literary fare in which dogs figure as prominent characters. It is better than a book for dog lovers; it is a book of some humorous, some sad, some grim, and some sentimental stories about dogs which everybody will find swell reading.

*Attack Can Win in '43*, by Max Werner (Little, Brown & Co. Boston. \$1.75). A well reasoned tract by a military expert who has been close to par in predicting thus far and seems adequately to prove the point indicated in his title. Sixty Anglo-American divisions on the European continent will do the trick, he says, and perhaps he will be right again by the time this hits print.



their skin, and the cold night rain kept their canteens filled but froze them to the bone.

Sharks were silent sentries always at their posts. They did not attempt to attack the rafts but seemed jealous of the fish that were following them.

"They would lash their tails furiously," explained Gibson, "as if they wanted to drive the little fellows off. They didn't succeed, but did shower water all over us. We'd freeze all night and spend all day drying out. Then they'd come in and start all over again. I never was so cold in all my life."

By the tenth day—they'll admit it now—they were chilled by more than rain. They were conscious also of the frozen breath of despair.

"We were afraid, all right," admitted Ruiz, "but no one would admit it. We just kept arguing: about which way we were drifting, what we should do if we sighted land, about anything. We prayed, too, each to himself. I'm sure of that."

And so they drifted. Twelve days—thirteen—fifteen.

Twilight was dropping over the ocean that fifteenth day when Classen suddenly leaped to his feet. He had spotted rain clouds in the distance; and rain clouds gather over land.

"I yelled at Ernie," he said, "and we started paddling furiously. An hour or so later I saw the tops of coconut trees and some high hills. We had no idea what islands they were, or if Japs would come out to greet us. We just wanted to put our feet on land—anybody's land!"

At midnight a clean moon came out to light their way, and soon they could see the phosphorescent glow of waves breaking on the coral shore. There were five islands, closely intertwined and surrounded by treacherous coral reefs.

THE boys proceeded very cautiously, going in obliquely to protect their rafts, and miraculously slipped through a keyhole opening in the reefs into the lagoon.

Then they were in the water, pulling their rafts after them through the breakers. Weak, soaked, semi-delirious, but happy, they staggered up and fell on the beach.

"We knew there were natives on the island, for we could smell their village," said Captain Classen. "They were burning coconut husks to drive the mosquitoes away. We landed about three o'clock in the morning, and fell down on the beach and tried to sleep. Soon we heard sounds and saw black figures peering out at us from behind the palm trunks. They were natives. We didn't know what kind, but there was only one way to find out.

"We are friends—we are Americans," I called out.

Finally one of them approached. "Hello," he said.

The dumfounded crew soon learned

the natives knew a few words of English. It was gradually established there were about 400 of them on the islands. They were pro-American, deeply religious, solicitous, and eager to share their meager belongings with these strange, tired white boys who had drifted in from the sea.

The crew ate coconuts and bananas that night, and slept on the beach near fires the natives prepared to protect them from gnats and mosquitoes.

The next day, while some of the boys were getting acquainted with the chief, curiosity seekers from the near-by islands paddled over to inspect the new arrivals. A couple of the boys standing on the beach blinked in bewilderment, looked again, and shouted for the rest of

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It is said that the Japanese inspire no more confidence one in the other than they do in the citizens of the rest of the world. Two merchants of Tokyo once met in the railway station.

"Where are you going?" asked the first one. His friend hesitated, then said, "To Kobe."

"Oh, you liar!" said the first one angrily. "You tell me you are going to Kobe to make me think you're going to Osaka, but I have made inquiries and I know you are going to Kobe!"—*Fuller's Thesaurus of Anecdotes.*

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the crew. Climbing out of one of the canoes was a white man!

His name was Delmar D. Wiley, U. S. Navy radioman third class. Wiley, a twenty-four-year-old lad from Glenwood, Iowa, calmly told the popeyed lads his story. He had been "missing in action" since August 24, 1942, when his torpedo plane was attacked and shot into the sea.

The only survivor, he had managed to get a life raft afloat, and, by an odd coincidence, had also drifted fifteen days before stumbling ashore on the islands. The natives had been very kind, he said, often feeding him when they hadn't enough for themselves, and dressing his wound until it healed sufficiently for him to get around.

He told how the natives lived in the shadow of famine because of Jap plunder raids, and how he had brought them the first news of the war. These peaceful people had known something was wrong, for ships had ceased to call, but it wasn't until the Navy boy told them that they learned the Japs were at war with the white races of the world.

"Wiley abandoned all hope of rescue after the first few months," explained Classen. "He was resigned to the life of a beachcomber and had made no attempts to escape. He figured he was better off there than trying to sail the Pacific alone.

"We soon figured out about where

we were—and it didn't make us feel very good. We were about forty-three miles from a heavily manned Jap base, and if they learned of our presence they could destroy the entire group of islands from the air in a single afternoon!"

It was agreed an attempt must be made to establish contact with the outside world, and some of the crew set to work rebuilding an old canoe.

The boys gave little thought to their beards, but soon learned their personal affairs were of great importance to the natives. "The women, particularly, were determined to keep us clean shaven," said Gibson. "Their men usually had smooth faces, but they also painted their hair red or white.

"Anyway, they insisted on shaving us. We tried to talk them out of it, but it was no use. When we finally agreed, they came back with broken beer bottles—Jap beer bottles left by a raiding party which had visited the island many months before. The edges had been filed on stone until they were razor sharp, and the 'barbers' shaved a hair at a time and did a fine job. I don't recall any of us being cut."

CORPORAL NICHOLS, hobbling around on his sore heel, was a particular object of pity. The natives pleaded with him to let their surgeon cut the piece of shrapnel out of his skin and when the injury started to fester he finally consented. A native who had removed a bomb fragment from the shoulder of a woman after a Jap terrorist raid some months before was the surgeon.

"He tied tourniquets over and under the wound," said Nichols, "then told me to lie on the ground. About six natives held me down. The 'doctor' took a sharp piece of glass and started to cut the flesh around the wound. He had been cutting only a few seconds when I felt something pop out of my heel. Then he poured sand into the wound and washed it out with salt water."

There were quite a few children on the islands, potbellied little folk with calluses on their stomachs bigger than can be found on most heels. Their favorite pastime was sliding down coconut trees on their bellies.

Wiley had formed a school and had been passing time teaching the children to count. He also was working on their A-B-C's and had taught them two songs: One Little, Two Little, Three Little Indians, and Hallelujah, I'm a Bum.

"We got a kick out of them the first week or so," said Gibson. "But they never let up. One group would try and outyell the other, and I thought we'd all go crazy listening to them chanting up to 200 or singing those damn songs."

As work on the canoe neared completion, the crew tried to induce one of the natives to act as its skipper. The tribesmen refused. No pleas or promises could sway them. It was



apparent they had no confidence in this rebuilt job.

Early in March Captain Classen and Lieutenants Dorwart and Gibson set out on their own, pointing the boat in the general direction of the Solomons.

They had gone but a half mile from shore when the wind changed, the sail rattled wildly, and the boat capsized. The trio swam sheepishly to shore, more convinced than ever they would need a good boat—but, even more, a better skipper—for their gamble with the gods of escape.

The boys had to split up because of the food shortage, living in pairs on four of the islands. Gibson lived alone, and it was he who solved their latest problem. "Gibby" met Goni, a man in his forties, who was recognized as the master canoe builder of the tribe. With the promise of five pounds of calico—a treasure to natives—he bribed Goni into helping build a new canoe and accepting a job as its skipper!

On March 28 the canoe was finally finished, and Goni, Captain Classen, Lieutenants Gibson and Dorwart, and this time the Navy's Wiley prepared to shove off. But there was another surprise in store. This time the entire village wanted to go along. Goni's wife jumped into the boat. It seems she thought her husband was deserting her. It was only after considerable pushing, shoving, and pleading that the craft pulled out to sea.

**B**ACK on the shore, the six they left behind watched their buddies and prayed. Ruiz had agreed with Classen to wait seven days. If no word came through, they would assume the tiny rescue ship had failed to reach a safe port and it would be time to start working on escape plans of their own. So they waited.

Out on the ocean, it didn't take Classen and his mates long to realize the danger of their mission. On the second day they found themselves within five miles of a busy Jap port. "We were so close we could see the ships moving about," said Classen. "Next day we ran into a bad squall, and Goni surprised us by pulling up the sail. We thought he had gone crazy, but we rode it out.

"We were just congratulating ourselves over covering a lot of ground when we saw two Zeros directly overhead. They spotted the boat, tailed off, and came down at us. We buried our faces in the bottom of the boat and waited for the end. They couldn't miss us. We could see the pilots' faces in the cockpit and all but smell the guns. They came down to within 200 feet of the water and started to circle us.

"Twice they made complete circles over the boat. Then—don't ask me how or why—it happened. They suddenly pulled up and flew away without firing a single shot."

Lieutenant Dorwart broke in: "I think I have the only possible explanation. The Japs just didn't be-

lieve their eyes. They saw us perfectly, but must have told themselves it just wasn't possible for any Americans, dressed in rags, to be riding around in a canoe in that area. They figured they *must* be mistaken."

Three and one half days later, cramped and exhausted, they reached the northwest coast of a Jap-controlled island and hid in the woods.

The next morning they began inching their way down its southern coast. The next time, they landed within two miles of a Jap garrison.

"I won't forget that night in a hurry," said Gibson. "We were lying on the beach wondering who'd come out of the bushes, a native or a Jap, when we spotted a black face peering down from a hill. He was a very suspicious fellow but finally came over to us. When convinced we were friends, he waved his arms. Out of the bushes came the rest of the tribe, armed to the teeth with knives and spears. Just like it is in the movies."

Another day's journey along the coast and the quintet reached a point where Classen figured they might signal a Navy Patrol Bomber. Here they camped to begin their last long vigil. They turned their eyes to the sky.

The days limped by on sunburned

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Would you mind walking the other w'y and not passing the 'orse?" said a London cabman with exaggerated politeness to a fat lady who had just paid a minimum fare.

"Why?" she inquired.

"Because if 'e sees wot 'e's been carryin' for a shilling 'e'll 'ave a fit.—  
*Fuller's Thesaurus of Anecdotes.*

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feet. It seemed they would never see another plane, but would just lie here and burn like the weeds in the tropical sun. Then, on April 10, their frantic signals were seen by a PBY, and they were picked up and flown to New Florida Island. A night there, then they were flown back to Henderson Field, Guadalcanal, landing there on April 13.

Up north on the island, hope had dwindled steadily. Lieutenant Ruiz picked up the story:

"When ten days went by with no word from Tom, the boys started to worry. To make things worse, Sergeant Martin was sick. We found out later he had malaria. We were thinking of trying our luck in a canoe when one day a B-17 flew over and dropped a message asking how we were. It made no mention of Classen. We just waved. Then they dropped some rations and some medical supplies and went away.

"Two days later another B-17 appeared and dropped a note asking the same question. I had painted my name with "kabong" in large letters on the bottom of one of our rafts, so they could establish our identity, and Hunt and Turnbull imitated stretch-

er-bearers to let them know some one was sick.

"Finally, on April 15, a PBY landed in the harbor, and we rowed out to meet it. Out of the cockpit stepped Goni! We knew every one was all right then, and we laughed and cheered and shook hands.

"You should have seen that black fellow! He had on a sailor hat and was loaded down with rice, tobacco, beans, and clothing. He wouldn't talk to any one, but loaded his canoe until it was all but under water and then paddled away to his own little island.

"The natives climbed on the wing of the PBY and listened to the radio. Many of them wanted to go with us to America. They thought it was just over the horizon.

"We finally got rid of them late that night, and at three o'clock the following morning, while the village slept, we took off for home."

And so the last of them came back, worn out, burned but happy, sixty-six days after they had roared into the air that faraway morning of February 9.

**T**HE entire crew and the Navy's Mr. Wiley came through their ordeal in amazing style. On a diet consisting mainly of fish, green bananas, coconuts, and wild potatoes they had reduced their waistlines but actually gained weight. They and their native "internes" had healed wounds that might have killed them and they had returned to look, with their own eyes, at their names—listed as "Missing in Action"—on their squadron's Roll of Honor.

Wiley was flown direct to the States, but the crew of the late My Lovin' Dove had to wait around almost two weeks while their orders to return home were prepared and decorations were arranged for them.

All of the boys received the Order of the Purple Heart for being wounded in action. Captain Classen is now Major Classen, and he, Dorwart, and Gibson also received Distinguished Service Crosses. Lieutenants Ruiz, Dorwart, and Gibson are in line for promotion to captaincies, while all the enlisted men will be promoted one grade.

The boys, though very pleased with all these honors, were much more concerned with getting home. At the end of their first week of waiting Classen's nerves finally started to crack.

"I don't want to be a hero," he said. "I'm just a guy who likes air-planes. All I want to do is go home and see my girl."

Then some one asked the fellows how their folks had taken the news of their resurrection from the dead.

It was Lieutenant Dorwart, the boy with the tired eyes, the war-weary veteran, at twenty-four, of some 130 combat missions, who answered.

"They never gave up hope," he said; "they just kept writing as if they knew everything was O. K. and that I'd come back."

THE END



# BOSWELL OF BRAUN

Continued from Page 24

As a press service reporter he must supply extra copy to papers far away that want special handling of the performance of a home-town athlete who is competing in the big time. Yellowing among the treasures mom and pop are keeping for some young warrior now away in the Biggest Game of All are clippings with which Dunkley introduced that lad to what was known as fame way back when a young man playing against another young man, or five, nine, or eleven others, had a chance of being referred to as a hero.

There are more stories told about Dunkley than about any other living reporter. They all have to do with details of his steadfast refusal to let life be monotonous. They don't include words to bring blushes to the cheeks of old-fashioned Aunt Betsy. He is a wholesome individual whose doings can be talked about in mixed company. Even when he curses, it is in the manner of an Old Testament prophet. The curse's hide peels off and his raw meat and soul sizzle and blister.

**CHARLEY DUNKLEY** lives at the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, having dropped in there seven years ago to sleep off a headache caused by reading too much fine print—according to the report of Ed Burns, junior baseball writer of the Chicago Tribune. Mr. Burns must have been right, for Charley doesn't trifle with the traditional cause of headaches that must be slept off. Now and then he has taken nips of what he calls "the old abadaba" when relaxing, but the effect was so completely null that, to show his contempt for Mr. Barleycorn, he used to take a slug at the jug, then write an overnight story for the Saturday morning papers deliberately mentioning remotely possible starters in the Notre Dame line-up of several years back.

As the Notre Dame roster of those days abounded in names that looked more or less like typographical errors, Charley had to call on his great genius in order to spell them correctly from memory. He never has misspelled a name, and he winces at the professional sin of any journalist who does.

The truth about his move to his present hotel abode is that he wanted to get his laundry done. He is a very neat person and, unlike numerous other portly veteran journalists, doesn't look like a tenement back yard. After the Sherman laundry tidied his garments, his strong allergy to packing overcame him and he stayed on in the hotel.

He is seldom seen in its passenger elevators. He usually takes the freight elevators, pointing out that a freight elevator has more room and gives service uninterrupted by stops to allow entry or exit of passengers who should have stayed at home.

He does not wear a hat, although most men of his age do. He explains that he goes too many places and couldn't restrain himself from tipping a dime or a quarter, so upkeep of a hat would be beyond his means. He also maintains that checking a hat would expose him to many comely hat-checking wenches whose passions the touch of his hand might stir deeply—though vainly. He has no time for romance.

He wears ties of one color only: barn-paint or medium-roast-beef red. This, he claims, saves him time other men waste in selecting their ties of the day.

His night liveliness cuts his sleeping hours to a minimum, but his rugged health indicates that seven or eight hours' sleep a night may be merely a thriftless habit of the unfit. He declares that when he does bed down he sleeps fast, hence makes par for the course in about half the time most people require.

Charley has no superior as an epicure. Rationing has sharpened his grocery-shopping talents. To be sure, his gustatory judgment is sometimes swayed by a restaurant that mails free advertising cards on which guests may write messages and address them to friends. For Charley is a diligent correspondent. Each day now he writes messages to at least one soldier, one sailor, one marine, and one coast guardsman. After these four notes are out of the way he can get at the rest of his social correspondence by card, letter, and wire. Most newspapermen write only to a few intimates, and infrequently.



"I say we shoulda spent part of it on peanuts and pop!"

Post cards are the medium Charley generally uses. He prefers them because they are sure to get widely read, often by interesting people he never would meet. On his arrival in any city to cover a sports event he will load up with post cards and begin writing messages. One of his characteristic ones was addressed to a colleague in sports journalism. It read:

"This city is favorably known for its zoo which ranks with the best in the world. Otherwise the place stinks and so do you. Sincerely, Charles W. Dunkley."

He carries on a persistent but one-sided correspondence with the wives of his friends, sending them on post cards such greetings as: "On February 12 Abraham Lincoln would have been 134 years old. How old are you?"

His messages to politically important friends often intrigue those who snoop at post cards. On a card carrying a picture of the courthouse of a minor metropolis he wrote to a nationally prominent mayor, a pal of his: "This city is pleasantly situated in the heart of the grain belt and has an abundant supply of pure water. If the price of whisky goes much higher it would be a good place for you to start another still."

Some of his blunt messages fairly reek with sound advice. On a post card sent to an actress friend who was currently displaying ego and artistic temperament, he advised: "Snap out of it or you will be back brushing off the telephone in the first act." She snapped. He always signs his name to the cards.

He's one of the most expert amateur cooks in the nation, according to such international authorities as George Rector and Colonel Chester W. Fordney of the marines, who is known in many countries as a first-class fighting and feeding man. The back of Charley's automobile contains a camp stove, fuel, a refrigerator well stocked, cooking and feeding utensils, and napkins. In pre-gas-and-rubber-rationing summers he and fellow bon vivants hied forth from Chicago's Loop to distant woodland retreats where Charley prepared long-remembered banquets.

He is a master of woodcraft, too. In one emergency he made fire by using a lens of his glasses to focus the rays of the afternoon sun on a saucer of the old abadaba, which soon supplied a merry flame.

When invited to homes to eat, he insists on doing the cooking and the dishes. Even with rationing on, he has many more invitations to dine out domestically than he can accept. On some road trips he takes food along and cooks in a housekeeping apartment of a hotel. He once took fifty pounds of spareribs to the Drake relays at Des Moines, and only because of his personal charm was he allowed to stay there. The management complained that the debris of spareribs leading from the

(Continued on page 72)



# NO WORD FOR "THANK YOU"

Continued from Page 17

in the army, but in spite of his handicap they soon saw that he could outshoot, outhunt, and outfarm most of the settlers they knew. Satisfied of his family's safety, Ian left.

Twenty miles away, in Fort Jameson, some people thought Helen brave to carry on; more thought her mad; but no one thought of her for long in those turbulent days when nations were dropping like ninepins. Blantyre, the nearest railhead, one hundred miles distant, was beyond the rim of all but a few acquaintances and the governor, who listed her as a liability and wished for one moment of irritation that she had gone home or come into Blantyre. Northeastern Rhodesia was too sparsely settled to be considered a safe spot for an attractive young woman.

WHEN Helen saw her husband walk into the bush beyond the mealie fields and disappear on the first leg of his long trip to join his regiment, she settled down to furious work that would leave no moments free in which to be afraid for him, for her son, or for herself.

The only uneasy times were those fortnights when du Plessys had to go to a cattle sale in Fort Jameson or even Blantyre, and Helen stayed in charge of the farm. Then there were moments when she felt as removed from current life as though she were on Mars. There were times when she doubted even the house boys whom she knew and trusted. Mangani, the cook, whom she had taught to make bread, had a pattern of ridges scarified down his nose and across his cheeks which made him look more

sinister than clownlike. Lavison, the laundry boy, never wore anything but a cat skin, the intricate designs on his torso, and an amiable grin; but when passing him on the garden path by moonlight the grin made his face too like the wooden masks in which they danced on hot-blooded nights.

It was only Tickie whose personality remained unchanged when loneliness stimulated Helen's imagination. When du Plessys was away, she had Tickie sleep in the kitchen to be within call. Her rifle was always by her bed and the dogs slept on the veranda—but the compound was all of an eighth of a mile away on the edge of the bush from which lions and leopards sometimes preyed on the stock, and from which even elephants had once come to pass through the mealie field, leaving a road a hundred yards wide where they had strolled, trampling and tossing the corn on their way.

In three or four days, with luck, du Plessys should be back from Fort Jameson, and Helen admitted to herself that she would be more relieved than usual. Of all the year, the last few weeks before the rains were the only ones when she felt the country was unbearable. Even the nights were hot, and at this moment the thermometer stood at 120 degrees in the shade of the veranda.

Though her day had begun at sunrise and she was bone-tired, when she had tried to sleep after lunch she had only tossed from side to side. And her day would not end until she saw the stock in the kraal, the gardens watered and barricaded for the night, and the food measured out for the fifty-odd natives and their wives in the compound. And then, no doubt, there would be a line of sick to whom she would apply quinine, Epsom salts, or iodine, as the case

might need. Then little Ian would have to be bathed and fed and put to bed before she had dinner. And then there would be the pantry to lock and the kitchen to inspect before Mangani left for the night. And *then*, perhaps, she would sleep, if it were not too hot and if little Ian slept and if no wild beast invaded the farm and the natives did not beat the tom-tom all night.

There was no moon, so probably it would be the heavy, silent kind of night, laden with sounds not heard but suspected, with motion not seen but felt—the kind in which sleep was uneasy, impossible if the tom-toms boomed.

Lazily she stretched in her deck chair and closed her eyes to shut out the glare reflected from the bare earth, cleared for safety from snakes around the house. When Ian tossed restlessly she knew he would soon wake from his nap, but the clatter of pots in the kitchen indicated that it must be almost time for tea, which would rest her.

SHE had her usual friendly smile for Tickie, but the boy would not meet her eyes as he set the tea tray on the table by her elbow. With dismay she noticed the narrow twist of black calico bound around his forehead, for that black band was a portent of the homesickness which sent a native pelting back to his village. But not Tickie, surely! For five years he had been with them, and in his case the time for any homesickness had long since gone by. Perhaps he had a headache.

"You sick, Tickie?"

"Not belly sick, mama." His voice was ominously sad. "Not fever."

"Then what?" He must not, could not go until du Plessys returned.

"My heart wants to return to my village. It is many moons since I have seen it."

Helen knew the inevitable when she saw it. "I understand, Tickie. My heart, too, sometimes wants to return to England. When Bwana du Plessys comes back, you may go. That will not be many days now."

Without a smile he turned to leave.

"You forgot the pickanin's orange juice," Helen reminded him quietly, handing him the empty glass.

"Solly." With a scowl, he took the glass and strode from the veranda. Puzzled, Helen watched him march the few yards to the kitchen hut at the back of the house. Sick or well, it was unlike the boy to be sullen, no matter what the weather.

The great white thundercaps that rolled up in masses above the trees beyond the mealie fields were no promise of rain. The air was heavy with electricity that would break before morning in sheets of lightning and crashes of thunder, but no rain would fall for a good six weeks. The atmosphere was charged with threatened change that seemed never to come—hot, still, oppressive. No doubt that was the trouble with Tickie. She herself found it difficult to stay



"If the rumor's worth telling me, it's worth putting in a nickel!"



good-natured during days when the sun burned up every vestige of energy.

The boy was a long time bringing the orange juice. Helen put down her cup and went to Ian's room when she heard his first fretful waking sounds.

"Where's Tickie, mummy?" He turned up his round face to have the perspiration wiped from it. His gray eyes were so like his father's that her midriff contracted with pain.

"He's coming, darling." As she dressed him, she tried to blot out one of those sudden gusts of terror which sometimes reduced her to a shivering bundle of fear. In his thin cotton suit, under a sun helmet that was absurdly large for him, Ian looked so pitifully helpless she felt an impulse to tears. She alone stood between him and a savage world, and there was no strength in her but the force of her determination to keep home intact. This was not the first time she had felt overwhelmed by her inadequacy to the responsibility that was hers alone.

Then she shook off the enervating fears and led Ian to the veranda, where Tickie stood on one leg, as expressionless and impassive as a statue carved against the post of the veranda.

He had no smile as he handed Ian his orange juice. His round face might have been bronze for all the response it showed to the child's babble.

Helen's every nerve jangled to something strange and menacing. This Tickie was a stranger, unrelated to the smiling, willing boy she had known for years. As suddenly as she sensed her feelings, she changed her plans. Instead of her sending them off to play under the fig tree or by the lagoon, they were to come with her on her rounds, both of them. She wanted her son where she could see him, and Tickie could carry him if he tired of walking.

WHILE Ian watched the cows with their calves amble leisurely, heads nodding, into the kraal, Helen watched Tickie. Why should he look at Ian with pity? No, with anguish. Helen's hand went to her throat. Anguish! Nervously, hurriedly, she led the two away from the kraal to her next duty, and her next. There was something Tickie knew and she did not, that she must learn. But her mind must not leap ahead to imagined terrors.

After dinner, when she called Tickie to the living room he came unwillingly, dragging his steps. "Tell me, Tickie. There is something that eats your heart, and I must know. You are afraid."

"Yes, I am afraid, mama." One big splay foot nervously rubbed the other. Had some one put a curse on him? To Tickie, witchcraft meant that all the horror of the evil unknown was loosed against him.

"There is trouble." He blurted the words in a rush. "The war drums are

sounding." His eyes rolled with fright. "They say the white man will be driven from our country—driven like antelope by the wild dogs."

Helen's knuckles tightened on the arms of her chair. Bloody River; Dingaan; Zulus; Matabele—massacres connected with each bloody name flashed through her mind.

"Who says so?"

"All say so. Some say Gelleman, some say Swahili leads the Bantu. White men have been killed on the Luio River."

"No!" Protesting, Helen thought of her son. "Still, that is far away. Why should it trouble you here?"

Tickie shook his head. "It is not far; four days, five days. That is not far. I have brothers there."

Brothers! That word they used to cover any relationship to which they owed responsibility, no matter how removed by blood it might be. "You Angoni are friends of the English." Helen was reassuring herself as well as the boy.

"Angoni, mama, is not English. It is Angoni." Tickie looked at her pityingly. "It is bad that there is trouble with white men, mama."

\*\*\*\*\*★\*\*\*\*\*  
To those who talk and talk and talk  
This adage will appeal:  
The steam that blows the whistle  
Will never turn a wheel.

*The Pretzel.*

\*\*\*\*\*★\*\*\*\*\*

The implication chilled Helen with terror, but she waited for control before answering. "You think there will be trouble here?"

"Who am I to know? But it is bad."

"You must not leave me, Tickie."

"You are my friend. I need you until Bwana du Plessys returns."

"My heart is sick for my village," Tickie pleaded in turn. "I have brothers on the Luio."

"I am alone. Every one knows that." Helen stated the fact in all its stark horror.

"The Inkossikos has always been good to black boys." Helen realized that he was stating her one hope, and she waited. There is no word for "thank you" in the native vocabulary, and though some natives had returned her kindnesses or care with gifts of eggs, a fowl, bananas, or peanuts, she had never before heard words used in acknowledgment. Did it mean that Tickie was friend enough to stand by her? But she could not hope that what he felt would be stronger than tribal loyalty.

"Will you stay with me, Tickie, until Bwana du Plessys returns?" She might as well know.

The gesture of Tickie's hands as he threw them toward her told her all she needed to know of the divided loyalties which tormented the boy. "I do not know, mama. I cannot leave my brothers. I do not want to leave the pickanin' and the Inkossikos."

"Must you hurry?" She sparred for time.

"I do not know, mama. When I must go—then I will know."

She recognized the fatalist that is at the bottom of every native, and in self-defense she snatched at the same philosophy.

"We can only do what we must do, Tickie. All of us, black and white. I am English, the friend of the natives here." Her own words gave her courage as she said them.

"Good night, mama." Tickie melted into the black square of the doorway, and Helen knew only that he had not said good-by.

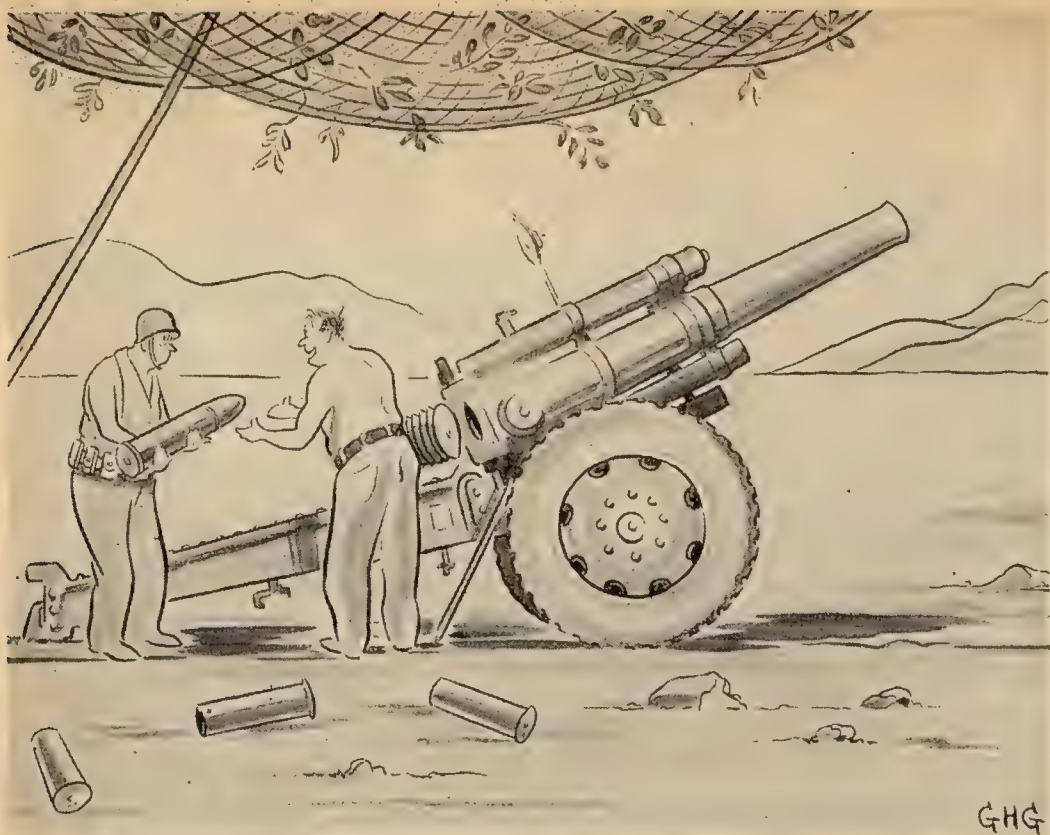
The silence he left behind him bowed her shoulders with its weight. She could hear the ants rustling within the walls and rafters, the movement of air as a bat swooped silently past an open window. The moths around the oil lamp on the table cracked and fell with soft plumps. The thumping of her own heartbeats and Ian's even breathing in the next room seemed thundering sounds. Threatened by a hurricane gathering without, they were enclosed within those four mud walls, and there were but eight hours until daylight to make ready for the storm.

BY candlelight Helen went through their belongings and put in a neat pile the least they need take with them: one change of clothes, one dozen oranges, and tins of food. One boy could carry that weight—less than forty pounds, she calculated—for they would have to travel light and swiftly. Swiftly? With little Ian? He could ride the donkey, Tickie could carry the pack, and she could carry her rifle. If need be, they could travel the twenty miles to Fort Jameson with no more than a water sack. But if Tickie did not stay? Her thoughts closed down.

Her hands moved like smooth pistons as she ran the cleaning rod through her rifle. She counted out twenty cartridges and fitted a dozen into the slots of her hunting shirt, put the balance in its pockets. The clink of metal on metal startled her to a consciousness of sound deeper than the throb of her heart in her ears.

Rigid as a startled jackal, she listened not just with her ears but with every cell in her body. Yes, the air was throbbing beyond the hills. In steady, inexorable measures the deep boom broke the silence of the heavy night. War drums? A cow lowed and was answered by its calf, and Helen heard the cattle moving in the kraal. No sound came from the compound. Fearfully she tiptoed to the window, but saw no gleam of fires where the natives slept. Or did they? At least one dying fire should show, but the darkness was empty of all but the steady boom of the tom-tom. It seemed to come from the south—no, from the east; or were there two? Thunder rumbled beyond the hills, and miles away a sheet of lightning blinded her for an instant. She tiptoed to the veranda and listened from one end of it, then the other. First there was one drum,





"Thank you!"

then there were two, then there was none, as the muttering thunder broke and scattered the sound.

Panic-stricken, she dashed to the living room and banged the front door shut. Fear ripped out the stifled sobs that racked her ribs with pain. She bit her clenched fist until the blood showed. To scream would have been a relief, but she dared not. Boom, boom, boom; the tom-tom was nearer, or louder—she could not tell which.

"No! Go 'way!" Little Ian called sharply in his sleep, and the cry was an alarm. Helen flew to his room, but he had not wakened.

Like a spear, the anguish of self-blame stabbed her as she looked down at the little body in the crib. She had dared to take a chance, and now his life was on her head. No acres of land, no herds of cattle, no home on earth mattered a snap of her fingers compared to that life—and she had put it in deadly peril. There was no measure for the abyss of torture to which she condemned herself.

UNTIL morning there would be nothing to do but think. The water sack was filled, the bundle ready—should there be a boy to carry it—and hours empty of all but regret and the incessant throb of the tom-tom stood between her and action with daylight.

From the fireplace to the door and from the door to the fireplace, Helen walked and walked. Only by keeping on the move could she keep physical terror at bay. But with her walked the specter of her fault.

When the false dawn shivered over the sky and veldt, she cleaned and filled her automatic. Then again she paced the living room waiting for the real dawn that would release her for action of some sort. All the boys might be in the compound, or one—

Tickie perhaps. With daylight, she would know.

In its own time daylight came, suddenly, as a shock, but silently save for the boom that had become part of the universe.

SWIFTLY Helen built a fire in the kitchen stove and heated porridge for Ian. An odd sensation as though she were outside the world, anaesthetized, buoyed up and moving on air, detached from earth and her own bones, was the measure of her strain to catch some sound, some clue. Should she assume that all was well and ring the bell for the boys? She picked up the hammer, then put it down again. There was no sound but the warning boom of the tom-tom from every direction, from no one spot. There was not even a comforting low from the cattle kraal, though a cock crowed.

"Tickie!"

That was Ian's voice, hungry and impatient. Quickly Helen returned with porridge, milk, and orange juice. Once he was fed, she put him in his crib. "You stay here. Don't climb out while I go to the compound. Stay right where you are," she told him. She would have to trust a five-year-old to do as he was told, though the corners of his mouth turned down in infant anger. "You are a man, Ian. Do as I say!" Wide-eyed, Ian watched his mother leave.

Though she ran, she felt as if her feet were moving up and down in one spot and she could not outpace the throb of the tom-toms. The tall tough yellow grass that walled the path shut her into a channel of threatening sound, for she could hear no voices, no ring of ax on wood, no chatter of women on their way to water—only the boom of the tom-toms, louder, nearer.

She almost stumbled out of the sea of grass, surprised to reach the end

of it. Then, for moments that passed as heavily as a glacial epoch, she stared at desolation, her mind refusing to accept what she saw. Empty black doorways yawned in the huts. Empty and broken pots lolled drunkenly on the bare ground. With her toe she tipped a stool into ashes long since cold. Three lean forgotten fowls pecked at the hard earth, but not another living creature stirred in that circle of huts that usually teemed with life.

Holding her hands to her ears to deaden the throb of the tom-toms, she tiptoed to Tickie's hut, put her head inside the door, whispered "Tickie!" The only answer was the rustle of a lizard in the thatch.

Whirling, she ran toward the cattle kraal. It was empty. Were the cattle all they wanted, or would they want white blood too? Would they come back? One gun could not keep a mob at bay. To hide was the only hope—but where? The rocks of the hills were too far, the donga too obvious; so there was no place but the bush or the long grass, and she could not know which spot so like any other they might search, which pass by. But she and Ian had to hide some place, any place. Trying to think, she ran to the house.

Frantically she pulled Ian from his crib, picked up her rifle, reached for the water sack—and dropped it as a black horror streaked with white paint and red, with ostrich plumes on its head and a bundle of spears and a shield in its hands, came darting in through the door.

"Hst! Mama! It is I, Tickie!" He slipped behind the door, and Helen crouched in front of Ian. "Don't shoot! I will help you—but quick! They come!"

"I will kill you if you move." She closed her fingers on the automatic in her pocket.

"Do as I say." Tickie shook his spears impatiently. "You must. There is little time. Come here." He motioned to the living room. "Bring the pickanin'."

HER gun still in her hand, Helen did as he commanded, while she watched him slip to the veranda, heard the death bleat of a goat, and saw him return with it, dripping with blood.

"Lie down. When they come, they will think you dead. There is no other way."

She knew it was the only way if the mob was on Tickie's heels. Pulling Ian to the floor, she turned her face away as Tickie smeared them both with the hot, reeking stickiness. "One shot in the wall, mama, so they will think you missed." She obeyed. Ian was rigid, too frightened to move or cry. "Now!" Tickie pulled the zebra-skin rug half over her, completely hiding Ian, and rushed out with the carcass of the goat.

"Not a sound, not a move." Like a prayer, Helen whispered the words over and over. It would be soon now. The tom-toms were closer, almost



drowned by the shrill yells, the deep roars of a bloodthirsty mob. She closed her eyes tightly as they came nearer, nearer. A quiver from Ian rippled along her side and she peeked at him, white and half unconscious.

As the thud of their heavy footsteps hit the veranda, she could smell them. A rough foot kicked her arm.

"They are mine!" Disguised though it was by savage thunder, Helen recognized Tickie's voice. "I killed them! They are *mine*!" A spear pinned a lock of her short hair to the floor.

"Bah! It is but a woman and child. No fight. Lapa Bukali! To Anderson's!" Tickie was trying to urge them away. "We'll find cattle and men! Lapa Bukali!"

"Lapa Bukali! Fifty lashes with the sjambok, and then we'll kill him!"

"Lapa Bukali! Lapa Bukali!" Still others took up the cry. Visions of cattle and blooded spears fired them, blotted out the little heap on the floor from their frenzied, mob-mad minds. Shouting, howling, the brutes swept off across the veldt.

The thunder of feet, the din of howls and tom-toms ebbed farther and farther away. Bit by bit Helen turned her head, opened her eyes. The mob was gone, and for the moment she and Ian were safe.

"There! There!" She wished Ian would cry instead of lying wide-eyed and dry-eyed. "We will get clean

now." As though ever in her life she could wash away the stain of that day! But they were safe. It would have been easy to faint from relief, exhaustion, and hunger. But first they must hide in the bush as she had planned. One straggler would be more than she could deal with now.

In the thicket of thorns below the mealie fields du Plessys and the policeman found them that afternoon—tear-stained, flushed, their clothes torn, but asleep. "Gerdompte—" The Dutchman felt no shame for the tears that streamed down his lined cheeks.

"God knows what saved them," the policeman wondered, having seen the ruin of other farms and lives.

"Tickie did it." Helen was suddenly awake. "Tickie did it."

Suddenly she groped for a hand to help her to her feet. Driven by an urge stronger than her weakness, she turned to the policeman. "You mustn't hurt Tickie, no matter what he's done."

It was no time for argument, and the men rushed her and Ian to the ox wagon and the waiting escort of loyal askari, which took them to the safety of Fort Jameson.

WITHIN a few days there was peace in the colony. Most of Helen's cattle were returned, and she went back to a Makia that looked only slightly neglected. Blood had dried on the living-room floor, but

one spot by the hearthstone Helen refused to have washed away.

"It was one of those tragic events stirred up by a crackpot with delusions of grandeur and power," she wrote Ian. "A little black Hitler, in fact. One can't blame the natives too severely for violence when they see white men leaving for a war they don't understand."

"Tickie, of course, was exonerated, for he did no harm. What he did for us I'll never forget, and the bloodstain on the hearthstone shall stay there. It's not I who saved Makia for you. It's Tickie. And now I am the one who has no word for 'thank you.' What can I say? I gave him a few cattle, which pleased him, but they are no return for what he did."

"Perhaps the natives are wise not to plague themselves with those inadequate little words. It's ridiculous to say 'thank you' to a boy who saved our lives and farm. Only a lifetime of friendship will express part of what I feel. For lesser matters it's easy enough to make adequate return. The longer I live among the natives, the more I respect their philosophy."

"Tickie never did go back to his village. He gave me no reasons, but simply said he wanted to go home, and then he came here. After all, he made Makia his by risking his life for it. Right now he and Ian are playing under the fig tree."

THE END

## "HOLIDAY HAIR" MANY GET IT IN A GARDEN, TOO!



**DRY, WILD** as a wolf! Is that the kind of hair you get on holidays? When you play tennis, golf or baseball—does sun and wind dry out your hair? When you dive in for a swim—water may rob your hair of natural oils.

**"HOLIDAY HAIR"**—Many get it in a garden, too. Does your hair get drier and more unruly than ever—as the sun beats down—as you hoe and cultivate your victory vegetables? Then use Kreml on sun-and-water dried hair.

**DON'T USE GREASE** on "Holiday Hair"—unless you like that shiny, plastered-down look which jitterbugs often prefer when they dress up for a rug-cutting session. Otherwise, try Kreml, to help your hair look its natural best.

**KREML IS RIGHT** thousands declare—"for better-groomed hair." Right because it's never drying like use of too much water; because it's never sticky or greasy. Kreml gives your scalp a fresher feeling, makes hair easier to comb.

## KREML HAIR TONIC

Makes hair feel softer, more pliable, easier to comb. Removes ugly dandruff scales and relieves itching of scalp they cause. Kreml also relieves breaking and falling of hair—when excessive exposure to sun, wind or water has made it dry and brittle. Use Kreml daily as directed on the label. Try Kreml today!





# PLEASE SAY IT, HARRY

Continued from Page 37

A swift kick in the stomach could not have doubled me up more effectively. I didn't have the breath at first to say anything back, and when I did, it was too late. So I just kept quiet the rest of the way over. I don't suppose Elizabeth meant to be unkind, and perhaps the suggestion was just. But it spoiled my evening.

The place was rotten with uniforms and, since Elizabeth had put the idea into my head, I did keep thinking these boys would soon be overseas, probably losing their lives. I danced once, half-heartedly, with Mary and with one or two others, but after that I just stood around on the porch smoking cigarettes.

Elizabeth found me outside after supper, and I guess she felt a little contrite, for she said, "Don't be a fool, Harry. I didn't mean you to be so literal. Go and dance with Mary. She's eating her heart out, the way you're acting."

"Run along," I said, "to your Johnnies-come-marching-home."

But I did take a look through the window to see how badly Mary's heart was being eaten. It seemed to be doing all right. She was dancing with a dark young man in the uniform of the R. A. F. He was good-looking in an English aquiline way and I had observed before that he was doing a good bit of monopolizing himself. Mary's head was thrown back, her eyes half closed, as he swung her in a rumba. He had been introduced to me earlier as Pilot Officer Geoffrey Stirling.

"Possible international complications," I murmured. "But not on my part. I'll be damned if I'll sow mistrust among the Allies."

"Go ahead, goose."

It was Elizabeth in back of me. I had not realized she had not gone away.

"If Mary is eating her heart out," I said, "the diet suits her."

"Oh, you're hopeless!" Elizabeth went off through the shadows with a tall figure in an Army uniform.

I turned back to the room, just in time to see Mary and the young Englishman, arm in arm, go out the other door—while the band still played *Perfidia*. That seemed quite exact to me.

On the way down to the dock I nearly ran into Elizabeth and her soldier. She peered through the dark.

"Who is that?" she said.

"The Last Civilian," I said. "I'll meet you at the boat."

"Bum sport," she said.

WHEN they all got down, about an hour later, I had the sail raised and ready to go, and we cast off promptly. Mary sat beside me at the helm. She shook my arm.

"Harry, where were you?" she said. "I wanted loads more dances with you."



There was obvious sincerity in her voice, but I was in no mood to believe it. So I didn't answer.

"He's jealous," Elizabeth said. She sounded tired, and I guess when you're tired you're apt to want to make some one else feel uncomfortable.

"You can shut up!" I said.

"Harry!" Mary said. And I could tell there was more delight than reproof in her voice. But I resolutely shut my mind against any such idea, and I didn't say another word all the way home.

Mary waited behind until I got the sail furled, then we walked silently up the hill. Just before we reached the back door of her house, she stopped and turned toward me and lifted her face.

"Harry, will you kiss me?"

I had never kissed her, nor come anywhere near it, and at that mo-

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Many stories are being circulated about the mammoth Pentagon Building of the U. S. War Department. One was of the lad who entered one end of the Pentagon as a Western Union boy and came out the other end a commissioned lieutenant. But the latest is about a very pregnant woman who approached a guard and asked to be guided out of the building. The guard looked at the woman, then at his building map, and said: "I can get you out, all right, but I'm surprised that a woman in your condition would come in this enormous building." The woman smiled back, "Mister, when I came in this building I didn't know I was in this condition!"

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ment I wanted to, awfully much. But I could see it was only kindness to me because I had been hurt, and that hurt even more.

"Of course not," I said. I was astonished at my rudeness and lack of gallantry, but at the moment it didn't seem anything I could take back, and I just stood there feeling as bad as I ever have in my life. My mind kept trying to convince me that I had gotten even with her for my misery of the evening. It wasn't any use. There was no pleasure in it.

"All right, Harry," Mary said quietly.

There was no mistaking the shake of tears in her voice. She turned and ran into the house.

I SAW her the next morning and it was characteristic of her to act as if nothing had happened. I was grateful for this, for although I was terribly ashamed, I could not bring myself to apologize. Perhaps it was because I instinctively perceived the course of the future.

The course was set by Pilot Officer Geoffrey Stirling. Attached in an advisory capacity to an Army Air Forces training school in the center of the island, not a dozen miles away, he came over frequently to call on Mary. Any one with half an eye could see he was badly hit.

I got to like him. He was a gentlemanly easy-going fellow who, when he was not making sad eyes at Mary, could be quite a lot of fun. He had been wounded in active combat and that made him quite as interesting to me as to Mary. Only one thing surprised me: she did not seem ever to want to be alone with this glamorous person; she insisted on making the parties general. So quite often I accompanied them sailing or swimming. I didn't think Pilot Officer Stirling liked the arrangement much, but he was polite about it. My father liked it even less.

"Harry," he said to me one day with a wink which was meant to be whimsical but I knew was deadly earnest, "a word to the wise. That young British officer seems to be smitten with Mary and"—he paused to clear his throat artificially—"well, you're a gentleman."

I considered "smitten." My father, for all that he lives with Elizabeth and me, who are very much of the present era, uses some of the darnedest old-fashioned terms.

"Mary will tell me to blow when she wants to," I said.

"Blow? Blow! What kind of language is that? What I'm saying is—you don't want to get in the way, do you?"

"No."

"Well, just leave him the field. Think of all he's been through."

This was one below the belt. Here my father didn't want me to "go through" anything myself, and yet he was using this man's service record against me. I have pointed out



before how inconsistent my father could be in achieving his aims. It may have been his military training.

But I left Pilot Officer Stirling the field, thinking that perhaps everything would turn out for the best. And, in a way, it did. For several days I declined all of Mary's invitations; and I noted, with some satisfaction, that she seemed puzzled and hurt.

Then one afternoon she came over when I was reviewing a little anatomy on the porch. She propped herself up against a pillar and embraced her slack-dressed knees in her arms. She looked at me with that warm earnest gaze of hers.

"Harry," she said, "Geoffrey and I thought we'd sail around to South Shore Inn tonight and dance. Won't you come along?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said. "I've got this anatomy to dig. I'll be back at school in a couple of days, you know." ("If I go," I added under my breath.)

Her face fell. "I wish you would. I need you."

I allowed myself to be interested. "How's that?" I said.

She did not answer for quite a while, then she said, "I think I ought to tell you something." Her voice became small and awed. "Harry, he wants to marry me."

"Of course," I said unthinkingly. "Every one wants to marry you. Who?"

"Geoffrey Stirling."

I HONESTLY had forgotten for the moment all about Geoffrey Stirling, and my nervous reaction to this announcement was to burst out laughing.

"It's nothing to laugh about. It's a serious matter."

I looked at her sharply. "You're not serious?"

"No." I could see from her eyes she meant it. "But when a man honestly asks you that, you can't laugh."

Mary was the most conscientious and sensitive person I have ever known.

"Stirling is just a kid," I said.

"He's twenty-six."

I had to admit, from the perspective of twenty-one, that was practically senile.

"But you, Mary—"

"Oh, Harry, I know. I'm not thinking of anything of the sort. I just don't want to hurt him. I've told him the way it is, but he won't believe it. And tonight, he says, he's coming for his final answer. He says he'll break me down"—she uttered a little choked laugh—"just as he used to crack Messerschmitts. And—look at me, Harry—I thought if you were along, he'd understand. You understand, Harry?"

I didn't dare look at her and I didn't dare let myself understand. I had never admitted there was anything but the most perfect friendship between Mary and me.

"No, I don't," I said shortly.

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I went to bed at about eleven that night, still with my anatomy, and I was immersed in a romantic study of the duodenum when I heard a soft rap on my door.

"Harry, may I come in?" It was Mary's voice.

"No, you may not," I said firmly. This was not Greenwich Village nor the Left Bank in Paris of the old days. This was a little resort on the south shore of Long Island, and people didn't go around visiting gentlemen in their dressing gowns. But she was too quick for me—and too lovely.

She was dressed in a white summer dinner frock, very flattering to her tanned face and neck, and her hair rested on her shoulders in a rusty cloud. Her expression was solemn, but it no longer possessed the anxiety of the afternoon, and if her large warm eyes did not exactly shine, there was a special light in them, a thrilling and rather alarming light. There was no question about her loveliness, but it was a new kind of loveliness, and for a moment I couldn't make it out. And then I really understood, for the first time, that little Mary was a grown woman. A beautiful woman.

"I've got to speak to you," she said, closing the door quietly. "About Geoffrey."

"We've said about everything," I said.

"No, not everything. He's down

at the dock, just sitting and brooding. I ran away to get a coat. Darling, I've got to have your help."

I found her extremely provocative, half sitting, half kneeling on my bed, her bright lips parted with the eagerness of a child, and in the large eyes there was something of the heart-touching appeal of a child—inquiring and trusting. But I knew it wasn't childish at all.

"Harry darling," she said, "I don't want to go with Geoffrey without—I don't want to do anything without your approval. I want you to be my friend."

"I am your friend," I said shortly, "but I can't make up your mind for you."

"Don't be cross, Harry."

She rose and came over and stood next to my chair. I was aware of the clean smell of her—not of perfume but of a clean salt-watered body faintly tinged with eau de Cologne, and some subconscious memory now informed me I had always been aware of it. I felt the margin of my self-control was narrow. I wanted to take her into my arms and I wanted to spank her. And I was confused by the conflict of these impulses. This wasn't the Mary I knew. This was a woman, reckless and desperate and lovely.

"You've been avoiding me," she said. "If it's on account of Geoffrey, there's no need. Darling, I love you."

My heart raced. I forced myself to remember my father, to remem-

ber how young she was, to remember all the things I had to do—before I could even think of her seriously. I had never admitted to myself that I was in love with Mary.

"You shouldn't say things like that," I said. "You can't possibly know your mind. You're barely seventeen."

She smiled a little. "You poor sweet," she said, shaking her head. "Ever since I first saw you in rompers and I was in safety pins—I knew it then. From then on—forever. And I know it's the way with you, too. Please say it, Harry."

I summoned every ounce of resolution. "Thank you very much, sweetheart," I said airily, "but please run along or I might be forced to paddle your fanny, and I'll have to tell your mother to keep you out of my room. To me you're a cute kid, but a cute kid. Close the door softly, so as not to wake father."

I caught one glimpse of her shocked and hurt face, and in that moment I was crucified. Two slow tears welled over and slid down her cheeks. I looked away. I heard the door open and close quietly.

"Mary," I said, but not aloud.

I had left the field to Pilot Officer Geoffrey Stirling.

IT must have been nearly three when I finally dropped off to sleep, and then it was in fitful dozes.

Something like heavy knocks on my door fully awoke me. I sprang out of bed and opened it an inch or so. There was no one in the hall. Then I heard voices beneath my window. Mary's and another's. Geoffrey Stirling's.

"All right, I will," Mary was saying. "I'll do it. Geoffrey, I'll go anywhere you say!"

"Sh-h, not so loud," Geoffrey said.

But Mary's voice rose even higher. "I'll do it! I've got everything ready. What are we waiting for?"

I moved swiftly to the window, only to hear footsteps hurrying down to the bay. The moon had set but the sky was milky with stars, and I could make out what I had guessed. The dark sail of the Seaweed was up, and on the dock, silhouetted against the bay, were two figures. It was impossible to identify them—I did not need to. Mary Ames was eloping with Pilot Officer Geoffrey Stirling. Romantically, by water.

"The darned little fool!" I said. "She's made her bed and she can—" But I was already hurrying into my clothes.

When, in less than three minutes, I reached the dock, the Seaweed was a hundred yards offshore. I could distinguish Mary's figure, forward, near the mast.

I did not waste any time raising the sail of my boat. I would give this Englishman the chase of his life. But the main thing was the big personal discovery. I was going to get and keep Mary. Not because Geoffrey Stirling wasn't a good man. But because I was a better.

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As soon as I cast off, I scanned the horizon again for the Seaweed's sail. There she was, about a mile ahead to the starboard and closer-hauled than I. That looked as if Geoffrey meant to make west. I changed my course a little and trimmed sheet.

I decided it would be a fair battle. The two little sloops were about the same size and rig. The Seaweed had the advantage of a head start, but against that I placed my superior experience with small boats and my knowledge of these bays.

**C**OMING up to the westerly bight at the entrance to Great South Bay, I did not seem to have gained or lost; but for some minutes I was blanketed by the headland, and when I finally got around, the wind was freshening and the sky was overcast. Before I got to the end of that tack most of the stars had disappeared. And soon I had lost sight of the Seaweed and was left with only a general knowledge of her direction—toward the north shore of the bay. But that did not help much. She might be bound for Bay Shore, Patchogue, Amityville, or any of a score of little resort towns between.

For the next two hours I struggled blindly through increasing dark and rising wind. I was determined not to reef until I was forced to, believing my only chance of overtaking them lay in my carrying more sail. They would be bound to reef. At least, I hoped so with Mary aboard.

There were other difficulties. I mistook a spar buoy for a lobster

pot and I nearly went aground. Extricating myself from that, a sudden puff caught me and put the leeward gunwale under. I shipped a lot of water, so finally I hove to, dropped the mainsail a bit, and took a reef. I hauled in the jib.

Then I went on, without the least idea where I was headed, wet through, my feet sloshing in a foot of water. I was beginning to feel pretty miserable when the first muddy streaks of dawn tore the night sky—and there was the Seaweed about a mile and a half away on my port, and headed directly for the Atlantic beach. She was reefed down to a postage stamp.

With my greater canvas, I was sure I could catch her. All my zest for the chase returned.

It was a steady grind now as I gained on the other boat foot by foot. But it was not until I was about an eighth of a mile behind that I could detect any interest in me on the part of the Seaweed's crew. Then I saw Mary, clad in gray slacks and red sweater, make her way forward nimbly, despite the vigorous careening of the boat. She was good, that girl. Braced against the mast, she raised a pair of binoculars and stared at me for minutes. Going aft, she gave the glasses to Geoffrey at the helm. He was dressed in his service trousers and his tunic. Evidently this was no premeditated expedition on his part.

He stood up, steadying the tiller between his knees, gazed through the glasses.

"Look out, you fool!" I shouted.

I had seen the puff coming, fur-

rowing a gray path across the already choppy water, and I had eased my helm to it. It struck the Seaweed. Geoffrey, caught unprepared, was knocked flat. But what chilled my blood was that the sheet, wound on the tiller, held fast. The little craft bent violently under the blow. With agony I watched her heel over until the red crescent of the bottom showed, and then the green of her centerboard. And then she was over.

I was almost upon them when it happened and I hove to quickly, breathing a little easier because I had seen Mary jump free as the boat capsized, and now, out of the tail of my eye, I could see her swimming strongly for the Nahma. But there was the Englishman to think of. He was nowhere to be seen. That meant he was caught underneath. I dived.

It was a lucky and accurate dive. I came up within the cockpit of the boat, where there was a little pocket of precious air between the hull and the water. And Pilot Officer Stirling's head was safely within it.

"I'm all right, old chap," he said cheerfully. "It's just this bloody rope."

We got him free in a second, but before we submerged to get out from under I said, "What the devil is this all about?"

"It can all be explained, old chap," he said with a grin. "Odd, you Americans are. And lucky dog, you."

**W**E got out successfully and swam to the Nahma, which Mary was keeping hove to. She seized me by the shoulders and pulled me aboard—and then she clung to me.

"Oh, darling!" she said. "I mean—darn you—are you all right?"

I gently but firmly extricated myself and stared down into her face. "Pilot Officer Stirling says there is some explanation," I said. "It doesn't seem possible."

She looked awfully guilty, and pink showed through her tan. "I told Geoffrey I would elope with him—that is, if you didn't follow and catch us."

"Is this true?" I asked Geoffrey.

The Englishman nodded with a rueful expression. "It was sporting enough," he said. "She certainly gave away the show by hammering on your door and by spilling it all under your window." He was silent for a moment, then continued: "As for you, you're an idiot if you don't finish that medical course. There'll be plenty of time to get into the big show."

By that I understood the British invasion was an acknowledged failure.

I turned back to Mary. Her lovely eyes consumed me and, looking deep into them, I could see that our long friendship was at an end—we were beginning something else that was to last for the rest of our lives.

"Please say it, Harry."

And despite the presence of one embarrassed Briton, I said it.

THE END

## HARDTACK



"If you're looking for your cow, this ain't her."



# THIS MAN'S WAR

## CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

"WILL you please tell me," writes Private R. R., of Fort Bliss, Texas, "how I can get into West Point Military Academy?"

To get the name straight first, Private, it's officially known as the United States Military Academy, West Point, New York, and called West Point for short. I can't tell you how to get in, but I can tell you how to try. There are some facts about both West Point and Annapolis (United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland) that I've been waiting to pass around.

West Point admits 180 men from



Concentration.

the enlisted ranks of the Army. The only strings are that they must be nineteen to twenty-two years of age, must have served in the Army at least one year, and must have plenty in the upper story. That last item is determined by tests.

The Army conducts competitive preliminary examinations for West Point aspirants and thus narrows the field down to not more than three candidates for each vacancy. If interested in these exams, consult your C. O. for data on when and where they're held at your post.

Now those who shine in the prelims get a crack at the regular West Point entrance examination (and don't let me scare you, but it's a corker). Then the available appointments are passed out to the physically qualified men who stand highest in the exam.

Annapolis admits 200 enlisted men yearly, half from the Regular Navy and half from the Naval Reserve. The procedure is very much the same, with preliminary tests on ships and at Naval stations in order to boil it down to the Grade A candidates. Often the Navy sends good Annapolis material to prep schools so they can sharpen up for those final entrance exams.

By the way, two middies who made the grade from enlisted ranks this year were on an aircraft carrier in the Pacific when they took their preliminary tests. Their C. O. wrote the Navy Department that while they were taking the tests the carrier launched "two major attacks" and each time the two sailors had to leave their exam papers and report to battle stations.

But killing a few Japs didn't interfere with their concentration at all. Here's hoping some day they're both admirals!

OLD SARGE.

Here is an argument that I have heard much discussion on, Sarge. If a serviceman's wife accepts a position under the United States Civil Service, does she still receive the full fifty-dollar allotment each month, or does the government—because of her Civil Service position—stop payment of this allotment?

A. H., S 2/C, U. S. C. G.,  
Midland Beach, Staten Island, N. Y.

She gets the allotment, the full fifty dollars. A wife's allotment (Class A) is mandatory, or, in other words, automatic. She gets it regardless of whether she works for the government, in a defense plant, or anywhere else.

Please write something as a reminder to the boys, to wit: That they should be a little more careful in cleaning up the washbasins in Pullman cars after they finish. Most seasoned traveling men always leave a carefully cleaned-up washbasin and not a lot of stray whiskers for the next user to clean up. I think the boys are doing this more from inexperience than anything else.

Ex-Buck Private, 1917.

I'm not one to be too finicky about stuff like that, but I suppose our ex-doughboy's got a point. Who was it that said, "Cleanliness is next to godliness"?

I am an Army Postal Service mail clerk but do not have the fifth-grade technician's rating. How are these ratings given out? And how can I obtain the Postal Bulletin issued for A. P. S. personnel, but unobtainable here?

Pvt. V. D.,  
Dale Mabry Field, Tallahassee, Fla.

The ratings to which you refer are given out on merit and ability. The number of

noncoms and ratings for each post or organization is set forth in the Army Table of Organization, and the same is also true of commissioned grades. Thus your wait for a rating, provided you show the necessary merit and ability, may be long or short, depending on the allotment of ratings for your particular post. To obtain the Postal Bulletin, write to the Army Postal Service, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C.

On a ribbon chart recently I noticed one labeled, "Veteran of Foreign Wars." Just who is entitled to wear this ribbon?

Cpl. W. J. H., Butler, Pa.

This ribbon and the medal that goes with it are not official War Department decorations. They are organization insignia and may be worn only by ex-soldiers who are members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Neither ribbon nor medal may be worn on the uniform of the Army, since regulations permit the wearing of recognized WD decorations only.

As a regular reader of your department, I am disappointed in not seeing very much about the Sea Bees (Naval Construction Battalions). The Sea Bees are scattered all over the world, right up in the far-flung fronts, and we are building all requirements and also defending them from enemy attack. We are made up largely of experienced construction workers, men with families, who



Cleanliness.

have chosen this way of building and fighting to aid our country.

We are proud of being a volunteer organization and of being part of the greatest Navy in the world.

J. T., BM 1/C,  
U. S. Naval Construction Battalion  
Somewhere in the Pacific.

My apologies if I haven't put enough about the Sea Bees in these columns. Everybody, including our enemies, knows what a swell job this outfit is doing. All praise and more power to em. And I'll try to print more Sea Bee letters from now on.

I have been in the Coast Guard since last September, and in joining this branch of the service I was under the impression that it was the



same as the Navy during wartime. I figured I would be able to transfer into the Naval Air Corps after a few months' enlistment, but so far I haven't been able to get anywhere in this direction. It would help a lot, Sarge, if you would tell me what to do.

J. K., S 2/C, Wilmington, Calif.

The Coast Guard is an auxiliary branch of the Navy in wartime. It is not hard for me to understand why you aspire to the Naval Air Corps, in view of the great job they're doing. Now here's the procedure: You must first receive permission from your commanding officer. If this permission is granted, the matter is placed before the Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board, which will require, to begin with, that you (1) are between eighteen and twenty-seven years of age, (2) meet physical requirements, (3) are a high-school graduate, and (4) are unmarried. If the selection board O. K.s you, you will be transferred to the Naval Reserve for flight training.

\* \* \*

Here is my problem: I am assigned as a ward attendant in the post hospital. I have already put in three years in a National Guard band, 1936-39, and have also played in numerous military bands and dance orchestras. I would like to apply for an Army school of music which would afford me a chance to be placed in an Army band.

Pvt. G. F. G., Fort Bragg, N. C.

If you are a qualified musician, and your experience would so indicate, you may apply to your C. O. for assignment to your outfit's band. As far as the Army School of Music, Washington, D. C., is concerned, that's something else again. To qualify for admission you must have completed at least three years of Army service, one year as a noncom in an Army band.

\* \* \*

Can a fellow be drafted into the Army if he has been given a medical discharge from the Navy?

G. B., S 1/C,

U. S. Naval Hospital, Seattle, Wash.

Yes. Since Army physical standards are not as high as those of the Navy, it is possible that in some borderline cases a man might be discharged from the Navy on a C. D. D. and later found physically O. K. for the Army, particularly for limited service.

\* \* \*

Correction: A typographical error turned up in this department in the July 17 issue. Somehow the word "transports" got into a sentence that should have read: "Too many Army friendships get lost in the shuffle." Sorry.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York.

AUGUST 21, 1943

## "GOODBYE DANDRUFF"



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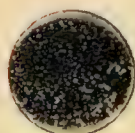
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Soap Shampoo

This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



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counterattack. A cable went out to Francis B. Sayre, High Commissioner of the Philippines, ordering him to "loot" the banks of all gold and silver and prepare it for flight at an instant's notice; to round up all available currency, identify its owners, and hide it; to record the serial numbers of U. S. government bonds in the area; to gather together all corporate stocks and bonds in the islands so that in the event of an emergency, a truck could be backed up to the bank vaults, the securities could be removed and rushed to safety.

We didn't have much time before the feared event happened. Manila fell. Bataan came into the conscience of a nation. And soon the day came when Sayre, General MacArthur, President Quezon of the Philippines, their staffs and families, sped out by steamer to Corregidor, twenty-seven miles across the bay.

**B**UT they didn't go alone. With them went six and one half tons of gold, millions in U. S. paper currency, more millions in Philippine paper currency, and boxes upon boxes of bonds, stocks, and other valuable assets.

You remember. It wasn't long before Corregidor too was falling. And to Sayre, custodian of the fortune the Japs were striving to capture, fell the task of applying the scorched-earth idea to finance for the first time in American history.

Disposing of the currency was easy. Sayre just appointed a committee, and day after day great stacks of five-, ten-, twenty-, and hundred-dollar bills went up in flames. Sayre's naval aide really had the thrill of lighting a cigarette with a rolled \$100 bill!

But getting rid of the gold and silver wasn't so simple. "Living in Corregidor, we had lost all sense of values or perhaps had gained a truer sense," Sayre reported later. "The metal was useless to us there, and a headache rather than an asset." In the end, General MacArthur carried the hoard with him when he left the island, and the metal was dumped into the ocean in a spot known only to a few. As the story goes, the gold and securities since have been recovered—and the Japs still don't know how we did it.

We kept the Japs from plundering the Philippines, but it still was a hit-or-miss financial scorched-earth policy, a definitely limited technique. So when we came to the same problem in Hawaii, our Treasury representatives conferred with Congress behind closed doors and obtained the powers to go beyond all precedents and issue money that actually could fight back.

After the Governor of Hawaii had "looted" the banks of gold, silver, and securities, he issued a regulation prohibiting any individual in the area from holding more than \$200

in American bills outside of a bank, and any business firm from holding more than \$500. The balance of the cash was turned over to the banks, inventoried, and hidden. Then every stock and bond on the island was perforated with a large "H" to make it immediately identifiable as Hawaiian and to make it impossible for our enemies to sell stocks and bonds stolen from Hawaii anywhere in the world without revealing their hand. Then an official Currency Destruction Committee was created with authority to burn all cash and securities on the island at a given signal.

This was the spring of 1942. The war already was months old. And in Washington, meanwhile, the Mint was working day and night grinding out "brown-seal" bills with the word "Hawaii" clearly printed on both face and reverse side. By June, 1942, the first batch of currency was finished and plans were made for sending the new money to the islands. The Army and Navy were in on the Treasury's secret, of course, and the three worked together all the way.

\*\*\*\*\*★\*\*\*\*\*

#### Simile Smiles

He's so crooked that the wool he pulls over people's eyes is half cotton.

That girl has a head like a doorknob; any man can turn it.

The old boy is as healthy as a centipede with one foot in the grave.

\*\*\*\*\*

In fact, a high Treasury official admits now that the way Secretary Morgenthau discovered we were doing all right at Midway was the Army's report that the first \$50,000,000 batch was being sent by ship instead of by plane as had originally been proposed!

As soon as the brown-seal dollars arrived, Hawaii's Currency Destruction Committee went to work. It burned virtually all the American currency on the islands, gave the registered owners new brown-seal bills instead. It destroyed U. S. government securities held by Hawaiians and had them reissued in this country under the owners' names. It publicized the design of the new money from one end of the islands to the other so that every Hawaiian, American soldier and sailor recognized the new currency instantaneously and understood the reasons why its use was imperative. And every person there knew, too, that the sudden appearance of regular blue seals was to be investigated, that any stranger who showed up with a reserve of blue-seal bills was to be rated "suspect" until proved otherwise.

After the first \$50,000,000 went over and the Treasury discovered the sum was not sufficient to meet all needs, we sent another \$20,000,000.

And then another \$20,000,000, and then more millions, until today at least \$100,000,000 of special Hawaiian currency is circulating in those islands alone, and millions more is circulating in bordering Pacific areas where we're trying out the same technique of combat money. The experiment we began so tentatively in the summer of 1942 is now on sound ground in that battle region. And the only exception to the rule is that American soldiers and sailors passing through Hawaii for a few hours are permitted to spend ordinary bills, because Washington authorities admit "it would be cruel to make them waste half their precious leaves waiting in line to exchange their dollars."

As the fiscal heads of the United States look back at the African campaign now, they state that had it not been for our combat currency system, Africa easily might have become the "black market" for the looted currency of the world and our military victory might have been overshadowed by the economic advantage gained by our enemies during the months of battle.

Long before November, 1942, when North Africa was invaded, the U. S. mints were grinding out "gold seals" in extreme secrecy. That mark was decided upon in order to give our soldiers currency enough like regular bills to make it seem "real" and yet sufficiently different to render the Nazis' blue-seal cash entirely worthless. When the first ship left American shores for that fighting zone, it carried millions of the new money. The soldiers themselves didn't know about the bills until they actually arrived in Casablanca, for the Army and Navy feared a leak about the destination. But as the soldiers stepped off their ships they were sent to the paymaster and given one gold-seal bill for every blue-seal bill they had. And as each wave of men came, new money came too, until millions upon millions of the gold seals were in the pockets of our forces and the African natives at the height of the Tunisian campaign.

**I**MAGINE what might have happened had not these precautions been taken. Prior to the outbreak of war in September, 1939, from two billion to two and a half billion dollars of regular American bills were circulating on the continent of Europe! For years our money flowed in a steady stream to Norway and Denmark, to France and Belgium, to Holland and Switzerland. All through the late '30s Europeans hoarded our money on an unprecedented scale. They believed in the stability of the U. S. dollar; doubted that of their own currencies. They had faith in America's integrity; little, if any, in their own governments' in the event of war. The hoard of dollars on the Continent mounted and mounted—to the very day of the Nazi invasions. And as the Germans marched into



one nation after the other, they robbed, they plundered, they swindled. And then, of course, they looked around for a suitable place to spend the loot.

As long as our troops stayed on this side of the Atlantic and Pacific, we had the Germans and Japs stymied. In fact, one of Hitler's attempts to sneak through our financial strangle hold boomeranged in his face, for it was a picayune \$260 in American bills that led to the breakdown of the German saboteurs captured on Long Island and the Florida coast last year! One of the saboteurs who landed at Amagansett tried to bribe the coast guardsmen who stumbled on their hiding place with that sum. When the seaman turned over the cash to his superiors, they discovered three of the bills had been included in a large sum of money withdrawn from a bank in 1939 by a German returning to the Reich. That was the clue to the identity of George John Dasch, one of the Nazi spies. From that moment on, the Federal Bureau of Investigation was off on its man hunt. And when the eight saboteurs were caught, the big question that stumped them was the origin of the \$150,000 found in their possession! Hitler hadn't counted on America fighting with dollar bills.

**U**NQUESTIONABLY the Nazis and the Japs passed off stolen currency here and in South America in the months following Pearl Harbor, but the real test of our ability to fight the Axis on the economic front came with the African invasion. There was the perfect dumping ground. There Hitler could have mixed his seized millions with the American dollars brought by our forces to the battlefields and could have channeled them through to the supply markets he needed so desperately.

But our gold seals thwarted him. The money was different enough to distinguish it from Hitler's plunder. Yet it was similar enough to regular U. S. currency to convince the African natives of its value. Hitler couldn't even use the blue seals to bribe saboteurs and Quislings behind the lines! And there's one more angle. Had we been pushed back in Africa, we could have declared the gold seals worthless overnight—and thus stopped any plan of the Nazis for seizing the gold seals and spreading them over the face of the earth. In case we ever do lose a battle, we will repudiate our combat currency in that area, for there will be a special design for each region. And our idea is to restrict the use of the gold seals to Africa, the brown seals to the Pacific, maybe pink seals to the Continent, and green seals to the Far East.

As our forces march into the far corners of the earth, special American dollar bills always will go with them to mark their victories in the pages of history.

THE END



**If You Could** walk on air, without shoes, you might escape contact with Athlete's Foot fungi. They exist on almost all surfaces, hence the constant need for Quinsana protection.



**With a Blow Torch**, you could kill the hardy fungi of Athlete's Foot which may thrive in shoes and re-infect feet. You wouldn't do that; but you can use Quinsana in shoes.

## AMAZING SUCCESS OVER ATHLETE'S FOOT SPEEDS WAR EFFORT

**S**CIENCE is aiding U. S. war effort with new successes over Athlete's Foot. The disease is a vital threat to war production, as it infects over 70% of adults each year. But now, a fungicidal powder—Mennen Quinsana—is proving amazingly effective in fighting Athlete's Foot. Quinsana action is based on new knowledge that the fungi which cause the disease cannot live under certain *alkaline* conditions; and that re-infection may occur from shoe linings. Chart below shows remarkable results.

### AMAZING RESULTS OF 30-DAY TREATMENT WITH QUINSANA

74% infected before Quinsana treatment

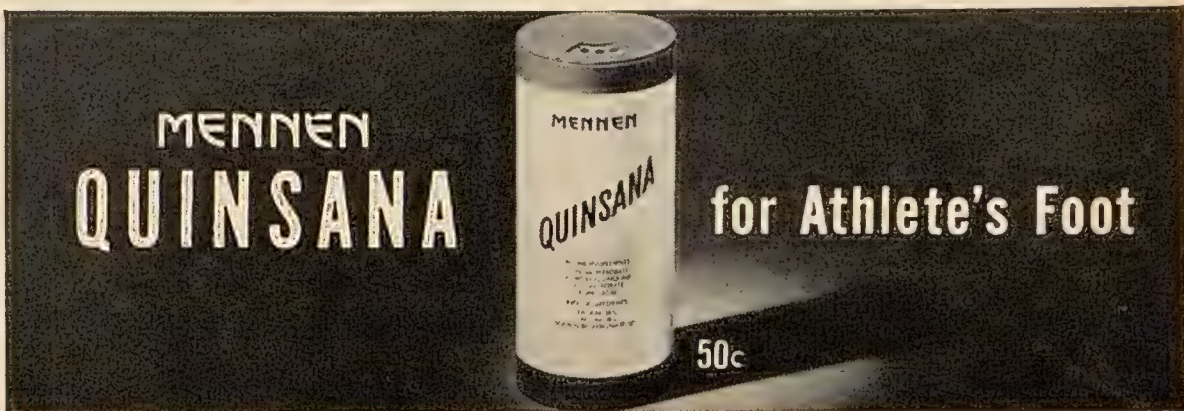


6% infected after Quinsana treatment



**INFECTION DISAPPEARED** in practically all cases among thousands of persons using Quinsana. Usual symptoms of Athlete's Foot are chronic peeling between toes, cracks, soggy skin, itching. Mild infection may suddenly become serious. Inflammation may mean germ infection; see physician or chiropodist.

**USE 2-WAY TREATMENT** with Quinsana daily, as regularly as you bathe and wash. 1. Use Quinsana on feet to help prevent and relieve infection. 2. Shake Quinsana into shoes to absorb moisture, reducing chances of re-infection from this source. (Diabetics should be doubly sure to use Quinsana daily). Also excellent for excessive perspiration, foot odor. *Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., San Francisco.*





# LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HARRIET GOULD

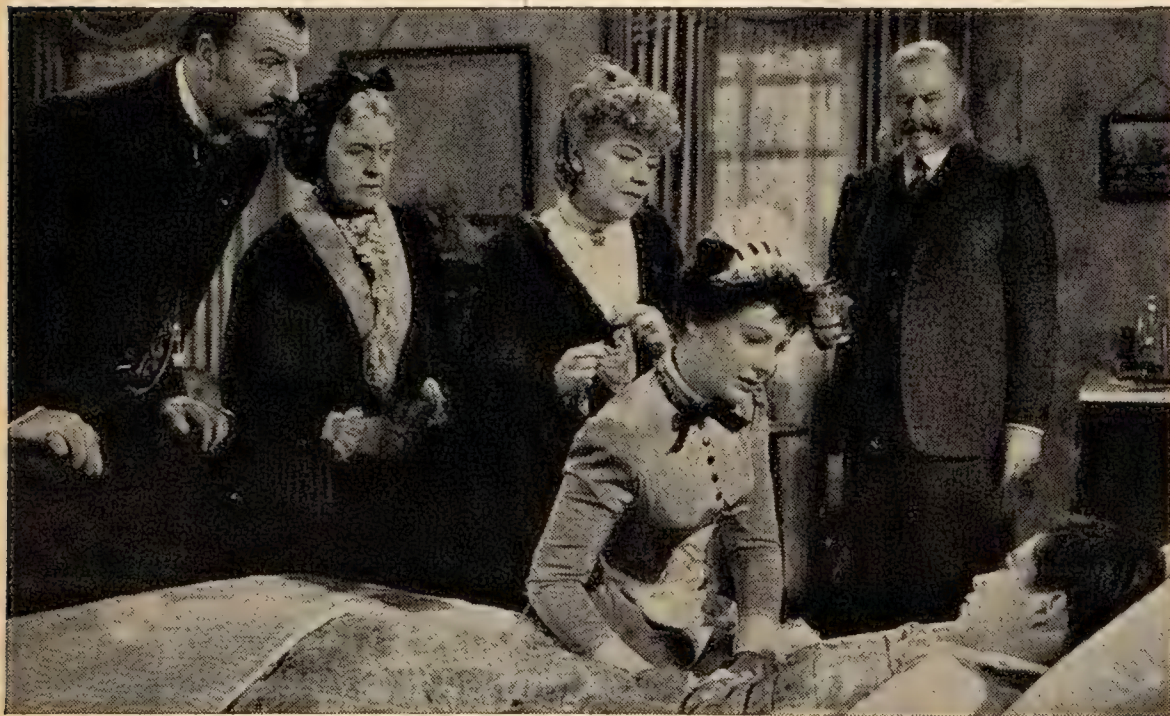
## HEAVEN CAN WAIT

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

Don Ameche, Gene Tierney, Charles Coburn, Allyn Joslyn



Who can resist beetles? Henry makes his first conquest with a box of them at the age of nine.



Or wine? At fifteen, Henry suffers his first hangover, with his worried family in attendance.



Or his cousin's fiancée? Especially this one. Henry met Martha—and Cousin Albert lost her.

**A**S Henry Van Cleve's soul passed over the Great Divide, he realized that it was extremely unlikely that his next stop would be heaven, and so, philosophically, he presented himself where innumerable people had so often told him to go."

With that bit of whimsy for a prologue, *Heaven Can Wait* develops into one of the most delightful and adult satires the screen has had in a long while. *Heaven Can Wait* was adapted for the screen by playwright Samson Raphaelson from the popular European play, *Birthday*. Although the play by Lazlo Bus-Fekete was never produced in this country, producer-director Ernst Lubitsch bought the property and kept it until he had time to do it justice.

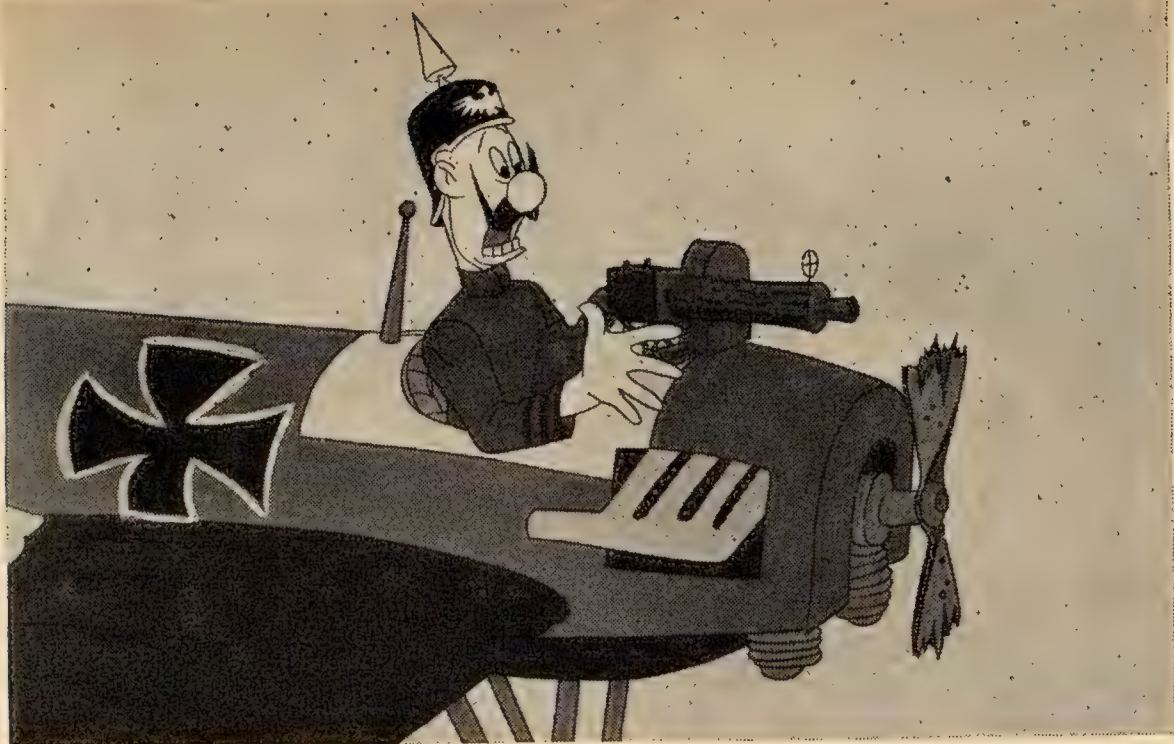
And he has, for *Heaven Can Wait* is a credit to his thirty-year-old reputation as a director. The famed Lubitsch touch is much in evidence.

The story, which is simply the life of a man, is patterned on the title of the original play. All the events, starting from Henry Van Cleve's (Don Ameche) first to his seventieth year, take place on his birthday. The picture opens with his death and his attempts to convince His Majesty (Laird Cregar), the sympathetic Devil-boss, that he is slated to be his next tenant. Henry thinks because he has been a ladies' man that heaven won't admit him. His Majesty isn't so sure, so Henry tells his story. His fatal fascination for the females was revealed at the tender age of nine, when he discovered that "if you want to win a girl, you have to have lots of beetles." At fifteen he got tipsy with his mother's French maid—and Grandpa fired her. At twenty-five he ran away with his cousin Albert's (Allyn Joslyn) fiancée (Gene Tierney). At thirty-five his wife left him because she thought he wasn't true—but she came back. At fifty he discovered a chorus girl—but found his son had discovered her first—and so on.

With the exception of a few scenes when Henry isn't being very bad, *Heaven Can Wait* moves along at a sprightly pace.

Charles Coburn as Grandpa, and Louis Calhern and Spring Byington as Mama and Papa are charmingly Victorian and, with the rest of the starring cast, carry off the witty and subtle situations and dialogue with great spirit.



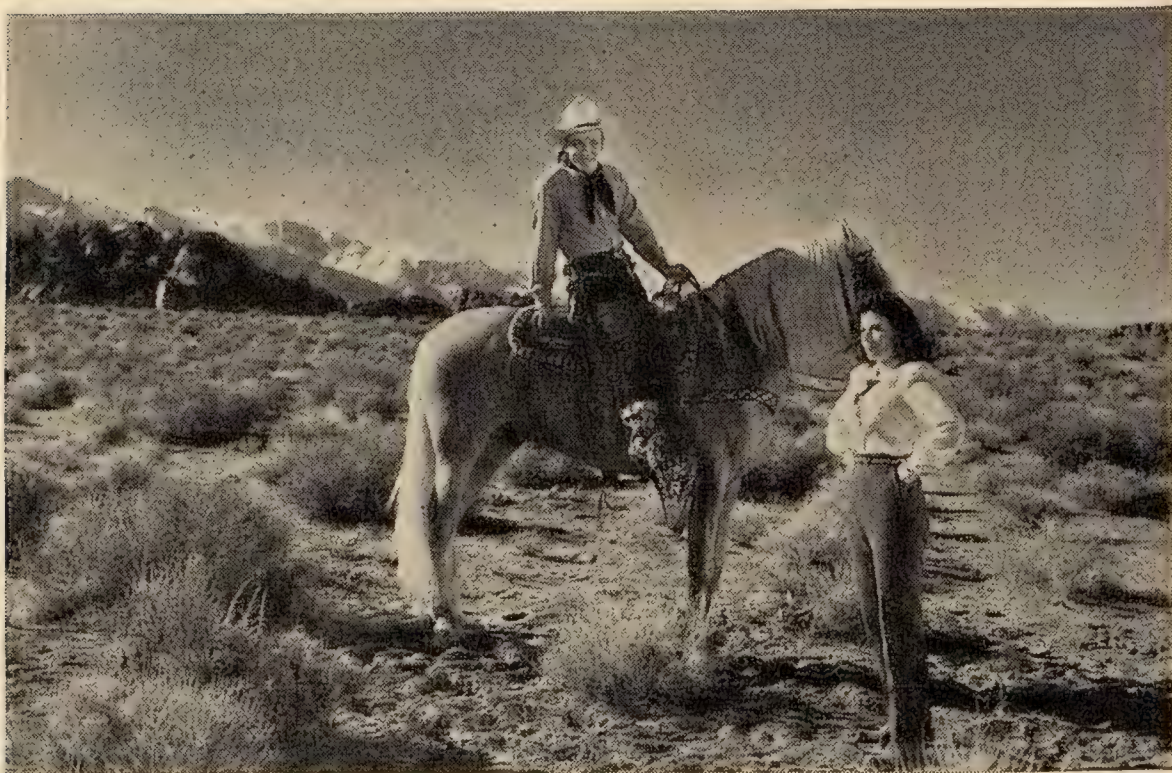


## VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER

(United Artists)

Disney,  
Major de Seversky

WALT DISNEY and Major Alexander de Seversky, who collaborated on this part-cartoon part-live-action screening of the major's book, are sure to start a controversy when Victory is released for public view. The front half of the film is a delightful cartoon history of aviation from 1903 to '14. It's the last half of the picture that will cause the trouble. Here de Seversky, designer and builder of planes, appears on the screen to deliver his views on how to win the war. He claims that the use of land and sea forces for invasion are too costly—that the only weapon of victory is air power, which can smash all enemy production centers. That's a moot point.



## SONG OF TEXAS

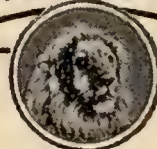
(Republic)

Roy Rogers,  
Pat Brady,  
Sheila Ryan

IN some sections of the country (and strangely enough, the cowboy country heads the list) the announcement of a new Roy Rogers Western calls for a celebration. It's not too surprising, because for those who like this type of action film a Rogers production is the rootin'-tootin' best . . . as far as action, suspense, and songs are concerned. But, just like the Autry films that preceded the Rogers series, they are all the same. There's the honest cowboy and the crook who has to be taught a lesson. There's the mortgaged ranch and the fight to keep it. There's the herd stampede and the flimsy excuses for bursting into song. And there is wonderful horseback riding with Roy and his trick horse Trigger delighting the fans.

## METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

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this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

There have been lots of good screen musicals but none with quite the quality of "Best Foot Forward." It's a monkey gland picture. It makes you young.

★ ★ ★ ★

To the great Broadway hit, M-G-M has added a certain latakia.

★ ★ ★ ★

BFF is a masterful achievement. It has pep, zip and all the three-letter words.

★ ★ ★ ★



Harry James and his music makers alone are worth the price of admission.



Lucille Ball, a red-headed steam roller, plays the star who crashes the school prom and sets the campus on its ear.

★ ★ ★ ★

William Gaxton does on the screen what he has been doing as a star of stage shows for years.

★ ★ ★ ★

Virginia Weidler who occupies a drawing room in our leonine heart keeps moving onward and upward, carrying on where she left off in "Philadelphia Story" and "The Youngest Profession" plus music.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a thing called Nancy Walker we've fallen in love with. She came from the stage cast with Tommy Dix.

★ ★ ★ ★

Both kids are something to write home about. Anybody's home at all.

★ ★ ★ ★

Bows for June Allyson, Kenny Bowers, Gloria DeHaven, Jack Jordan.

★ ★ ★ ★

Cheers for the direction of Eddie Buzzell—at least three of them.

★ ★ ★ ★

Irving Brecher and Freddie Finklehoffe, screen playwrights, cooked up a delightful dish from John Cecil Holm's stage ingredients.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane are a song team that light up the horizon.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll like "You're Lucky," "Alive And Kicking," "Buckle Down Winsome," "The Three B's," "Wish I May," "I Know You By Heart," "Three Men On A Date," "What Do You Think I Am," and "Everytime."

★ ★ ★ ★

Technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

Put your best foot forward by making a date to see this gay movie.

★ ★ ★ ★



If you're old, it makes you young. If you're young it makes you a baby. We're teething.

—Leo



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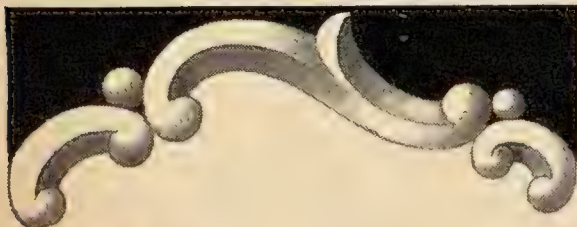
L-3

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EDDIE BRACKEN



LANA TURNER



LAIRD CREGAR

## PICTURES WORTH SEEING

| FILM                                                                                             | GIST                                                                                                                                    | LIBERTY SAID:                                                                                                                                        |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>ABOVE SUSPICION</b><br>(M-G-M)<br>Joan Crawford, Fred MacMurray, Conrad Veidt, Basil Rathbone | <i>Spy thriller</i> (a honeymoon couple search Germany for a missing British agent).                                                    | Clues far-fetched . . . but story is excitingly developed . . . better than average spy stuff. (6-19-43)                                             |
| <b>ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC</b><br>(Warners)<br>Raymond Massey, Humphrey Bogart              | <i>Drama</i> (the story of the valiant work of the merchant marine in this war).                                                        | Thrilling story of the men who sail the ships—deliver the goods . . . suspenseful . . . authentic . . . outstanding performances. (7-3-43)           |
| <b>BATAAN</b><br>(M-G-M)<br>Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, Robert Walker                        | <i>Drama</i> (a group of thirteen "expendables" cover the retreat of our Army during the last days on Bataan).                          | Pulls no punches . . . starkly grim . . . exciting, dramatic . . . superb cast . . . don't miss this one. (7-10-43)                                  |
| <b>BEST FOOT FORWARD</b><br>(M-G-M)<br>Lucille Ball, William Gaxton                              | <i>Musical comedy</i> (a glamorous movie star spends a hectic weekend at a boys' military academy).                                     | From the Broadway play . . . fresh-as-paint production numbers . . . good tunes . . . nicely paced and thoroughly entertaining. (8-14-43)            |
| <b>CABIN IN THE SKY</b><br>(M-G-M)<br>Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson             | <i>All-Negro musical</i> (a fantasy concerning the struggle of good and evil forces for the soul of Little Joe Jackson).                | Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43)     |
| <b>DIXIE</b><br>(Paramount)<br>Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour                                       | <i>Musical</i> (the development of the art of minstrelsy—via the life of Dan Emmett, first minstrel).                                   | Not up to Bing's other pictures . . . too much "formula" . . . vague story makes it merely mediocre. (7-24-43)                                       |
| <b>HIT THE ICE</b><br>(Universal)<br>Abbott and Costello                                         | <i>Comedy</i> (typical Abbott and Costello shenanigans—in a ski-lodge setting).                                                         | Eighty-two minutes of sheer nonsense . . . bound to please the most critical A. & C. fan. (7-17-43)                                                  |
| <b>MISSION TO MOSCOW</b><br>(Warners)<br>Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka               | <i>Drama</i> (living history. Ambassador to Russia Davies' report on the Soviet Union).                                                 | Intellectual achievement . . . vital, gripping, dramatic . . . cast superb . . . a tribute to our ally. (6-19-43)                                    |
| <b>SO PROUDLY WE HAIL</b><br>(Paramount)<br>Claudette Colbert, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard   | <i>Drama</i> (the stirring story of the first American women at the front lines—Army nurses on Bataan).                                 | Vital . . . authentic and stirring war film . . . casting is just about perfect. (8-7-43)                                                            |
| <b>SPITFIRE</b><br>(RKO)<br>Leslie Howard, David Niven                                           | <i>Drama</i> (the story of the Spitfire and R. J. Mitchell, the man who designed this plane, one of England's chief weapons).           | Spitfire is a fitting final tribute to the skill of the late Leslie Howard, director and actor. (7-17-43)                                            |
| <b>STAGE DOOR CANTEEN</b><br>(United Artists)<br>All-star cast                                   | <i>Revue</i> (romance at the Canteen plus a good sample of the entertainment given our servicemen there. Sixty-eight stars, six bands). | A glowing and exciting tribute to America's theater folk . . . jam-packed with entertainment . . . a little long, but solid entertainment. (6-26-43) |
| <b>THE CONSTANT NYMPH</b><br>(Warner Bros.)<br>Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine                      | <i>Melodrama</i> (the story of the "mad" Sanger family taken from Margaret Kennedy's famous novel of the '20s).                         | Dated story . . . mannered and forced now . . . old-fashioned, romantic escapist entertainment . . . good cast. (7-31-43)                            |
| <b>THE HUMAN COMEDY</b><br>(M-G-M)<br>Mickey Rooney, Fay Bainter, Frank Morgan                   | <i>Homey drama</i> (three days in the life of the Macauleys of Ithaca as seen by Saroyan).                                              | Delightful and heart-warming film . . . no real plot, but each scene a gem . . . direction excellent. (4-24-43)                                      |
| <b>THE MORE THE MERRIER</b> (Columbia)<br>Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Joel McCrea               | <i>Comedy</i> (jam-packed wartime Washington takes a good-natured ribbing).                                                             | One of the funniest pictures of the season . . . smartly paced plot . . . swell cast. (5-29-43)                                                      |
| <b>THE OX-BOW INCIDENT</b><br>(20th-Fox)<br>Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Frank Conroy              | <i>Drama</i> (mob hysteria in a Western town results in the lynching of three men).                                                     | An exciting, intelligent, relentless movie . . . tight direction . . . finely drawn characters . . . superb direction. (5-1-43)                      |



# WOMAN-TALK

by MARGARET FISHBACK

**WONDER WOMEN:** Mrs. Charlotte Passmore of Richmond, California, is believed to be the one and only mounted policewoman in any U. S. shipyard. . . . Marguerite Haskins of Pasadena is California's first woman motorcycle police officer. . . . In the field of motherhood, Mrs. Nora L. St. John of Houston, Texas, age 29, is probably the youngest service momma in the United States. Her son, Private James Simmons, now eighteen, was born when she was all of eleven. . . . Mrs. John A. Devers of Flint, Michigan, is



forty-six and has nine sons in the armed services, eight overseas. Incidentally—if you can call it incidentally—Mrs. Devers has been married three times, and has had two sets of triplets and eight sets of twins. She was a former circus bareback rider. A kind of out-of-the-frying-pan-into-the-fire woman. . . . In Palo Alto, California, Mrs. Marian Wise, mother of four, has adopted seven more children. The assortment ranges from two to twenty years of age. Wonder what she does with her spare time.

**BIG OPENING:** Pollen from dat ol' debbil ragweed starts soaring any day now and precipitates the opening of the ever reliable Hay Fever Season. Though many cities have laws against ragweed to the extent of ordering property owners to destroy it, there will be thousands of red-eyed snufflers unable to say "m" or "n" until the first frost.

**GOODY FOR OUR SIDE:** Malcolm MacDonald, British High Commissioner to Canada, made this heartening statement at a press conference in Ottawa: "We have had a dead submarine served up for breakfast every day for the past fortnight." New slogan for the Allies:

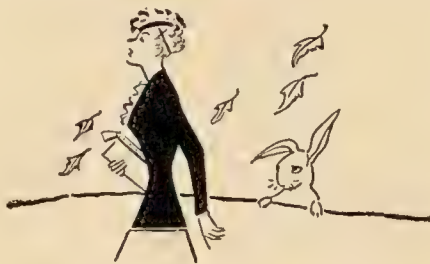
A U-boat a day  
Keeps Hitler at bay.

**BIG SALE—FOR WHAT?**—Jolly old Gimbels in New York featured a sale of auto-seat covers at reduced prices. The advertisement promised

they would keep out dirt, dust, and grime, would feel cool, and protect upholstery against wear and tear. Wear and tear from what, we'd like to know. Or do Gimbel customers spend their Sundays in garaged and gasless cars, daydreaming of cozy traffic jams and copious lungfuls of rich monoxide gas?

**BELLES LETTRES:** Here are a few touching little excerpts from letters received by Uncle Sam from wives, mothers, fathers, and other would-be dependents of men in the armed services. The letters were for the purpose of making or correcting applications for allotments. "Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband has made application for a wife and baby." . . . "Please find out for sure if my husband is dead, as the man I'm living with won't eat or do anything until he knows for sure." . . . "I have no children as my husband is a truck driver and works day and night." . . . "This is my eighth child—what are you going to do about it?" Quick, Nana, another bottle, please.

**THE FUR FLIES:** Fur will fly to the head, come autumn, if Suzanne et Roger have anything to do with it. Their fall showing of hats put the spotlight on coney, better known to nature lovers as Peter Rabbit. The non-priority bunny, once he graduates into a Suzanne et Roger lid, looks for all the world like those rather shaggy brushed beavers that little girls used to wear a couple



of wars ago. We suspect rabbits won't like the idea, but when dyed orchid, yellow, or pink they make mighty fetching chapeaux. A pink job is trimmed with black satin; so is a ducky little yellow one, which resembles an Easter chicken, and would need the face of a Dorothy Lamour to carry it without evoking shrill catcalls. There's a fedora, too, all purple orchid and trimmed with sprays of black lilac. Don't tell me there's no such thing as black lilac. It's not out of this world to be sure, but out of a sepulchral millinery world and you can have it!



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**SAYMAN SALVE**



(Continued from page 55)

Dunkley suite made the hotel hallway look like the trail of the pioneers' covered wagons with its markers of bones.

Elsewhere than over a cookstove Charley is not much given to physical exertion. It once was possible to shanghai him onto a dance floor for a short session at shake-pants, which is his term for dancing, but now he sits them out. He avoids floor shows unless he can get a chair far away from the entertainment and on the windward side. He discovered that his health was being injured by chorus girls shaking talcum powder into his drinks.

He has a phenomenal command of statistical data on sports and other

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Don't worry if your job is small  
And your rewards are few.  
Remember that a mighty oak  
Was once a nut like you.

The man who once most wisely said,  
"Be sure you're right, then go ahead,"  
Might well have added this, to wit:  
"Be sure you're wrong before you quit."  
The Lookout.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

subjects. He has compiled impressive figures indicating that fresh air, exercise, and cleanliness kill more people each year than whisky, but these figures he now keeps for private showing. They were once questioned by an aged skeptic who made a fuss about having whisky classed with "them other things" as a menace to mankind.

Charley knows a great deal about the terms and technique of the medical profession. Dr. Edward A. Oliver, a distinguished dermatologist, has been for years one of his most intimate friends. Doctors who have lunch with the two think Charley an M. D. and address him as Doctor. He has developed a consoling bedside manner. He sympathizes with the afflicted, as witness his philosophic remark to a native son who awakened him one morning during a ball club's spring training trip in California. Charley arose to see, for still another of many consecutive days, rain deluging the landscape.

"My gracious," he said, "look at the sunshine running down the spouts!"

He followed his boyhood friends, the Lardner brothers, Ring and Rex, from the celery circuit into the major league. In 1906 he started writing baseball in his home town, Kalamazoo, Michigan. In 1909 he came to Chicago to work on the long defunct Inter-Ocean; then he worked for the also deceased Examiner as a sports writer. In 1911 he went to the Associated Press, where he's chronicled sports history and been a part of it ever since.

Despite prodigious labors in handling his own copy, he has been responsible for the development of many fine and now famous younger newspapermen. One of them, the waggish Paul Mickelson of Kansas City, rubber-stamped on the Mickelson mail: "Plan now to attend the Dunkley semicentennial." Nationwide interest was aroused among those who took the rubber-stamping seriously. The excitement was a tribute to Charles Willis Dunkley, but Charley didn't enthuse about it. He looks and acts much too young for semicentennial celebrations.

Although he now says "some of my best friends are coppers," it took him years to become friendly with any of the constabulary after what happened to him during the World Series of 1920 at Cleveland. He was doing a good deed in taking some tickets from Ban Johnson, then American League president, to Clarence Rowland, then of the Chicago White Sox, when he was picked up in a police swoop on scalpers. He was allowed to languish in the clink while those who could establish his identity and probity were attending the ball game.

There is a beautiful bond of brotherhood between Dunkley and hotel men. Hotels keep him supplied with luggage. He uses laundry bags in transporting his personal effects from city to city. Sometimes careless red-caps bang his laundry-bag luggage, causing his shirts, underwear, handkerchiefs, socks and shaving kit to leak out of it.

He has questioned hotel service only once—at South Bend in a little hotel near the railroad tracks. After a couple of hours of trying in vain to get to sleep while switch engines practically scratched his head, he came into the lobby and asked the sleepy night clerk, "What time does this hotel get to Cincinnati?"

CHET HARTNAGLE, Des Moines boniface, once tried to incite Dunkley to complaint by giving him a room with a goat secreted in a closet. After waiting for an hour to hear him protest, Hartnagle had a room clerk call him.

"Is your room perfectly satisfactory, Mr. Dunkley?" the clerk inquired.

"Yeah—although I can't say much for the guy who picked out this wallpaper," he replied and hung up the phone.

On rushing up to the room, thinking the goat might be smothering in the closet, Hartnagle and others found Charley addressing post cards and the goat contentedly lounging on the bed, chewing part of a cigar he had shared with it.

The goat didn't want to leave one of the pleasantest companions he'd ever met.

Neither does anybody who ever gets acquainted with the utterly unique and delightful Charley Dunkley.

THE END

## RUSSIA AND THE POST-WAR WORLD

Continued from Page 15

year can be taken as a good augury of the better days to come.

In the main, Europe will again consist of large and small independent nations. Nationalism is not dead. It is a living reality, but it must never be allowed to become an aggressive force. Through close co-operation, particular nationalisms must be rendered democratic and co-operative. Some of the planners of future peace appear to want to construct a world without the recreative force of nationalism. Such planning does not take into account realistically the conditions under which we live. Just as individuals within the national community want to be free and sovereign, so nations wish to be free and sovereign within the larger community of the world.

AMONG certain small nations, tendencies toward creating unions of one kind or another have always been manifest. If such a tendency is natural and if it does not lead to any aggressive bloc, it should not be hampered. Especially in the Balkans and in central Europe such tendencies were noted both prior to 1914 and in the period between the two wars. They reappear again in these days, and as conditions become more normal the governments and the peoples of the small countries will no doubt cope with the problems of a closer confederal system. It must not be forgotten, however, that only free peoples can unite freely and make their union workable and enduring. There can be no greater fallacy than to try to impose a ready-made blueprint upon a people from above or from afar. Nations cannot be reborn or re-educated from outside. The process of regeneration must start and grow from within. This is true particularly of Germany. I am sure it will take time, but let us not ignore the element of patience in politics.

No one can foretell for certain when this war will end and how. It is reasonable to expect, however, that once the staying power of the Axis has been thoroughly undermined the end may come suddenly. Meanwhile, the occupied nations are ready to rise and to join the United Nations as active belligerents. It is clear that we are entering upon the last and the most decisive phase of the whole war. If everything goes well, next year should bring us victory over Germany. After that, certain military forces will have to be left in Europe to maintain order. The bulk of the United Nations' forces will be released to deal the mortal blow to Japan. Only after all the enemies are defeated should the foundations for a more permanent peace system be laid.

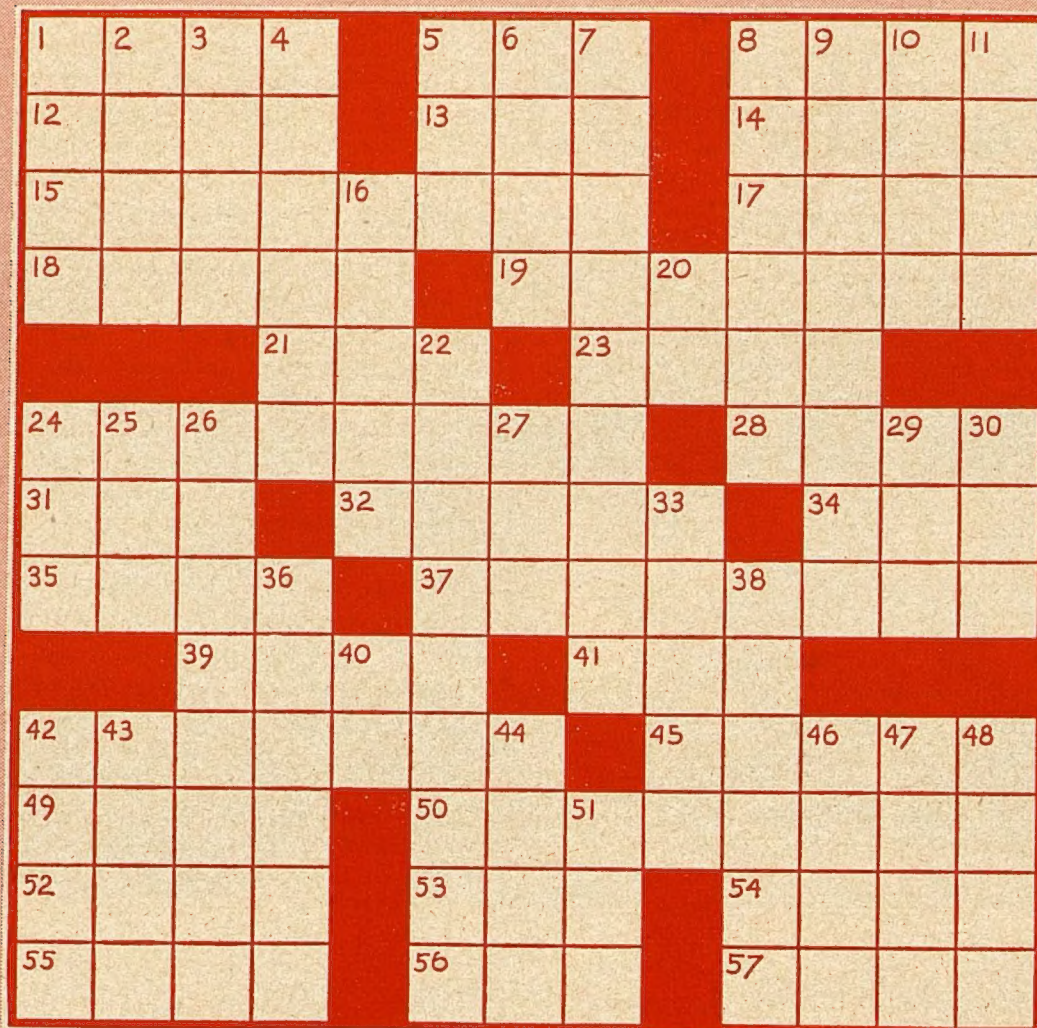
THE END

LIBERTY



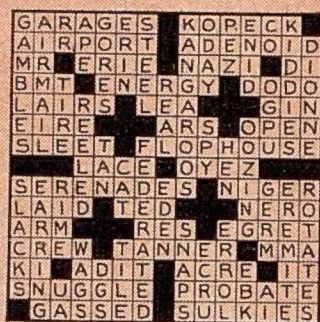
# QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



## HORIZONTAL

- 1 Wind blowing at 45 m. p. h. is technically a what?
- 5 What's the new official abbr. for the Waacs?
- 8 What word means to tilt, be unable to, or talk religious hypocrisy?
- 12 What pig is inedible?
- 13 The pinna, auricle, and tragus refer to the what?
- 14 Your gal friend in French'd be your what?
- 15 Name L'il Abner's girl friend
- 17 What lit'ry heroine was betrayed, then involved her boy friends in her fate?
- 18 Who's called the Beautiful Lactress?
- 19 Frank Hawks was a what?
- 21 Fill this with a backward hag
- 23 Name an ancient Irish freeman—
- 24 —And a brand of our training planes (pl.)
- 28 What tide rises at Xmas?
- 31 What's a Scotchman's own?
- 32 The Bathtub what was dissolved by the Supreme Court in 1912?
- 34 What was one of the first cars made?
- 35 Admiral Dewey, when he married, became his wife's second what?
- 37 Ship's timber continuing keelson and bolted to sternpost
- 39 Rendova's a what?
- 41 What French word speaks for itself?
- 42 What instruments are used in the jungle telegraph?



Last week's answer

- 45 What cannibals obviously suffer from pituitary giantism?
- 49 What has a gallinule or coot? (pl.)
- 50 What animal's hair's so tough he's shaved with a blowtorch?
- 52 The widow's — (Bib.)
- 53 If a puffin's not a stuffed muffin, what is it?
- 54 Alabama's footballers are the Crimson what?
- 55 Ozymandias became famous in a what?
- 56 Dispose ships in a front line of battle
- 57 What're unbleached corn flakes used for in Hollywood?

## VERTICAL

- 1 Who wrote The Counterfeiter's?
- 2 Salt inland sea, Turkistan
- 3 What gal's name means desirable?
- 4 What's the naval equivalent of a shavetail?
- 5 Shropshire market town
- 6 Biggest college track meet's the IC-what?

- 7 What're glacial fissures?
- 8 What bird's used to detect gas in mines?
- 9 In skiing, who may take money for giving lessons?
- 10 What's "boy" in Spanish?
- 11 What's the wettest, saddest thing in the world?
- 16 What's a healthy by-product of beer?
- 20 How many players on a cricket team?
- 22 What would you say made the world's fastest meatballs?
- 24 Name one of the Pickwick Wellers
- 25 What's "aunt" in Spanish?
- 26 Colonel House was a what of President Wilson?
- 27 What meat's used in a vegetarian steak?
- 29 What's the fifth sign of the zodiac?
- 30 What's a few billion years (among reptiles)?
- 33 Four patrols of eight Boy Scouts form one what?
- 36 High regard
- 38 When do Beaufighters fight best? (pl.)
- 40 —, the poor Indian!
- 42 Pack a pipe
- 43 In burlesque the spoken words are called a what?
- 44 The Chinese sing of Slunbonnet whom?
- 46 During the invasion of Poland we all prayed for what?
- 47 Within (Gr. comb. form)
- 48 If you ordered ragout d'agneau Chambertin avec des petits pois at a fancy restaurant, you'd get what?
- 51 Zeke, zizzerless

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

# WAR WORKERS

watch out for

# ATHLETE'S FOOT

With  
Itching  
Between  
Cracked  
Peeling Toes!



If you're discouraged about getting relief from Athlete's Foot (itching, burning soreness from raw, peeling skin between toes)—just try Extra Strength Zemo—a Doctor's wonderful medicated liquid backed by 35 years' success.

First applications of Zemo promptly relieve distress and thus give the raw, irritated skin a chance to heal faster. Many druggists say there's nothing better. First trial convinces!

NOTE: Zemo is also grand for tired, sore, burning feet.

**ZEMO** "Extra Strength"

## Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a **free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address  
**Frontier Asthma Co. 465-K Frontier Bldg. 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.**

## Right of Way!

Civilian shipments must, of course, give right of way to military supplies during war-time. That's why we know you will bear with us if your copy of LIBERTY fails to arrive on the regular publication date.

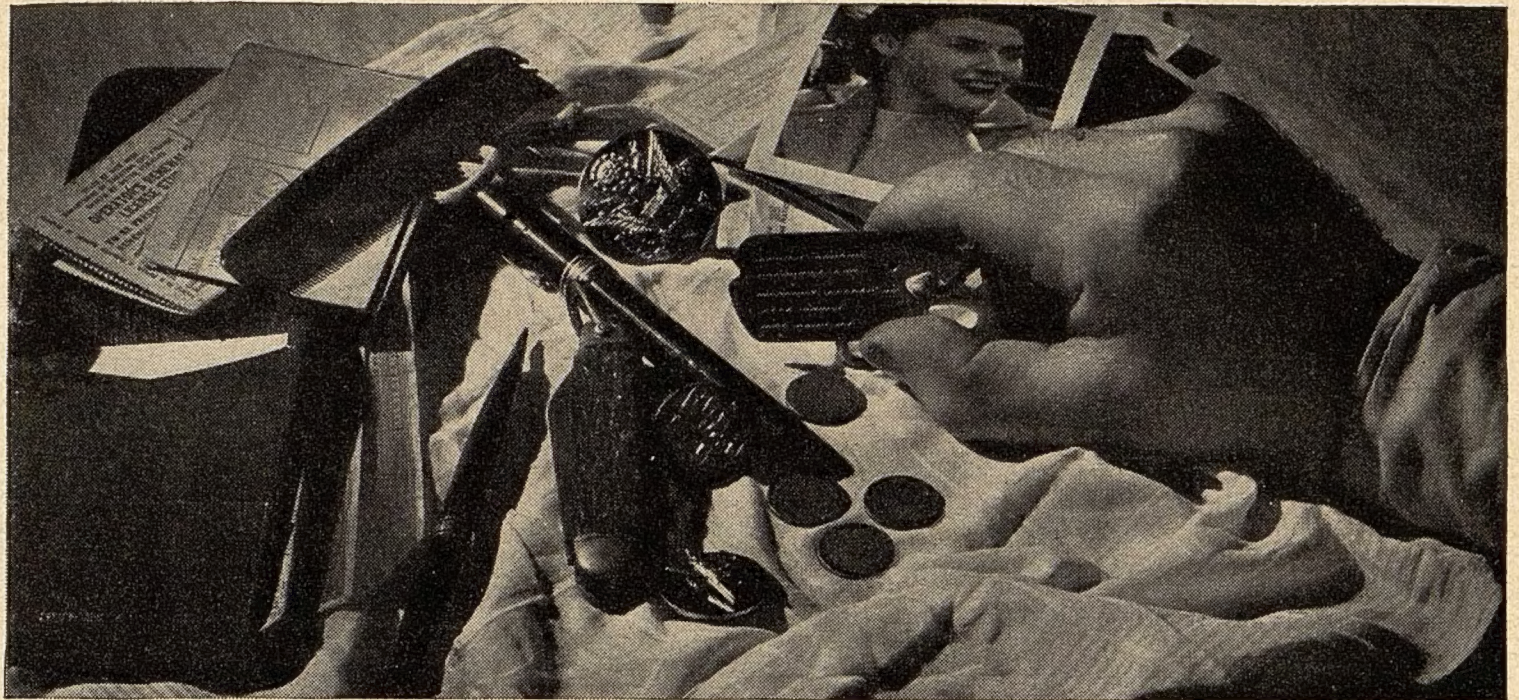


## MEN MADE TO ORDER

**Fit Your Abilities To The Opportunities**  
You have unused talents and mental powers. Learn to develop those faculties of mind which today's world of business demands. Start life anew—without changing your affairs. Write the Rosicrucians for free Sealed Book telling how you may receive age-old teachings to achieve personal power.  
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# PERSONAL EFFECTS



SOMETIMES across an editor's desk there comes a piece of writing which fits into none of the regular categories of editorial material and yet is so moving, so vivid, it merits wide readership. Such is the piece below. It was written by one George B. Park of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

We offer it to Liberty readers as an inspiring and at the same time disturbing bit of prose.

You wouldn't like my job.

Me, I'm used to it by now . . . but that doesn't mean I'll ever get to like it, either.

My job is to bury the dead after battle.

Not very nice to even talk about, is it?

Certainly it's not the glamorous . . . or adventurous . . . or heroic side of war.

But it's a job that's got to be done . . . and somebody's got to do it. That's me.

No, I don't actually do the spade work. There's a special squad that takes care of that. Sometimes we get extra help for this work too. Prisoners.

I supervise.

Identification tags. Letters and papers and trinkets. So many, many pictures and snapshots . . . ever present images of the dearly beloved. Personal effects. Somebody's private life. His love and laughter. His hopes and dreams. His past. And his future, now no more.

Funny, how impersonal you can be when you sort over this stuff. Personal effects. I examine them all. Make out the necessary forms. Sign and send back to Field Headquarters. That's where they begin the awful bookkeeping needed for notifying "next of kin."

Wonder how many lives will be torn apart by those coldly official telegrams to "next of kin." How many hearts will never heal. How many homes will never seem the same. How many Mothers, Sisters, Wives, Sweethearts, Dads, Kids, Brothers . . . God, give them strength and courage.

Personal effects. Always there is something to

tell you so much more than his name and number. Some cherished timeworn talisman from a world at peace. An outdated driver's license. Club membership cards. A pocket piece from some long remembered convention. A penknife with stars on it . . . for Sunday-school attendance.

Soldiers, sure. The world's finest fighting men. But underneath it all, just plain citizens. Truck driver. Salesman. College boy. Clerk. Office worker. Mechanic. Farmer. On and on it goes. Men who loved to live.

Let's get going, gang! Bring up the picks and shovels. Start the row here in the shade. And then make two more rows here and here. Mark off the spaces. Letter the crosses. Rank. Name. Serial number. Date. . . . You know the rest.

Personal effects. The chaplain will want to look them over. Why doesn't he come? So many times I've had to do it myself.

The Lord's Prayer spoken to a row of crosses. With only my gang to hear. And always they look at me with that strange, half-questioning, half-tortured expression that says, "Must we leave them here . . . alone?"

Never mind, lads. Some day it will all be over. And we'll go back to a stronger, free America. We know that. But we'll never forget those little broken bits of America's heart we left over here. America's Personal Effects.

Guess maybe that's why the gang always joins in with me when it gets to the part that says, "For thine is the kingdom . . . and the power . . . and the glory, for ever and ever."

On a job like this a man has got to have something to cling to . . . something steadfast.

Nothing much need be added to this in the way of editorial comment. It speaks for itself. Liberty is proud to give it publication.

*Paul Hunter*



# From telegraph to television...

## A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

The war has first call on all our communication facilities today. And distilleries are now 100 per cent devoted to producing alcohol for war chemicals and synthetic rubber. That's why supplies of

Corby's are limited. Your dealer is out of it from time to time. Be patient with him. He may have the whiskey with the famous Canadian name next time you ask for it. It's well worth asking for again.

**PRODUCED IN U. S. A.** *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*



86 Proof—68.4% Grain  
Neutral Spirits  
Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd.  
Peoria, Illinois



Now I'm on every Corby's  
bottle asking you to  
**BUY WAR BONDS**



**1861** First Message sent over telegraph lines spanning the continent. A new era of American communication started... 3 years after Corby's made its first bow to start a new tradition of fine whiskey.



**1876** First Complete Sentence transmitted over the telephone by Alexander Graham Bell. Another forward step in communication. Corby's had 18 years of fine whiskey tradition.



**1920** First Radio Broadcast of press bulletins, Harding-Cox election returns, when most receiving sets had earphones. And Corby's had been an established whiskey name for 62 years.



**1941** Television Authorized for commercial broadcast. The last stage reached in the development of communication of sight and sound without wires. Today, Corby's is considered by many the last word in fine whiskey.



**A** is for Ancient... **A** is for Age...

**AA** is for the whiskey of the flavor years

How Ancient Age\*, made back in peace-time, re-creates the tastes of a calmer, quieter day! What a glow of olden hospitality in this great, traditional whiskey, made in the ancient and honorable way! So, even if this mellow whiskey may on occasion be unavailable, you may still look with favor on that quaint "AA" symbol of...

**A**ncient **A**ge

*\*Note:* all facilities of Ancient Age are devoted to the production of alcohol for war. All Ancient Age whiskey now available, was made in peace-time.



*You, dear reader, now gaze upon a "Blackamoor", who formerly gazed upon the guests out of his plaster-of-Paris personality and grandpa's own Turkish Corner. Oh! Those 1880's. Ah! That pleasurable, colorful, soul-satisfying ancient age!*

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 90 proof. This whiskey is 5 years old. Stag-Finch Distillers Corporation, New York City, N. Y. Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" every Wednesday evening, Columbia Broadcasting System.